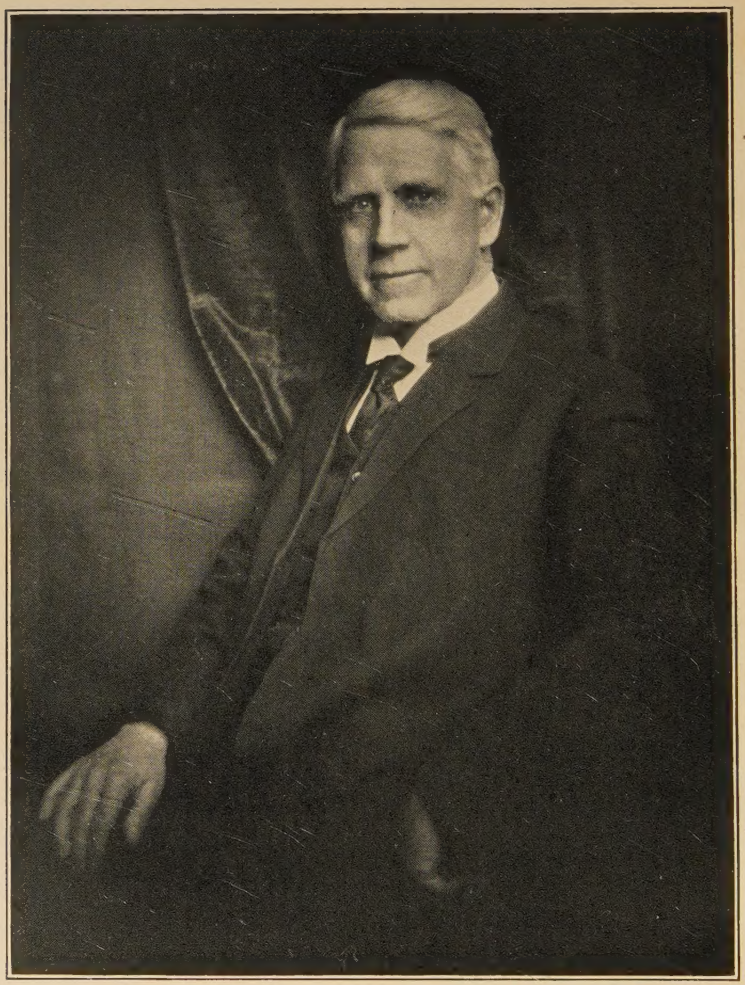
Ritchie Ware

Knoxville, Tennessee.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF ARCHIBALD McLEAN



—Hollinger, New York, 1916.

A. McLean.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF ARCHIBALD McLEAN

BY

WILLIAM ROBINSON WARREN

EDITOR OF WORLD CALL

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PREFACE

A short time after the death of Mr. McLean, my associates in the United Christian Missionary Society asked me to write his biography. I answered that this was the first time I had ever wanted to write a book, but that I would suppress my desire if someone better qualified could be enlisted for the task. As those whom I would have nominated were overloaded with work which they could not transfer to others, and as Mrs. Esther Treudley Johnson graciously undertook to add to her own responsibilities in the editing of *World Call* at least half of mine, a generosity which her sister and successor, Dr. Mary Bosworth Treudley, has continued without abatement, I consented to let the executive committee assign the writing of the biography to me.

When I began to gather material for the book my temerity in undertaking it became increasingly manifest. In contrast with the importance of the subject was the scarcity of biographical material. Mr. McLean kept no diary and destroyed his personal correspondence. Fortunately many of his friends saved his letters to them and, still more happily, Mrs. F. M. Rains consented to assist me. Her long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. McLean, her tireless industry and skill in examining records, deciphering illegible writing and running down elusive facts, gave her an indispensable place in the work. She even took up again the stenography of her girlhood and did the

mechanical work on the manuscript. All the while the reliability of her judgment as to what should be included and what omitted was as marked as her reserve in expressing that judgment.

When it was expected that this volume would appear before the briefer *Life of Francis Marion Rains,* by his son, Paul B. Rains, I consented to the use in that book of several letters which I had selected to illustrate the intimate partnership of these two friends. With the tables turned and the life of Mr. Rains coming out first, it seemed unnecessary to lay aside these letters and other quotations and rewrite that chapter.

It is impossible to name those who supplied information for the book; there was universal readiness to help. Instead of a dearth of material, there appeared in time an embarrassing wealth of it. In addition to the generous assistance of my associates in the offices of the United Christian Missionary Society, President Charles Thomas Paul, Reuben Butchart, Burris Atkins Jenkins, Professor Alexander Campbell Gray and President Edgar Odell Lovett have read either the manuscript or the proofs and given valuable suggestions.

As, during his life, I observed the vast service Archibald McLean was rendering and the great joy and satisfaction he found in his Christianity, I wondered continually that anyone should be willing to live in any other way. After more than two years of constant study of his career I feel this more strongly than ever. I trust the contents of this volume may so reveal the man to its readers that all will close it with two convictions: that Archibald McLean is superb, but that Archibald McLean's Lord is supreme.

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DEDICATED TO
THE MISSIONARIES, WHOM ARCHIBALD MC LEAN HONORED, LOVED AND SERVED AS HIS COMRADES, HIS CHILDREN, HIS HEROES

PART I
GETTING READY

ARCHIBALD McLEAN

CHAPTER I

CLAN McLEAN

SCOTCH HIGHLANDS—HEBRIDES ISLANDS—DR. JOHNSON'S JOURNEY—CLIMATE OF ISLANDS—PRODUCTS—JOHNSON AND THE MC LEANS—ORIGIN OF THE CLAN—HEROIC HISTORY—DUART CASTLE—VIRTUE AND HONOR.

ALL the lines of Archibald McLean's ancestry belonged to the Highlands of Scotland, and chiefly to the rugged Hebrides Islands off the western coast. It is not necessary to accept in full the idealization of the Highlanders in modern literature to realize that they are a superior race. Centuries of conflict with warlike neighbors, tempestuous seas and a semi-barren soil, together with constant and thorough instruction in the Christian Scriptures, have developed in them a heroic type of manhood that has won distinction in many fields of human endeavor. More than a coincidence appears in the fact that another Archibald McLean, who spent his early life on the Island of Mull and in the Presbyterian church, later became a Baptist and is considered the founder of the Baptist church in Scotland.

A clear and reliable account of the conditions that prevailed within the century preceding the migration of Mr. McLean's family to Canada is found in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,* by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great English author. He made the visit in 1773 in company with Mr. Boswell, his

friend and biographer, who also wrote some illuminating and diverting notes on the journey.

Dr. Johnson was an experienced and discriminating observer and not at all disposed to idealize the Scots. He found that, in the one generation since the suppression of the last Scotch uprising against British authority, the laws then enacted to stop the wearing of the Highland tartans and the carrying of arms had been thoroughly enforced and the people had lost their picturesqueness. Soon after Dr. Johnson's time the government removed these severe restrictions and even encouraged the Highlanders to wear their plaids and kilts in the distinctive tartans of the several clans, especially in war. The fact that these superficial distinctions had passed away probably caused Dr. Johnson to observe more closely the fundamental conditions of the islands. Much of the information that follows was gathered from his pages.

As they lie far north we should expect the island of Mull, which was the chief seat of the McLeans, Coll, another of their possessions, and Skye, from which Archibald McLean's ancestors migrated to America, to be severely cold in winter, like Labrador, but the prevailing winds from the Atlantic Ocean greatly soften the temperature. The waters around the islands never freeze, and the ice that forms on the fresh water pools never becomes thick enough to bear a man's weight. There is little snow and it does not last long. But what the winter lacks in coldness it makes up in its length and darkness and its almost incessant rains. It is cold enough also to prevent the growth of vegetation, and live stock as well as human beings must subsist entirely on the sparse products of the summer. Winter comes so early and lingers so late that the islanders scarcely have either fall or spring. The same ocean winds that prevent freezing

in the winter lay a heavy tax upon both animal and vegetable life throughout the summer. On this account the soil has little chance to produce even as much as it would be capable of yielding under favorable conditions.

The principal crops in the old days were oats and barley. Of these the farmers expected only a triple increase, which meant that they had to save the best third of the crop for seed. Much of the land lay in such tiny patches among the crags that it could not be cultivated with horse and plough but had to be tilled by hand. For this purpose they used a crude instrument called a crooked spade. While there were water mills they ground a great deal of the oats in their homes with handmills which consisted of two stones about eighteen inches in diameter. Living under such severe conditions naturally developed great hardihood in the inhabitants of the islands, at the same time that the difficulties of travel, being even greater than in the Highlands of the mainland, tended to induce an intense devotion to the clan.

We are especially interested in Dr. Johnson's references to the McLeans whom he met. He tells how "Donald McLean, eldest son of the laird of the island of Coll, desirous of improving his inheritance, spent a considerable time among the farmers of Herefordshire and Hampshire to learn their practice, working with his own hands at the principal operations of agriculture." This eldest son governed his father's domains while that laird resided in Edinburgh superintending the education of his large family of children. Dr. Johnson called upon Hector McLean, the minister of Coll, whom he found in a house of one story but with windows and chimney and very well furnished. "Mr. McLean had the reputation of great learning; was seventy-seven years old, but not infirm

and had a look of venerable dignity, excelling what I remember in any other man."

Donald McLean accompanied Dr. Johnson to Mull where they made several visits, including a day at the home of Dr. Alexander McLean. From Mull they went to the isle of Inch Kenneth where they were the honored guests of Sir Allan McLean, "the chieftain of the great clan of McLean, which is said to claim the second place among the Highland families, yielding only to MacDonald." Two years later Sir Allan McLean was in command of a small force in Canada. Hearing of the American expedition against Quebec he hastened to its defense, and by his courage and determination kept the stronghold from falling into the hands of the revolutionists, before Sir Guy Carleton, the governor, could reach the city. Justin H. Smith in *Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony* gives a graphic description of Sir Allan's arrival in Quebec on Sunday morning, November 12, 1775. "One of the 'town meetings' was in session at the chapel of the bishop's palace and a Mr. Williams held the pulpit, preaching the doctrine of a good capitulation. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door. A grim old* man entered with other grim men behind him, listened an instant and then strode fiercely forward. Even in his skin he would have been taken anywhere for a soldier and a royalist. "Out of that pulpit!" he shouted. The command would have been sufficient, for this intruder was Allan McLean, arrived that moment from the west; but in an instant the furious Highlander pulled Williams down by the arm, and began exhorting the people to loyalty with a slogan and broadsword eloquence."

This same Sir Allan McLean conducted Dr. John-

*Sir Allan McLean's age at this time was only fifty, but he was old in military service. Johnson and Boswell were greatly interested in his stories of the campaigns in Canada against the French and Indians.

son to the island of Iona, or Icolmkill, whose inhabitants were McLeans. Possession of the island had passed to the Duke of Argyle, but feudal loyalty still held, though the chieftain of clan McLean had not visited Iona for fourteen years. Now Sir Allan heard that one of the islanders had refused to send him some rum, and sharply reproached him. The man strongly declared his loyalty and later remarked to Boswell, 'Had he sent his dog for the rum he should have had it. I would cut my bones for him.'' This small island, separated by a slight arm of the sea from the west point of Mull, was famous as the ancient center of Christianity and education for all of Scotland. It was the seat of Columba, the missionary from Ireland in the sixth century, who has been called the apostle of Caledonia. Iona came to be considered so sacred that people nearing death journeyed thither to die where they could be buried in its soil. When Scotland joined the Reformation, the cathedral, monastery and convent of Iona were destroyed and most of the sepultural crosses thrown into the sea. Lately efforts have been made to restore it for its historic interest. Among the crosses preserved is one of McLean.

While traditions of the clan carry its origin back to the fourth century, the first definite appearance of the McLeans in history was nine hundred years later. Like the rest of the Scots they came from Ireland and they came to fight. The name is taken from Gillean, who was designated ''of the battle-axe,'' and was descended from the Fitzgerald family of Ireland. The family name MacGillean, son of Gillean, was soon abbreviated to MacLean or McLean, the form it has continued to bear through the centuries. The McLeans were among the foremost in devotion to the Stuart cause against Cromwell and later against the house of Hanover. Into the battle of Inverkeithing

Hector McLean led six hundred of his clansmen. They fought to the last, and it is not known that even one escaped. Seven brothers in succession protected their chieftain with their own bodies, each one as he fell, calling, "Another for Hector!" Since that day this has been the battle-cry of the clan.

The fact that the cause was desperate and the hope forlorn never stopped the McLeans. Where their chieftain called they followed without a word. In the uprising of 1745, in the interest of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," they bore a leading part in the victorious invasion of England and the disastrous retreat. This culminated in the battle of Culloden where five hundred fought with McLean of Drimnin. In spite of the withering fire of the English, the Highlanders continued to advance until none were left to fight. Their conduct in this case has been especially celebrated since they went into the battle exhausted by long marches and lack of sleep and food.

Not only the neighboring clans but the different branches of each warred with each other from time to time. There was a pitched battle between McLean of Lochbuy and McLean of Duart, in which McLean of Duart was defeated. Lochbuy, when returning home after the battle, found Duart asleep with some of his men. He drew his dirk and twisted it into the hair of his rival and then left him. When Duart awoke in the morning and found his hair fastened to the ground he recognized the dirk, and the two families were reconciled and ever after remained fast friends.

The castle of Duart, located on the northeastern point of the island of Mull, is the ancient stronghold of the clan. Its tower was built probably not later than the year 1270. It stands on a high cliff inaccessible from the sea on two sides. After innumerable vicissitudes it came, in 1911 by purchase, into full pos-

session of Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, the twenty-sixth chief of the clan, and he proceeded to restore it to its pristine condition. In 1912 there was a great gathering of the clan from all over the world with a brave display of its tartan, extensive reading of poems, new and old, and lengthy recounting of traditions, all interspersed with abundant skirling of the bagpipes.

> The lofty scenes around our sires recall,
> Fierce in the field and generous in the hall;
> The mountain-crag, the stream, the waving tree,
> Breathe forth some proud and glorious history.

Conspicuous in the coat of arms are the symbols of heroism and religion. A cursory examination of the history of the clan impresses one that these are the chief inheritance of its members. The principal places of interest for travelers, whether they be sons of the blood or of alien birth, are the castle of Duart and the cathedral of Iona; and, the world over, wherever you find a McLean you should find faith and courage, virtue and honor, even as on the coat of arms.

CHAPTER II

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE

AUTHOR'S JOURNEY TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—SUMMERSIDE—SILVER FOXES, LAMBS AND CANNED LOBSTERS—BIRTHPLACE OF ARCHIBALD MC LEAN—PARENTS—BROTHERS AND SISTERS—SCHOOL AND FARM—ARCHIE AND JIM—FAMILY RELIGION—MISSIONARY INTEREST—JOHN GEDDIE—MALCOLM MC-LEAN'S PRAYING AND BIBLE READING—HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

ONE fine day early in August, 1921, I reached Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, by the branch railroad whose principal business is to handle traffic to and from Prince Edward Island. A special train from the Island delayed our getting out on the mole to the boat. This train was carrying 650 young men to the harvest fields of Western Canada. Another with 225 passengers of the same sort had come over that morning. The grain crop on the Island was almost a failure from drought, and work of every sort was scarce. The crop of young men seemed to be abundant, in spite of the heavy losses suffered in the war. They were fine, hearty, laughing lads.

When finally we reached the steamer we found it more like a floating dock than a boat. A whole train of freight cars found ample space on its lower deck while the upper deck was equal to caring for a regiment of passengers. This steamer is no fair weather craft but traverses the nine miles between the mainland and the Island at all seasons and under all conditions, even breaking the ice in the winter and keeping its own course clear. It is a sister ship to the newest ice-breakers of the Baltic Sea and the captain in charge had seen service in those difficult waters.

On the way across I fell into conversation with a commercial traveler who was born in the Island and whose business takes him back frequently. In answer to his friendly questions I told him I was gathering material for the biography of a man from the Island who had spent his life in the United States. "Franklin K. Lane?" "No." "Jacob Gould Schurman?" "No, Archibald McLean, a man who went as far in his own field as either Lane or Schurman did in his." Then he listened with evident interest while I told him something of Mr. McLean.

There is a railroad running the length of the Island with convenient branches at several points. One of these branches, which might be called the main stem of the system, connects at Borden with the steamer from Cape Tormentine. The western reach of the railroad runs through Summerside, one of the three county seat towns of the Island and a place forever associated with the boyhood of Archibald McLean. It is a thriving town and friendly. W. H. Harding, minister of the Christian church, was away, but A. Sterling McKay, a Presbyterian elder, illustrated the good feeling that prevails between the congregations by introducing me to several prominent members of the Christian church, among them Maynard F. Schurman, a brother of the former president of Cornell University, now United States minister to China. Mr. McKay and Mr. Schurman, in turn, took me out to the McLean farm in their automobiles and otherwise assisted in making my week in Summerside both pleasant and fruitful for my mission. When Mr. Harding returned to town he entered heartily into my quest for facts in the early life of Mr. McLean.

Three things distinguish Prince Edward Island today, not to mention its important dairy interests. These are its canned lobsters, its lamb chops and its

silver foxes. Travelers who have eaten roast lamb in England, Australia and California declare there is a sweetness and delicacy about the lamb of Prince Edward Island that is equaled nowhere else. A more outstanding and demonstrable preeminence has been attained within the last twenty years by the Island's domesticated silver foxes. This lively dog has a coat of thick, soft, black fur, shot through with white tipped hairs three inches long and finished off with two inches of solid white at the end of his tail. This fur is so highly esteemed that, after the Islanders had domesticated the foxes and demonstrated that they could be bred in captivity, the prices of the registered ones rose to fabulous figures, as much as thirty thousand dollars being paid for a single pair. Since the war fox-farming has reached a commercial basis, but foxes are still worth more than horses or cows.

As you travel through the Island you are impressed by its rural beauty. Wheat is grown in only small quantities and corn scarcely at all because of the shortness of the season. There is a large acreage of oats and more of grass both for hay and for grazing. The farms are of moderate size and well kept. The houses are mostly of frame construction and neatly painted. Many have shingled or clap-boarded walls. You will scarcely pass two farms without seeing a high, tight board enclosure, usually in the edge of the woods, built to keep foxes in and thieves out. When you are admitted through the locked door of this barricade you find it divided with wire netting into pens ten to twenty feet square. In each pen is a family of foxes. The young ones are especially interesting in the manifest conflict between curiosity and fear. They are "just dying" to see you, but are afraid something will happen to them if they get close enough to take a good look. If brightness of eyes

were any indication they could see right through the board fence.

When I reached the McLean home I found a young soldier who had come back from the war, a grown daughter who had returned from an educational sojourn with her aunts in Boston, and other promising members of the Island's fourth generation; but most interesting of all were the younger of the ten children of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McLean. Just like them, sixty years ago, Archie would have been torn between shyness of the stranger and eagerness to learn; with just such keenness of eye and ear would he have taken in everything new; with no less gladness would he have run to bring a glass of water for the visitor! How I longed to stop and live with them a while and let them reproduce for me the boyhood of their uncle who went out into the world asking nothing for himself and received the undying affection of a million souls!

In the summer of 1840 John McLean of Uigg, Island of Skye, with his wife, Margaret Matheson, and their four sons and three daughters, came to Prince Edward Island, as did many of their neighbors, before and after them. They found a densely wooded tract of undulating, fertile land. Jacques Cartier, in 1534, discovered the Island but supposed it a part of the mainland. The French made little use of it and finally, in 1763, ceded it to the British. In 1798 they changed its name from "Isle St. Jean," to "Prince Edward Island," in honor of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, and at that time in military command at Halifax. The waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence surround the Island, those which separate it from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being called the Straits of Northumberland. These are from nine to thirty miles in width. From east to west the length

of the Island is one hundred forty-five miles. Its greatest width is thirty-four miles, while at its narrowest point, between opposite bays at Summerside, it is only three miles across.

The sailing vessel that brought the McLeans consumed six weeks on the voyage. None but hardy and adventurous spirits braved such voyages and committed their lives and their families to a new and strange land.

It was not long after their arrival in the Island before Malcolm McLean, son of John, married Alexandra McKay and undertook to make a home on virgin soil, sixteen miles east of the town of Summerside.

As appears later, these were extraordinary young people in an extraordinary group. John McKay, the father of Alexandra, was held in high esteem as a local religious leader. He was ninety-five years of age when he died in 1843 and was referred to affectionately for years afterward as "the old elder." He organized several churches and in the absence of regular ministers, which few of those pioneer congregations had, he shepherded the little flocks in the wilderness.

That his daughter followed closely in the spiritual steps of her father is indicated from many sources, including a passage in a sermon on the Lord's Supper, by her son Archibald, preached in the first year of his ministry at Mt. Healthy, Ohio, August 15, 1874, the twenty-first anniversary of her death.

> Of all the days in the year, there is none that has such a tender and solemn pathos for me as this. There is none that has seared itself so deep in my memory. And as the years roll away, time only makes its impression deeper. This day has been for me the birthday of many sorrows. It has had a greater influence on my life and in shaping my destiny than any other. It is the anniversary of my mother's death. Twenty-one years ago the angel whispered, "Sister Spirit,

come away.'' She obeyed the summons and departed to the spirit world. I have no recollection of that sacred hour; but my elder sisters who have joined her since on that radiant shore gave me the particulars of her death. She had only been sick a few days; but the physician informed her that her case was hopeless. She knew she was dying, and she gathered all her children around her and told us that she was going to leave us forever. She requested us to be good and to love each other, to cherish her memory and to meet her in the heavenly country, and then she kissed us each and her soul left its tenement of clay and ascended to God who gave it.

The highest possible tribute was paid to Malcolm McLean by his neighbors, when they gradually and quietly promoted him to the place left vacant by the death of John McKay.

The first and second children of Malcolm and Alexandra McLean were daughters, Mary Jane and Margaret; then came John. Next Archibald was born, September 6, 1849. (This is the date written by his own hand in the matriculation book of Bethany College.) Two years later came James A. and two years after him a daughter, the price of whose birth was the mother's life and the sad pride of whose days it has been to wear her mother's name, Alexandra.

Margaret married James Johnston, an Island boy who had removed to Dubuque, Iowa, and engaged in boat-building in partnership with Judson Gaylord. Some of the famous Diamond Jo Line of Mississippi River steamboats were built by them. The eldest sister, Mary Jane, made her home with Margaret and married Mr. Gaylord, but was stricken with smallpox on her wedding day, remained with her sister and died within a few days. Three or four days later Mrs. Johnston died of the same disease. The overwhelming grief of this double tragedy in the place of bridal joy is past imagination. Only the robust faith

of the father enabled him, after many days, to recover from the shock.

When John had completed his apprenticeship as a printer at Charlottetown, he went to New York where in good time he became a member of a printing firm. His career was cut short by a fatal railroad accident on a trip to New Orleans. After the accident Archibald went at once to the scene and then and later did everything that a brother could do.

Alexandra married William Catto, of Aberdeen, Scotland. They own the Hotel Tudor at Nahant, in Boston Bay, and also have operated hotels in Florida and in Washington, D. C.

As already indicated, the mother died soon after the birth of Alexandra. Under the most favorable circumstances a family of six small children bereft of their mother is a forlorn group. It must have been doubly so in those pioneer days. The infant daughter was taken to the home of an aunt where she continued to live until grown. But the older daughters, who were the oldest of the group, with their brothers, John, Archibald and James, the father kept together in his own home. In the course of time even the Scotch opposition to a second marriage was overcome by the children's need of a mother and by the winsomeness of Christy McKay. It is recounted that when the bride came into her new home her heart went out instantly to the little boys, Archie and Jim, and she set about immediately to give them a bath. While she was doing so their father went into another room and on his knees devoutly thanked God for giving him such a good mother for his little children. Her affection for these children did not abate but seemed even to grow stronger with the birth of her own children. The children themselves never made any difference between the first group of six and the second

group of nine, all fifteen growing up to maturity and going out into the world as one family. The later children playfully insisted that their mother was partial to the earlier group and especially that Archie and Jim were her pets. In proof of their contention they pointed to the fact that after these two were away at school, whenever they came home for vacations she allowed them to go to the little dairy and drink the cream, with only good-natured or half-earnest remonstrances.

Following the Highland custom of using the same names generation after generation in a family, we find four of the names of the first group of children repeated in the second group. As there was only one McLean family in the neighborhood, this was not so confusing as in the case of the McKays. With the McLeans it was simply "Big Jim" and "Little Jim," but with the McKay family, whose favorite name was John, there was a "Big John," "Little John," "Hughie (Hugh's) Big John," "Hughie Little John," and so on to the end of the list.

Of the daughters of the second group of children, Christine married William Whitehead, a farmer living only two or three miles from the old home, and on the road from Clifton to Margate. This is one of the most beautiful places in the Island. Archibald spent much time there on his vacations and loved especially the view of the Southwest River and the hills beyond. Mrs. Whitehead is the only sister of the younger group who has died. Mary married Alexander Glennie, a produce commission merchant of Boston. Sarah married George N. Cannon, a carriagemaker of the Island. Later they removed to Boston where they have been active in church work and regular attendants at the New England conventions of Disciples of Christ. Nettie married Alexander R. Buntain, an Island farmer now retired and

living at Kensington. Margaret married Ephraim Read, a marine engineer, who is now manager of a shipping company in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Malcolm McLean shared the conviction of many wise men that every boy should learn a trade. As fast as his sons finished their studies at Graham's Road school he apprenticed each to a master in some skilled and useful occupation.

The rule was modified in the case of James A. at the suggestion of his oldest brother, John, whose discoveries and experience as a printer led him to urge that James should be a brain-worker rather than a hand-worker. This was the more readily agreed to since many of their ancestors had been teachers in Scotland. By winning a scholarship James A. was able to attend Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown. After teaching school a few years in the Island and in Nova Scotia, he made a tour of the world and spent five years as professor of mathematics in the college at Ballarat, near Melbourne, Australia. Returning to Canada he graduated in law from Halifax University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. His home for thirty years has been at Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, and he has been accounted one of the leading lawyers of the province.

James R. learned the trade of tailor in Summerside, and later went into business for himself in Sussex, New Brunswick, where he is a successful merchant. John William and Malcolm remained on the farm, the former being now located at Union Road, Lot 33, Prince Edward Island, and the latter at the old home.

Following the example of Archibald, Daniel went into the ministry, for which he seemed eminently fitted, both by his native talents and his extraordinary spirituality. One of the tragedies of the family history was the breaking down of his health, followed

after some months by his death before he had completed preparation for his life work. After hearing so much of Daniel, I was surprised to discover that the name does not appear in the family records, where we find Donald instead. A visit to the New London cemetery deepens the confusion. There we find chiseled in the marble:

Daniel
Died September 22, 1884
Age 26

On inquiry, we get the following explanation. The family abbreviation for Donald was "Dan," just as Malcolm was shortened to "Mack." When scarcely grown Dan came into prominence as a temperance advocate. There was much opposition to the movement but his courage and patience were equal to every test. One evening in the Temperance Lodge, after he had made a fine address, the audience arose and sang,

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true,
Dare to make it known.

Thereafter by common usage his name became Daniel. Finally both his family and he himself accepted the change.

Both school life and farm life were serious matters in the early days on the Island. The public school system was established in 1852. The Graham's Road school, which was attended by the McLean children, like the McLean farm, was on the dividing ridge of the Island and scarcely a mile distant from the home. School "kept" for the twelve months of the year, excepting for a vacation of some two weeks in the spring and a like period in the fall, the former for the planting and the latter for the digging of potatoes. Nat-

urally there were other occasions when the larger boys were kept out of school for short periods to help at home, but these interruptions were scrupulously held to the minimum both in number and in length.

The Graham's Road school was particularly blessed with good teachers, and children of naturally keen minds advanced rapidly. In Archibald's boyhood Henry Lawson conducted the school for several years. Later he became editor of *The Patriot* at Charlottetown, and still later removed to British Columbia where he took a prominent part in the development of the new province. After him came Donald McKay who not only gave his students thorough instruction but inspired them with such desire for a complete education that some of them endured many privations to go through college.

The McLean farm was so densely wooded that only a small portion of it could be cleared at a time. Each of the boys in succession had his share in this pioneer work. Every year they cleared a few acres and burned on the ground the brush and such timber as could not be put to immediate use. The richness of the new land fertilized with wood ashes made a perfect soil for potatoes. But all the work had to be done by hand as the stumps were too close together for the use of a plough. The second year they planted the ground with buckwheat or oats. The third year they took out the stumps by a simple but laborious process. First they dug about the roots, cut all but the larger ones, and removed the earth from those. Then they set a heavy pole upright and lashed it to the stump, having first tied a long chain or rope to the top end of the pole. A team of horses hitched to the end of the chain easily pulled the stump loose from the earth. It was then moved to the edge of the field where it became part of the stump fence.

In addition to his skill in all departments of farming

as practiced in his day, which included making shoes for his family as well as raising grain for their food, Malcolm McLean was a first-rate stone mason. Chimneys and cellar walls of neighboring houses and culverts of the Prince Edward Island Railroad, still standing as true and firm as when they were built forty or fifty years ago, testify to his workmanship and integrity.

Harvest time was always a strenuous season on the farm. The grain that grew among the stumps had to be cut out with reaping hooks. Even after the land was stumped they depended upon the scythe. At other seasons the farmers exchanged work, as many as six sometimes being engaged on the McLean farm at one time. But the harvest season came to all the farmers at once and each family had to take care of its own grain. One of the well remembered pictures shows the giant father, Malcolm McLean, cutting the grain with a mighty sweep of his scythe; following him the smallest boy, Jim, laid out the bands; Archie gathered the grain into bundles and laid them on the bands; while John, the eldest of the three, bound the bundles which the girls, who were still older, set up in shocks. There was a great deal of the atmosphere of picnic and harvest home about it, but none the less when darkness fell their young muscles were wearied to the point of exhaustion. Nor was it the grain harvest only that made the boys tired. Once when they were weeding potatoes together and had been watching the sun closely as the workers in offices or factories are said to watch the clock, Archie remarked to Jim, "I can understand how the sun and moon stood still for Joshua."

When the British first took possession of Prince Edward Island they parceled out practically all of it in grants to army officers and others who, with their suc-

cessors, continued as absentee landlords until the Island became a part of the Dominion of Canada in 1873. Then the government allowed the tenants to purchase their farms in fee simple, making their payments over a period of fifteen years. Originally the Island was divided into sixty-seven lots, most of which were long and narrow in order that each might have sea frontage. Within these lots the farms were laid out, and naturally took the form of strips rather than blocks. Malcolm McLean's farm extended from west of north to east of south and sloped principally to the south side of the Island. His home he built on a level stretch of ground where it commands a fine view across the adjoining farms to wooded hills in the distance. It would be hard to find a more attractive scene than Archie McLean looked out upon every morning as he came forth from his father's house.

The house, still occupied by the family, is a story-and-a-half frame cottage, painted white, and surrounded by a pleasant dooryard set with fruit trees. To the west of it is a complete assortment of farm buildings ending in two barns, one on the north side and the other on the west side of the barnyard. This order of barn building is followed in the Island to protect the live stock from the severe north and west winds in winter. The whole situation, practically unchanged since Archibald's boyhood, speaks of industry, thrift and comfort.

One of the favorite resorts of the children, especially of Archie and Jim, was the great spring in the woods from which a brook flows down through the farm a short distance north of the house. In the bark of the trees they cut their names. They tied saplings together so that they grew into one. On their vacations or when they returned home for brief visits this resort was one of the first places the boys sought.

Devoted comrades as these two brothers were they did not agree on everything. Archie liked a hard bed and Jim liked a soft one. Both kinds were on the bedstead which they occupied, so whichever brother retired first put his preference on top and let the other make the best of it when he came. One evening Archie got in late and found James cozily slumbering in the softness of the feathers. Without any hesitation he picked up the sleeper and his feather mattress, laid them gently on the floor and went to bed himself on the firm mattress, thus uncovered. His prejudice against feather beds persisted throughout his life.

An amusing illustration of this aversion occurred in 1896, when he visited the Mungen Church in Wood County, Ohio. Dr. S. M. Cook, a rare combination of country physician and rural pastor, was the minister, and Mr. McLean was entertained in his home. The occasion was the annual Children's Day, the first Sunday in June, when the Sunday schools of the Disciples are accustomed to make their contributions to foreign missions. The address was one of the secretary's greatest and the offering was over three hundred dollars. Before retiring the first night he told his hostess that he could not endure feathers on his bed. "They just set me wild and drive all sleep from me," he said. Mrs. Cook told him he need have no fears about feathers, that she had made preachers' beds for twenty-five years and never heard any complaint. She had put a feather tick on springs and then laid a heavy comforter over it. The next morning he remarked that he had enjoyed a "splendid night's rest, for who could not sleep with such a comfortable bed, a good conscience and such a fine Children's Day offering!" He had not discovered the feathers and was not informed about them, which is a pity, since he would have enjoyed the joke.

Malcolm McLean accounted religion the first necessary of life. He opened the day with the reading of the Scriptures, the singing of psalms or hymns and an earnest prayer of thanksgiving and of petition for divine guidance. At the end of the day he held a similar service. He allowed no occupation or distraction to interfere with this custom.

Within a radius of twenty miles of the McLean home there were nine or ten Scotch Presbyterian congregations that were closely associated. These churches laid great stress upon the annual observance of the Lord's Supper, which they spoke of as the celebration of the Sacrament. The several neighboring parishes arranged the observance for different weeks, so that the people of one parish could attend services in any other parish. The Sacrament season in each church was from Thursday to Monday, inclusive, of the appointed week. Thursday was a fast day and the strict people would not eat nor allow their children to eat until the service at the church was over. They conducted these services both in English and in Gaelic, one in the church building and the other in the open. Friday they spent in catechizing the young. Saturday they devoted to the preparatory service. At this time, or on Sunday morning, the authorities gave out bronze tokens to all of the communicants. Sunday, of course, was the day of the celebration, and no one who did not have a token was allowed to partake. Monday they observed as a thanksgiving day. People were known to walk as far as twenty miles for these services and to remain from Thursday to Monday. As many as forty or fifty were sometimes entertained at the McLean home.

A few weeks before his death, I asked Archibald McLean how he came to enter the ministry. He answered, "I hardly know." When I repeated this

conversation to Mrs. Catto, she instantly remarked, "I can tell you. Reared as he was, it was scarcely possible for him to be anything else than a minister. I myself wanted to be a foreign missionary."

Missionary interest was not common in that day. How did it reach the McLean family? Did Archibald, as well as his sister, feel it? It is easy to find a clear answer to each of these questions. The interest came in what we may call a line of apostolic succession from William Carey, and it laid hold of Archibald McLean with a grip that held till death.

The early reports of Carey's work in India inspired a group of men in the Independent (Congregational), Anglican, Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches to emulate the organization of the Baptist Missionary Society, which supported Carey, by establishing the London Missionary Society in 1795. Captain Cook's account of his voyages and discoveries among the South Sea Islands, showing the rare beauty and fertility of their land and the utter savagery of their inhabitants, caused the new society to send its first group of twenty-nine missionaries to Tahiti in 1796. The publications of the society, telling of the perils, successes and martyrdoms of its missionaries, reached a Scotch lad, John Geddie, at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and led him to dedicate his life to missions, unaware that his parents had consecrated him to the same task in his infancy. Finding no way of realizing his purpose at once, in 1838 he accepted appointment as minister of the Cavendish and New London Presbyterian Churches in Prince Edward Island. In those churches and throughout the Island he preached foreign missions and practiced home missions so effectively for seven years that the Synod determined to send a missionary to the New Hebrides Islands, where John Williams of the London Missionary Society had been

killed and eaten by the natives in 1839. They chose John Geddie as their first representative. He immediately resigned his pastorates and became the first missionary sent out by any colony of Great Britain. The McLean home was only six miles from the New London Church and within the immediate scope of John Geddie's influence.

Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and their three children were nearly twenty months reaching their field. From Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Honolulu they sailed 170 days and 19,429 miles without touching land. Letters from home were often two years on the way. The four thousand inhabitants of Aneityum were the most savage cannibals and spoke a language that had never been reduced to writing. When the Geddies beheld their utter viciousness and degradation they sent one of their daughters home by the missionary ship John Williams which had brought them from Samoa. But they always spoke with confidence of the final triumph of the gospel in the New Hebrides, which Captain Cook had named in 1774 because of their outward resemblance to the Hebrides Islands of Scotland, the ancestral home of the McLeans. The name itself could not fail to add somewhat to the growing sense of responsibility which the Canadian Highlanders felt for the redemption of the New Hebrides.

In a lecture only a few months before his death Archibald McLean told how Aneityum, the name of Geddie's island, was a household word in Prince Edward Island; of how the children of the Island, of Nova Scotia and of Australia gave the money to build the missionary ship Dayspring for the New Hebrides mission, his sole treasured sixpence going into the collection; of how the two Gordon brothers, martyrs in turn in the island of Eromanga where they had followed John Williams, had gone out from Alberton,

only twenty-five miles from his home; of how Donald Morrison, another recruit and comrade of Geddie's, before he sailed in the Dayspring for the New Hebrides, was often in the McLean home; of hearing Geddie speak, when he came home on furlough after fifteen years of service, and of the ineffaceable impression made upon his mind by Geddie's frequent and fervent use of the term "King Jesus."

While Archibald McLean was in college John Geddie died in Australia, whither he had gone to look after the translation of the Old Testament. He had showed marvelous skill in learning the speech, gaining the confidence and transforming the lives of the islanders. He was a comrade and counselor of Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson and inducted John G. Paton into the work that made him illustrious. Behind his pulpit in Aneityum his children in the gospel placed a tablet which records his victory for all time.

"When he came among us in 1848 there were no Christians here; when he left us in 1872 there were no heathen."

While Geddie's influence was thus prevailing in Aneityum, it continued to grow among such devout souls as Malcolm McLean, with whom prayer was not a formal exercise, but a vital reality. The stated seasons of communion with God were unfailingly observed, just as one does not neglect to say "Good morning" and "Good night" to those with whom he is associated. But we do not limit our conversations with our closest friends and comrades to the greetings of the morning and evening, but touch upon matters of mutual interest throughout the day. Thus naturally did Malcolm McLean talk with God, and a definite conviction of the divine presence inevitably became fixed in the minds of his children.

He was master both of the English and of the Gaelic

language but taught his children only English. He and his wife even refrained from using Gaelic in their presence. It was a common practice, while he was making or mending shoes in the long evenings, to have one of the children read aloud to the family group from some masterpiece like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, Milton's *Paradise Lost* or Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. But the chief study was always the Bible. In this each child learned a definite lesson every day, and every Sunday passed a thorough review of the lessons of the week. Supplementing this the father gave them careful instruction in the Shorter Catechism.

The Bible, however, was to this patriarch far more than a book to study. It was literally the man of his counsel. He read it not only at stated seasons but turned to it with delight whenever opportunity offered. During the last years of his life he read scarcely anything else. As he approached his ninety-fifth year, in which he died, he would read until he fell asleep and the book dropped from his hands.

With the same sense of reality in the divine presence he would kneel to pray at various times throughout the day. After the joints of his stalwart form became so stiff from age that he could not rise from the floor without help, his daughter with whom he was living asked him, "Father, do you not think that God can hear you just as well without your kneeling?" "Yes, daughter, certainly." But when the impulse to pray came upon him again, the life-long habit would reassert itself and he would drop to his knees.

After he gave the operation of the farm over to his sons, Malcolm McLean spent much time not only with his own children that were living elsewhere, but with other relatives and some intimate friends. There were a number of households that thus claimed at

MALCOLM McLEAN

Father of Archibald and fourteen others, all of whom attained maturity. This photograph shows him at 92. He lived to be 95.

least a week each year, and the children, especially, in these homes looked forward with great joy to his coming. Stern as he was in the discipline of his home and rigid in his moral principles, he is remembered most of all for his gentleness and geniality.

Malcolm McLean's love for little children was not limited to those of his own household or his neighbors, though the strength of his devotion to them was indicated by the fact that after he went to Boston to be with his daughter, Mrs. Glennie, who had no children, he began to ask at once if she could not have two of the grandchildren come on from the Island and stay with them. He also took a keen interest in the children of the Boston streets and won such a place in their hearts that when he died a dozen ragged, unkempt urchins came to the house and craved admission. As they filed into the room and stood looking reverently at the smiling face of their aged friend, one of them spoke for the group, "Oh, but he was a good sort!"

CHAPTER III

LEARNING HIS TRADE

APPRENTICED TO AN UNCLE AND THEN TO WILLIAM TUPLIN—SEPARATION FROM JIM AND LIFELONG DEVOTION TO HIM—AFFECTION EXTENDED TO HIS SONS—TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF APPRENTICESHIP—EXCELLENCE OF TUPLIN'S WORK—MC LEAN'S PASSION FOR PERFECTION.

THERE is nothing to indicate why Malcolm McLean gave his son Archibald the trade of carriage building, except that it was one of the most necessary and highly skilled crafts practiced in the Island at that time. The fact that an uncle by marriage was a carriage builder may have had some influence. Archibald began the work with his uncle, but there was such a marked degree of Scottish incompatibility between the two that the wise father sent the boy to William Tuplin at Margate, a country village three or four miles from the home.

Mr. Tuplin had learned the trade from his own father and then had spent eight or ten years in Boston with one of the best carriage builders of that time. His own extraordinary skill and that which he developed in his apprentices enabled his shop from year to year to take the prize at the exhibition in Summerside. A famous English carriage builder was present on one of these occasions and admired William Tuplin's prize-winning work so greatly that he bought the carriage and shipped it back to England to show the people of the mother country to what a high state of perfection his art had been carried in the new world.

Archie's leaving home broke the companionship between him and Jim. The younger partner felt the

separation so keenly that after a few days he got permission to walk across country, through snow and slush that was ankle deep, that he might spend the night with Archie. In after years this affection persisted in spite of distance and time. They visited each other at every chance and each felt great pride in the other's achievements. Archibald's trip around the world happened to follow very closely the course taken by the younger brother more than twenty years before. When in Australia he made it a point to meet many of the old friends of James, and at Jerusalem turned the musty pages of the hotel register until he found his brother's signature.

Naturally he was deeply interested in his brother's children. The younger son was named Archibald in his honor. The elder son, Thomas Malcolm, had nearly finished his law course at Dalhousie University, where he took first rank in scholarship, when the world war broke out. He enlisted at once in a Nova Scotia regiment of Highlanders. His letters from the front to his uncle indicate regular correspondence and great affection between them. He had won a captaincy. Three months before the armistice he fell, after taking command of the battalion when his major was sniped. They died within an hour of each other and were buried side by side. The colonel of the regiment, a brother of the major, himself wounded and in the hospital, wrote a full account of Tom's service, advancement and sterling character. It showed him just such a soldier as A. McLean would have been and the uncle kept a copy of the letter with the nephew's photographs.

The apprenticeship system of the last century was designed both to give a thorough knowledge of the trade to the boy and ample profits to the master. William Tuplin usually had fifteen apprentices and no

journeyman in his carriage shop. The most skillful apprentice in the group served as foreman. When Archie McLean was only half through his five year term of service this distinction came to him, proving that the master was sincere when he told Malcolm McLean that Archie was the best apprentice he ever had. At about the same time Mr. Tuplin sold the Margate business to William Pound, who had previously been his foreman, and opened up a new shop in Summerside where there were opportunities for larger business.

According to the indenture signed by William Tuplin and Malcolm McLean, the former was to teach Archibald the trade of carriage making, to furnish board and washing and to pay for the first year, five pounds; the second year, six pounds; the third year, seven pounds; the fourth year, eight pounds; and the fifth year, nine pounds. As the Island pound was worth only three dollars, it can be seen readily that the graduated carriage maker could scarcely have accumulated enough capital out of his five years' earnings to set up in business for himself, even if all his clothing had been homespun from the farm.

The conditions of work were as severe as the terms of the contract. The hours were from six to twelve, one to five, and six to eight in the evening, making twelve hours a day. In addition, the newest apprentice had to do the chores about both the shop and the home, taking care of the horses and cows and starting the fires, before time for the day's work to begin. He had his consolation, however, in the fact that he was not apt to be detailed to help repair the mail coach which stopped at Summerside overnight and, if out of order in any way, had to be made roadworthy before six o'clock the next morning, even if, as sometimes happened, this compelled the apprentices to work

all night. Those who worked through the night took their places as usual in the day's operations, making thirty-six hours of practically continuous labor.

The home which Mr. Tuplin and his apprentices built in Summerside is still one of the handsome houses of the town. He sold it to John Lefurgey who gave it to his son. It occupies two-thirds of a town block, with ample stables in the rear. It is a square, hipped-roof, frame house with a cupola at the apex of the roof. A lower wing projecting to the north held the kitchen and the dining room for the men on the first floor, and on the second floor a barracks-like room divided down the center by a board partition, in which the fifteen boys slept. The shop was a two-story building at the water's edge. It has been moved diagonally across the street and turned round to face the harbor with a new front. A lawyer's desk occupies the place at the window where Archie McLean's bench stood fifty-three years ago.

It was both a simple life and a strenuous life that these apprentices lived, but it was not sufficiently different from that of the farms from which they came to arouse any complaints, except that their food was given to them in limited rations. Not only did the mistress fix the maximum amount of bread that each should have, but she buttered it herself to guard against wastefulness. It must be said also, that the long life, vigorous health and useful careers of the boys who began their lives in such a regime seem to justify if not to commend the process.

In the summer of 1921 I found a gig at Summerside that was built in the Tuplin shops forty-three years before and had never received any repairs except new tires. It belonged originally to a buyer of hides who drove it all over that section of the Island in all sorts of weather. It is now owned by Daniel McNeill, who

succeeded to Archie McLean's bench at Tuplin's. Its wheels are as true and firm and every joint is as close as the day it came out of the shop.

After completing his time with William Tuplin, Archibald followed the example of Mr. Tuplin in going to Boston to work as a journeyman. But another purpose was forming in his mind, possibly had formed earlier, and was only waiting until he became twenty-one to find expression. After a year in or near Boston he returned to Summerside and built just one vehicle, a light spring-wagon, probably for the minister of the old Clifton Presbyterian Church, and then closed forever his career as a carriage maker and went to Bethany College to study for the ministry.

As well as his most intimate associates can recall, Mr. McLean never referred in after life to his trade and never used in his public addresses an illustration drawn from his experiences while learning the trade. But the influence of that work and of his earlier years on the farm was manifest in his stalwart physical strength, and the lessons of the shop supplemented those of the schoolroom in establishing a passion for perfection in everything he did. In one of his addresses he said, "When I was at school I always wanted to stand at the head rather than at the foot of the class. I have the same ambition for our people (the Disciples of Christ). I want them to excel in every good work."

CHAPTER IV

FINDING HIS SOUL

BEGINNINGS OF THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND —THE CHURCH OF DISCIPLES AT SUMMERSIDE—DONALD CRAWFORD'S REVIVAL IN 1869—ARCHIBALD MC LEAN'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE NEW TEACHING—PRESENCE OF HIS BROTHER JOHN AT BAPTISM—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HIS RETICENCE—WINNING HIS FATHER—THE CALL TO PREACH.

ARCHIBALD McLEAN learned something more than carriage building at Summerside.

As early as 1811 Alexander Crawford, a Scotch Baptist minister, had come to the Island from Edinburgh. He was a friend of the Haldanes and had been educated in their school. We wonder whether he and Alexander Campbell met at that time, for Mr. Campbell was in Glasgow in 1808 and 1809 and was profoundly influenced by the Haldanes. In the Island Mr. Crawford found many ready to accept his independent way of preaching the Scriptures, and he organized several churches, some of which became regular Baptist congregations about the time of his death.

In this period another leader of the same character arose in the person of John Knox, an Anglican minister of fine talent, attractive personality and good education. He also had come from Edinburgh, Scotland. While he was rector of a church in Lot 48 his special attention was called to baptism, and his searching of the Scriptures led him to be immersed by a Baptist minister. Then his reading of the writings of Alexander Campbell brought him into complete fellowship with the movement which Mr. Campbell was inaugurating.

A little later Donald Crawford, a lad of seven, a nephew of Alexander Crawford, came with his parents from the Isle of Arran, Scotland. When he grew up he entered for a while into conditional fellowship with the Baptists, in very much the same way as did Alexander Campbell. But when certain Baptist ministers insisted on enforcing the Articles of Faith of the Nova Scotia Baptists, he severed his connection with them and made common cause with the Campbells and their associates. They refused to sign a creed, not because of disagreement with its tenets, but because they considered any other standard than the Bible fruitful of division and strife and subversive of the liberty guaranteed to every member of the church of Christ. For years he preached in Nova Scotia and organized several churches. Then he made his home at New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, where he continued for fifty-five years, from 1855 to 1910. In 1858 he organized a church in a hall at Summerside, and for twenty years gave his time to this congregation in connection with that of New Glasgow. All the while, however, he extended his evangelistic labors over the greater part of the Island and made occasional tours through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Soon after William Tuplin established his carriage factory in Summerside, some of the young men became interested in a protracted meeting which Donald Crawford was conducting. Among those who attended was Archibald McLean, who was doubly impressed by the sincere and devout personality of the preacher and his abundant and discriminating use of the Scriptures. His magnifying of the Word of God above all human authority accorded well with both the teaching and the example of Malcolm McLean in the old home on the farm. There we have seen that the Bible was the subject of daily study and that every Sunday the lessons

learned through the week were carefully reviewed. In the Bible reading and teaching of Malcolm McLean there was the same constant sense of reality that there was in his prayers. He received the Bible as the actual Word of God, and eagerly sought and faithfully followed its teaching on every phase of religion. This was the precise method of Donald Crawford's teaching. At the same time he called attention to certain principles of Bible interpretation that had been overlooked by Malcolm McLean, and to certain passages that apparently had not been given due consideration.

It is said that at first, from a Scotchman's love both of argument and of fair play, Archibald took the side of the preacher in conversation with his comrades, and that he handled the discussion so well that he convinced himself that Donald Crawford was right. There came to him a clarifying distinction between the Mosaic and Christian dispensations and a challenging call for the union of all Christians under Christ himself as the only head of the church, with the New Testament itself as the only rule of faith and practice. He could not but accept the motto, "Where the Scriptures speak we speak and where the Scriptures are silent we are silent," though it led to the immersion of believers as the only baptism found in the New Testament and to the rejection of time-honored church associations and authorities. Here he fought one of the great decisive battles of his life. To him it was not a question between this church and that, but between a united church and a divided church. While the "Reformers" with whom he united had their local churches, like the denominations out of which they had come, they thought of their body as a whole, "not as a church, nor as the church, but as a movement within the church for the union of all Christians." It was not a matter of following this leader or that, but of

"seeing no man save Jesus only." It was hard to leave the church of his father, but there was Jesus saying, "Before Abraham was, I am." There were honored ministers in the Presbyterian fellowship, but it was confessedly only a fragment of the church of Christ and how could he refuse to help answer the supreme prayer of the church's head, "That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that thou didst send me"? With the issue thus defined and squarely faced there could be but one decision.

Having decided to take his stand with Donald Crawford and the Reformers he wrote to his brother John at Charlottetown and asked him to spend a certain Sunday in June, 1867, with him. His affection for his family was too strong to permit him to take such a radical step with none of them present. John gladly accepted the invitation. The two brothers went together to hear Donald Crawford preach and then to the harbor to witness a number of baptisms. After several others had been immersed, Archie left his brother's side and stepped into the water with the minister. No intimation whatever had been given John that he had such an intention, and the elder brother's consternation and indignation were so great that only with difficulty could he restrain himself from trying forcibly to prevent the act.

Those who have known Archibald McLean most intimately in later years will not be surprised on reading of this early example of his reticence. In the winter of 1907 David Rioch, an India missionary of the Disciples of Christ, and the author went with him on his annual series of missionary rallies. Each of us had known him for fifteen or twenty years. As we came into Washington, D. C., early one morning, he amazed us with the simple statement, "I have a sister living

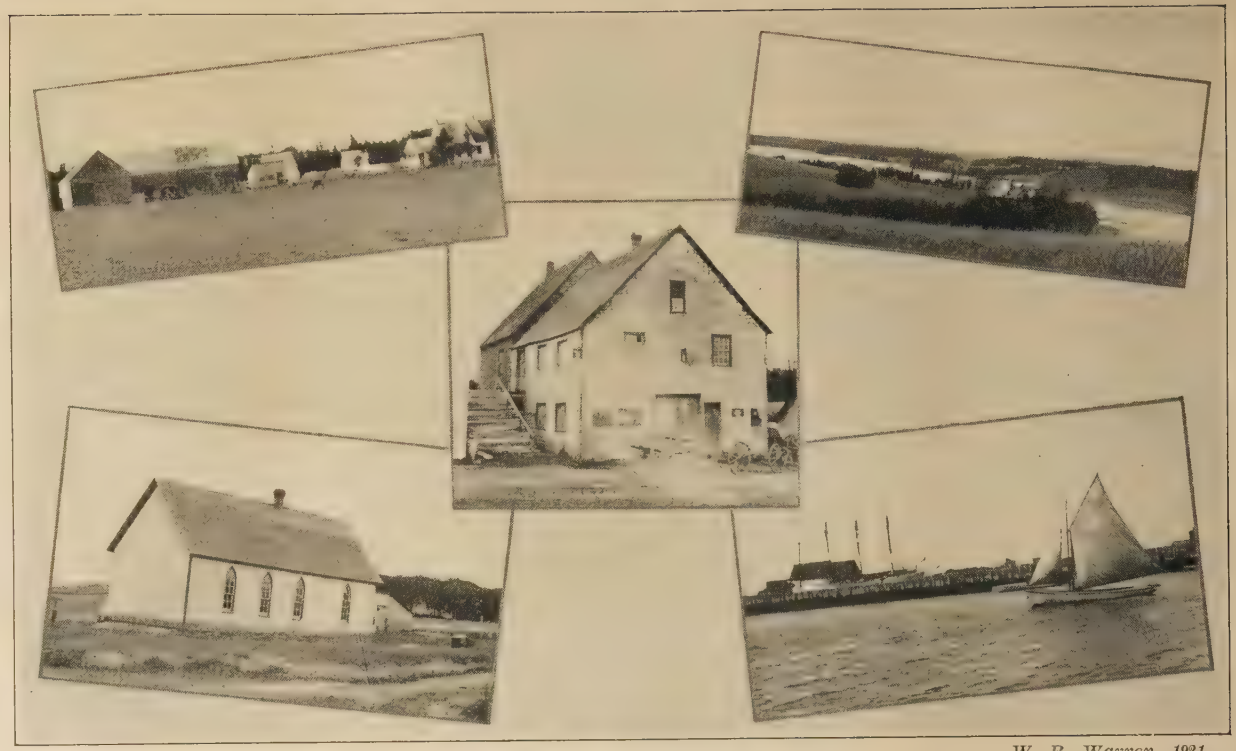
here. We will take breakfast with her." Neither had suspected that he had a relative anywhere in the world. When we mildly voiced our surprise and he found we were really interested in the subject, he told us not only of his many brothers and sisters, but of his revered father who was then living. The same personal modesty which prevented his talking about himself eliminated his family from his conversation with those who did not know them, but they were the object of his daily thought and his abiding affection. In spite of his abundant labors and vexing cares he showed continual interest not only in his brothers and sisters but in every niece and nephew. His feeling seems to have been, "These are matters of course; why talk about them?" As to his baptism, the decision to go through with it was irrevocable. If John or any other member of the family knew of it in advance, the step would be made more difficult, so he let the act speak for itself. He had found his soul. Like Saul of Tarsus he "conferred not with flesh and blood."

At the first opportunity after his baptism he secured his father's consent that he should bring Donald Crawford home with him, and had the great joy of seeing the two men instantly become friends. Of course it took a good while for the elder of the Clifton kirk so to rearrange his understanding of the Scriptures as to leave the old fellowship and join his son in his great adventure, but the unquestioning obedience which the clansman of old gave to his chieftain, the McLean gave with double devotion to Christ, and whatever appeared to be the plain teaching of the New Testament, or a fair inference from the example of the early church, left no room for question or hesitation in the loyal soul of the Highlander. When the time of decision finally came it meant, as he knew in advance it would mean, not only that he forfeited his place of leadership in the old church, but also, for a time at

least and in some instances for life, the fellowship of the brethren with whom he had lived in the most beautiful Christian comradeship. But no human influence could be allowed to interfere with a divine duty. On November 6, 1870, two months after Archibald entered Bethany College to prepare for the ministry, Malcolm McLean was baptized by Donald Crawford in the harbor at Summerside, and enrolled as a member of the Summerside Christian Church. There being no church near by of the Restoration movement, as the new fellowship was called by its adherents, after a while Malcolm McLean resumed his habit of attending the weekly prayer meeting at the Presbyterian Church. One evening the leader of the meeting called on him to pray. Instantly, another elder arose and shouted, "Mr. McLean shall not pray in this church." Gradually there came a better feeling. When Malcolm McLean died in 1910, the Presbyterian minister preached his funeral in the Presbyterian Church, but even then thought best to make no mention of his having left it forty years before and having continued active in another fellowship all that time.

Donald Crawford was a master-builder of men. A number of ministers have been proud to claim him as their father in the gospel. Recognizing at once the superior ability of Archibald McLean, he began immediately after having baptized him to press him into service in the church, seizing every opportunity to have him take part. Members of the church at that time who are still living remember distinctly the handsome face, the shrill voice and the apt utterances of Archie McLean.

The manuscripts of sermons preached by Mr. McLean while he was a student at Bethany College abound in Scripture quotations uniformly used with marvelous precision. In this respect they are just like the addresses of his later life. His familiarity with



—*W. R. Warren, 1921*

McLean Homestead

Present Graham's Road Schoolhouse

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Carriage Shop at Margate

Southwest River

Harbor of Summerside

the Word of God and his reverence for it dated back to his childhood. They were acquired from his father and confirmed by Donald Crawford.

Indeed, it would not have been possible for Mr. Crawford to influence him so profoundly if he had not had the Word of God already hidden in his heart. He had memorized large portions of the Old Testament and still larger sections of the New Testament. He had the Word in his mind and Mr. Crawford simply gave him a new key to its understanding and especially to the coordination of the different parts of the book. He led him to see that it was not one book but a library of sixty-six books, and to know the time and place and significance of each book as related to the rest. It was as if the words of the Bible had been held in solution in his mind until touched by Mr. Crawford, when they at once crystallized in the simple, natural and logical order which they carried with slight modification through the rest of his life.

Making Christ supreme in his life in such an absolute and decisive way inevitably led to other soul conflicts and decisions. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Sometimes he had day dreams of success in business with a happy home and all the satisfactions of temporal prosperity. More and more clearly that dream had to give way to the insistent call to preach the gospel. How else could he "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness"? How else could he measurably obey the great commission, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations"? "How can they hear without a preacher?" Then, if the divided and discordant sects of Christians were ever to learn the way to reunion, there would have to be many and earnest advocates of that way. At last there came the overwhelming conviction, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!"

CHAPTER V

BETHANY COLLEGE

BETHANY AN IDEALIZED PLACE—MC LEAN'S JOURNEY—THE COLLEGE BUILDING—THE MEN WHO MADE MC LEAN'S BETHANY—COLLEGE COURSE—PROFESSOR DOLBEAR'S INVENTIONS—FELLOW STUDENTS—COLLEGE LIFE—BETHANY'S INFLUENCE—MC LEAN'S DEVOTION TO BETHANY.

TO Archibald McLean in 1870, Bethany, West Virginia, was a far-away idealized spot. It was the home of Alexander Campbell, the leader of the Restoration movement, who had died only four years before. It was the center from which had gone forth Mr. Campbell's books and the forty-one volumes of his widely read and highly prized magazine, the *Millennial Harbinger*, the last volume that very year. It was the home of Dr. Richardson, Mr. Campbell's coadjutor, friend and biographer. It was the site of Bethany College, founded by the mighty prophet of the new era, and then presided over by William K. Pendleton, twice Mr. Campbell's son-in-law and his most intimate associate on the *Millennial Harbinger*, in the college, and in all the great undertakings of his career. It was a place to dream about, like Kashmir or the Alhambra, and not a mere earthly spot to which one would think of buying a railroad ticket.

As a matter of fact, when the young man reached New York, he discovered that Bethany was not on the map, and he had considerable difficulty in discovering how it could be reached.

The world of today is too small for such a great journey as Archibald McLean took from New London

to Bethany. It was an adventure not merely for himself but for his entire family and for all his friends. It had taken much planning and calculating and then a far leap of faith to compass the financial requirements of four years at college. The large family of small children at home made it impossible for the father to promise much help. With generous care and minute pains the mother prepared his clothing. The older sisters undertook to assist financially. John thought that he could do something toward helping to realize the dream. But beyond all they could forecast there had to be much reliance upon the uncharted ways of Providence. The father's parting blessing, "The God of Jacob be with you!" was not a formal phrase but a real dependence.

They arose at half past three o'clock to get a good start for the sixteen-mile drive to Summerside, which was more than the point of departure from the Island. It had been Archie's home for three years and was the place where the course of his life had been strangely altered. It was what Bethel was to Jacob; what Damascus was to Saul of Tarsus; what Wittenberg was to Martin Luther, and what Lochin-Daal Bay was to Alexander Campbell.

From Summerside the boat ran across Northumberland Strait to Pointe du Chene and thence through the strait to Charlottetown and across again to Pictou, Nova Scotia. From Pictou there was another boat to Boston and thence still another to New York City. There the railroad journey began. As the train sped on hour after hour, traversing the fertile fields of New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, climbing the Allegheny Mountains, doubling back upon itself in the great horseshoe curve and rushing down the western slope, it must have seemed that he was indeed travers-

ing a continent and leaving behind forever the loved scenes of his childhood.

From Pittsburgh he made another railroad journey of several hours down the right bank of the Ohio River to La Grange (now Brilliant). (The more direct line from Pittsburgh to Wellsburg and Wheeling was built later.) There he crossed the river in an awkward but efficient little ferry boat to Wellsburg. Here the real land of enchantment began. The conveyance to Bethany was an ordinary stagecoach but the road was a finely graded macadamized turnpike following the general course of a little river that emptied its crystal waters into the great Ohio at Wellsburg. A short distance from the town the traveler crossed the stream by a great wooden covered-bridge that resounded musically to the footsteps of the horses. After another mile, following more or less closely the bank of the Buffalo, he passed through another covered-bridge, and so four times in the seven miles to Bethany. Just before he reached one of these bridges he saw a picturesque water mill, the race which supplied it threading a tunnel through a hill. While the newcomer was wondering at the daring of this arrangement, the road itself turned suddenly to the right and entered the hill. Here the driver stopped a moment and shouted, to make sure that no one was entering the tunnel from the opposite end, for it was too narrow to permit vehicles to pass. Coming out on the sunny side of the narrow ridge which the tunnel pierced, Archibald beheld a scene of bewitching beauty: a stretch of placid water ending in the waterfall of the milldam; great trees leaning over the stream and gazing forever at their own loveliness in its mirror-like surface; a precipitous hillside wooded to its crest; a fertile farmstead stretching along the stream and

gradually ascending until it reached a height corresponding to the steep hill across the creek.

A mile further on Archibald found a second tunnel. This opened out on another vista of picturesque fertility. Another mile, and he climbed a long hill to the Second Narrows, where the road was cut into the face of the steep hillside, and the traveler looked almost straight down two hundred feet on the right into the clear waters of the Buffalo, and then lifted his eyes to behold the panorama of a highly cultivated farm in the semi-circular bend of the stream, flanked and backed by a mass of hills fascinating in their beauty and bewildering in their variety of form and height and distance. Another mile, and he passed Ghost Hollow. The First Narrows repeated the Second with variations, until he turned the point of the hill and suddenly on the left there leaped into view the college tower and the long stretch of the building which it crowns.

Impressive as was the first sight of the building, he did not realize its full beauty until he approached its front from the village. Then he beheld a stately Gothic structure, simple in its lines and symmetrical in its proportions; a masterpiece of the architects Walter and Wilson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and an inspiration of the manifold genius of President Pendleton.

The erection of the building was just nearing completion, progress having been delayed by the Civil War, though the regular work of the college never ceased. The north wing had been built in 1858, following the destruction of the old building by fire, December 10, 1857. The south wing, known as Commencement Hall, was used for the first time for the commencement exercises of 1871. The last active work of Mr. Campbell had been to tour the country in company with Mr. Pendleton and raise funds for

the erection of this building. He bore the privations of these journeys cheerfully in spite of his advanced years, because of his confidence in the vast usefulness of the institution to the generations that would follow. In the mind of Mr. Pendleton and of the friends who contributed generously to the enterprise, the building was to be a monument to Mr. Campbell, the founder of the college and the recognized leader of the religious movement with which it was identified. When completed competent authorities declared it to be the handsomest college building in the United States.

It would not have been possible to discover a finer type of the Old Virginia gentleman than President Pendleton. His home was the center of abundant and gracious hospitality. His time and strength seemed to be unreservedly at the disposal of his friends and students. After all others had retired for the night he entered his study and took up the labors which entitled him to be ranked as a scholar as well as an eloquent preacher, an able writer and an inspiring teacher. Nowhere was Alexander Campbell's greatness more manifest than in the large caliber and superb character of the men whom he drew into association with himself in the leadership of the Disciples of Christ. In the front rank of that illustrious company were W. K. Pendleton and Dr. Robert Richardson, each still an abiding presence and power at Bethany in Archibald McLean's student days.

Dr. Richardson's home was a modest farmhouse across the Buffalo. It stood on the brow of a hill which sloped toward Bethany but left the home hidden from the college view by the woods which clothed the hillside up to the house. This home he called Bethphage because it was "nigh unto Bethany." Its walls were lined with books and even the ceiling was loaded with

pamphlets and periodicals which were stuffed in between the exposed joists wherever the cross braces would hold them. Here were unbound copies of Addison's *Spectator* and Samuel Johnson's *Rambler* and other rich treasures of English literature.

Dr. Richardson's chief work was the *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell* in two volumes, the continuing demand for which will not allow it to pass out of print. He wrote also an able volume on *The Work of the Holy Spirit,* and was managing editor of the *Millennial Harbinger* for many years. All the while he was one of the most trusted and helpful advisers of Mr. Campbell in all that pertained to the advancement of the Restoration movement and the building up of Bethany College, from the faculty of which he had but lately retired. The student from Prince Edward Island was drawn to Bethpage not only by the erudition and friendliness of Dr. Richardson but also by the fact that his children were young people of about Mr. McLean's age. Dr. Richardson was a wit and a humorist as well as a scholar. The Canadian Highlander was doubly attracted on this account and gave prompt and full appreciation to every quip and story of the older man.

Younger than President Pendleton and Dr. Richardson but worthy to rank with them both in intellectual reach and spiritual attainments was Charles Louis Loos, professor of Latin and Greek in the college and especially interested in the training of young men for the ministry. Professor Loos was a native of Alsace and throughout his life cherished a rare devotion to the land of his birth. This made the early seventies a period of suffering for him in seeing Alsace-Lorraine wrested from France by Germany. In Professor Loos's home also there were young people, and there the entire family received Archibald

McLean with quick appreciation and hearty comradeship. Throughout his life, whether in Bethany or in Lexington, Kentucky, where Mr. Loos later became president of Kentucky University (now Transylvania College) they always made him not merely welcome but one of the household.

Professor Loos was a thorough instructor in the classics in which he was assisted by a younger man, first E. D. Barclay and then F. D. Power, who was called adjunct professor. But his chief interest was in the Greek New Testament which he taught his students with the combined enthusiasm of scholar and prophet. To him it was the living Word of the living God, and his ardent devotion to its study and to its faithful following he imparted in a wonderful degree to his students. In his class room began the lifelong rule of Archibald McLean to read a chapter in the Greek New Testament every day, no matter where he might be in his journeyings or what might be the administrative cares of his office.

How profound was the influence of Professor Loos is illustrated again by the fact that at his suggestion Dr. Jabez Hall, a student of the decade preceding Mr. McLean's, has always devoted one day each week to some avocation. For a period it was astronomy, which he cultivated with such diligence that he won the recognition of Simon Newcomb, and was embarrassed by having presented to him, by a business man in Cleveland, Ohio, where he was then pastor of the Euclid Avenue Christian Church, one of the splendid telescopes which the government had purchased for observing the transit of Venus, and which is still in use in Western Reserve University. At another time he studied submarine life to such good purpose that he discovered a new species which bears his name.

Shortly before Mr. McLean entered Bethany College

FACULTY OF BETHANY COLLEGE IN 1874

1. A. E. Dolbear. 2. Charles Louis Loos. 3. President W. K. Pendleton.
4. Julian B. Cranmore. 5. E. D. Barclay. 6. Robert Richardson, Retired.

the trustees had provided for a scientific course of study leading to the degree of B.S. and while he was there a ministerial course was added, but he took the original classical course and received the degree of A.B. on the 18th of June, 1874. His diploma bears the signatures of W. K. Pendleton, President; Charles Louis Loos, Professor of Greek and Latin; A. E. Dolbear, Professor of Natural Science; Julian B. Crenshaw, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and E. D. Barclay, Adjunct Professor of Greek and Latin, as the faculty, and of Robert Graham, R. Richardson, A. W. Campbell, J. E. Curtis, Alexander Campbell, Albert Allen and R. Moffett, as trustees.

Mr. Graham was a graduate of Bethany College, President of the College of the Bible at Lexington, and one of the leading preachers and teachers of his day. Dr. Richardson has been mentioned above. A. W. Campbell was a nephew of Alexander Campbell, and was editor and publisher of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. J. E. Curtis was a local friend of the college who is still living, and was present at the college commencement in 1921. Alexander Campbell, of this signature, was a son of the founder of the college and made his home at Bethany. Albert Allen was an influential representative of a family prominent among the Disciples of Christ from an early day. At this time he was financial secretary of the college. Robert Moffett was another prominent alumnus and minister, who was later secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society.

As in other colleges of that day the course of study at Bethany was a fourfold curriculum. The unfailing elements which ran through the entire four years were Latin, Greek, mathematics and natural sciences. In mathematics, surveying, mechanics and astronomy were included. Mental and moral philosophy and

logic found a place in the senior year. English and other modern languages were taken for longer or shorter periods along with the major lines of study.

On superficial examination it would seem that the requirements for graduation, except in mathematics, were scarcely higher than the present college entrance requirements. The difference, however, was greater than appears and consisted rather in the character of the work than in its extent. The students, of course, were more mature than high school students are now. Their average age probably exceeded the average even of the college students of today. At any rate, when they graduated they seem to have been quite as well equipped for the serious work of life as the graduates of the present time.

Science was just beginning the conflict, which it has waged ever since with increasing success, to supplant the classics in undergraduate study. Its representative in Bethany was not a man who would contend for anything except the truth, but such a rare combination of modesty and industry, devotion and acumen as distinguished Professor A. E. Dolbear could not fail to increase the popularity of scientific study. Even then he was conducting hopeful experiments looking toward the invention of what we now call the telephone. Archibald McLean and M. M. Cochran helped him to stretch the wires for these experiments along the hundred-yard length of the college corridor. That Mr. Dolbear must be accounted at least one of the inventors of the telephone is evidenced by the fact that he was paid a sum which he named himself, altogether too modestly, for his rights to the discovery. The financial phase of the matter was quite incidental with him, his interest being purely scientific. In like manner he was the real discoverer of wireless telegraphy. His first application for a patent for this was

refused on the ground that it was contrary to science. He finally secured the patent in 1886, but the company to which he assigned it failed to make anything out of it for the inventor.

The first two years Mr. McLean was in Bethany, H. Wilson Harding was professor of mathematics. He left the college after six years of service, to become head of the electrical engineering department in Lehigh University. He was a brother of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and so an uncle of Richard Harding Davis. He is described by F. D. Power as "A handsome man, tall and a trifle deaf; of high mental and moral type; dignified, courtly and gracious, an exceptionally fine educator."

There is a question as to whether one's teachers or his fellow students exercise the greater influence in his education. This of course is one of the questions that can never be settled, and it does not need to be. Certainly the men who were in Mr. McLean's classes were students of such native ability, moral character and religious purpose as to assist effectively in his growth and development. Among these were B. T. Blanpied, later a successful teacher in Bethany and in eastern colleges; F. D. Power, the distinguished pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, Washington, D.C.; Champ Clark, the celebrated congressman; Neil McLeod, who had come with Mr. McLean from Prince Edward Island, and later was a missionary to Jamaica; George T. Smith, E. T. Williams and G. L. Wharton, who also became missionaries, Mr. Williams later coming into distinction as secretary of the United States legation at Peking, oriental adviser of the United States during the World War, and head of the oriental department in the University of California; M. M. Cochran, whose services as president of the trustees of the college and whose contributions to

its equipment and endowment have saved the life of the college and guaranteed its perpetual usefulness; J. M. Trible, B. C. Hagerman and W. H. Woolery, professors and presidents of Bethany; J. R. Lamar, justice of the United States Supreme Court; and many others whose places in the life of their times, as ministers, lawyers, physicians, educators and business men, have been filled with honor to themselves and credit to their Alma Mater. Some of these, like F. D. Power, graduated at the end of Mr. McLean's first year, and others, like Justice Lamar, were in college only one year before Mr. McLean graduated, but all bore their part in making the atmosphere of the institution.

The life of the college community was simple and in many respects primitive. Aside from the delightful homes already mentioned, there were three centers of student life: the fraternities and literary societies, the boarding clubs and the church. The fraternities were the Delta Tau Delta, which was founded at Bethany, Phi Kappa Psi and Beta Theta Pi. Mr. McLean's time and thought were too closely concentrated upon the serious purpose of his education to permit his entering a fraternity. On the same account he took an active part in the American Literary Institute and the Adelphian Literary Society. The Adelphian Society was composed especially of men who were preparing for the ministry, nearly all of whom were members of either the American or the Neotrophian Society, as indeed practically all the rest of the students were. The societies had ample halls in the north wing of the college building, and their weekly meetings afforded expression to much of the enthusiasm and college spirit that now find their outlet in athletics. The meetings were conducted strictly according to Robert's *Rules of Order*. In addition to the president, secre-

tary and treasurer, there were first, second and third critics. The duty of the first and second critics was to point out the excellencies and deficiencies in the performances of the evening from a literary and forensic standpoint. The function of the third critic was to call attention to the general conduct of those present, including officers, participants in the program and other members. The office and dignity of the president of the society did not exempt him from the excoriations of the third critic, and the punctilious courtesy of the meetings did not shield visitors from his attention if their conduct was not becoming.

The program consisted regularly of declamations, essays, orations, debates and impromptu speeches. Others than the appointed debaters were permitted to take part in the debates, and visitors were always extended the freedom of the floor, with the formula, "Mr. President: I see that Mr. —— is present with us this evening, and I move that he be asked to speak on this or any other subject." Especial interest centered in the impromptu class, to each member of which, after he had taken his place on the platform, the president assigned a topic on which he was expected to speak for five minutes.

Each year's interest in the literary societies reached its climax in the annual election of officers for the following year and speakers for two of the societies' three great annual public performances; commencement, and anniversary in the fall. The celebration of Washington's Birthday was a sort of contest between representatives of the American and Neotrophian societies, chosen early in the same college year. Even the least diligent students who had kept their names off the society rolls until the spring elections approached, paid their membership fees of five dollars each and joined one or the other of the societies in order to have a share in deciding these contests.

The boarding clubs were made up of twenty or thirty boys each, who were assembled at the beginning of the school year by the student who served as president and manager. He made arrangements with a matron who had the equipment and experience to provide a dining-room and prepare and serve the meals. He purchased the food, kept the accounts and prorated the total expense for each week among the members, exclusive of himself, his board being compensation for his service. The weekly board bill of the students at this time in the several clubs was about two dollars. The rate varied in different clubs and at different seasons of the year, being higher in the spring and early summer. The Kit-Kat Club, of which Mr. McLean was a member, was especially popular and economical. It was named for the London club immortalized by Addison, Steele and Congreve. Its rooms were in the basement of the college building and its table was enlivened by such spirited conversation that the members mention it with delight as an institution distinctive of the college life of that day, and in some modest measure worthy to bear the ambitious name which it had taken upon itself.

The total expenses were only a fraction of what they are now, especially for students who were preparing for the ministry and therefore were given free tuition. But money was scarcer then and the relative cost of an education and of other things was not widely different from that of today. At any rate, a bequest of five hundred dollars by Dr. C. J. White, minister of the church at West Rupert, Vermont, placed in the hands of Professor Loos to use in behalf of students whom he found especially worthy, and by him divided between Archibald McLean and Neil McLeod, was a welcome addition to their own savings and their families' contributions toward the cost of their four years' residence in Bethany. It was bestowed like a scholar-

ship as a recognition of especial merit and there was no compromise of dignity or independence in accepting it.

As long as Alexander Campbell presided over the college he had assembled the entire student body at 6:30 every morning for Bible study. In Mr. McLean's day this "morning class" had given place to a chapel service at eight o'clock, which usually lasted half an hour, and which all students were required to attend. The compulsory rule was scarcely necessary however. Most of the students attended the Sunday church services and many of them could be found at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting also. Professor Loos generally preached on Sunday and President Pendleton presided at the communion service. The vigorous sermons of the one and the spiritual talks of the other are among the finest traditions of the place. Occasionally the more advanced students were invited to preach on Sunday evening, and the Wednesday evening meetings were almost entirely in their hands. Mr. McLean was an unfailing attendant at all these services, and each of them added its distinctive contribution to his equipment for life.

In the leadership of Pendleton, Richardson and Loos there was a rare combination of the finest elements. There was scholarship without pedantry; feeling without emotionalism; spirituality without cant; naturalness without loss of dignity. Most of the students took it all as a matter of course, much as they did the sunrise and the moonlight, but the influence of it entered richly into their lives, not only to bear its fruitage in after years, but to be remembered and consciously appreciated.

In the case of Archibald McLean the appreciation of the manifold advantages enjoyed at Bethany was immediate and abundant. Under the benign influence of his father and his early teachers he had imbibed a

great love of books and of learning. Then he left the open fields and the schoolroom for six laborious years in the carriage shop, where he worked twelve hours a day under a strict master learning an exacting trade. All this time his longing for knowledge was growing, though suppressed like steam confined in a boiler.

When he reached Bethany College, he found it a veritable heaven to his eager soul. Here were the great books of the world in what seemed to him lavish abundance; here were great men and glorious women who lived familiarly among these master minds of ages past. The homes of these immortals received him without restraint. In some of these homes he found men and women of his own age and of kindred ambitions. His fellow students were, in the main, an elect company from many regions. Around the whole was the beauty of the West Virginia hills surpassing even his native Island. Every moment of the four years until his graduation in 1874 marked new expansion in his soul and new deepening of his fondness for Bethany. Throughout life he loved the college with exceeding devotion and looked back to it with ever growing affection.

How faithfully he served as a trustee! How eagerly he returned year after year to speak to his successors in the classroom concerning the great world into which the college had sent him and the supreme work to which the Master Teacher had called him and them! How gladly he turned other students toward the doors of the college! How generously he gave of his means to help its service! How joyously he would have spent his entire life in the realization of his dreams for its greatness! How painfully he realized that he was conscripted for other service! And yet how heroically he proved the complete effectiveness of his parental and collegiate training in his lifelong and whole-hearted leadership in the missionary cause!

CHAPTER VI

MT. HEALTHY

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH—MC LEAN'S ENGAGEMENT AS PASTOR—THE CHURCH'S APPRECIATION OF ITS MINISTER—HONORED OUTSIDE THE CHURCH—POPULARITY WITH THE CHILDREN—HIGH IDEALS FOR HIMSELF AND HIS PEOPLE—THE CHURCH'S REMARKABLE ATTAINMENTS IN GIVING—THE PASTOR'S CARE OF THE CHILDREN—HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD HIS SUCCESSORS—RECIPROCAL AND UNDYING AFFECTION.

THE chief distinction of the Christian Church at Mt. Healthy, a suburb of Cincinnati, is that for nearly eleven years Archibald McLean was its pastor, but it was no small credit to the honor graduate of Bethany College in June, 1874, to be called to minister to this congregation. The church had been organized October 12, 1839, under the leadership of David S. Burnet, a minister of distinction who had come out of the Baptist church to share in the Restoration movement.

For ten years after its organization the church continued to meet in the old Free Meeting House, which had been the first place of worship erected in the town. People of many faiths had helped in its construction, with the agreement that no denomination should occupy it for two consecutive Sundays if another wished to use it. Early in the '30's the Presbyterians and United Brethren built churches for themselves. This gave the newly organized congregation practically unlimited use of the union building for several years. Then the interruptions became more frequent, and they found it necessary to build a house for their own use, which they completed and occupied December 1, 1849.

In this house they were worshiping when Mr. McLean became their minister. The old house still stands, having been converted into a residence, and today looks impossibly small to have served for so many years as the regular or occasional preaching place for such men as David S. Burnet, Walter Scott, James Challen, L. H. Jameson, B. U. Watkins, Henry R. Pritchard, Thomas Munnell, Benjamin and Joseph Franklin, L. L. and Elisha Pinkerton, John Shackelford, John Henry, Isaac Errett, Knowles Shaw, George Darsie, W. T. Moore, Archibald McLean and S. M. Jefferson, not to mention other less famous but not less faithful men.

We speak of Mt. Healthy today as a suburb of Cincinnati. It has direct connection with the city both by interurban cars and improved highways for automobiles, but in 1874 neither the electric car nor the automobile had been invented. Mt. Healthy was a detached country village ten miles from the city, which could be reached only by driving across the country or by using the inconsequential steam railroad which ran within a mile of the village. At first they called it Mt. Pleasant, then changed its name to Mt. Healthy to avoid confusion with another village that had preempted the former name. The beauty of the location justifies the one name and its healthfulness the other, but only customary license allowed to those who name towns permits the prefix "Mt.," though it is one of the highest points in Hamilton County. A more becoming reserve was shown in the designation of College Hill, the adjoining suburb on the Cincinnati side, in which stands Clovernook, the former home of Alice and Phoebe Cary. In Mr. McLean's day Alexander Domm, a member of the Mt. Healthy Church, occupied the Cary homestead and cheerily welcomed his pastor's frequent visits.

The history of the Mt. Healthy Church falls into two distinct periods. Division on the question of slavery caused the entire discontinuance of its services for five years, from March 25, 1855. Thomas Munnell reorganized the church March 31, 1861, with twenty-one members. In the meetings that were held to bring about the reestablishing of the church everybody had a grievance and insisted upon telling it. When their feelings were stirred to the breaking point by these recitals the leaders would start a hymn and bring the congregation into a better frame of mind. Finally agreement was reached and Love H. Jameson, distinguished both as a preacher and as a hymn-writer and singer, and at that time eighty years of age, brought the meeting to its climax by singing, *Is My Name Written There?* The union endured in the church as it did in the nation, but forty years later there was at least one member who had not abandoned his pro-slavery views. In the same period one of the elders always made an abolition speech when he presided at the communion table.

The records of the church show a collection for missionary purposes as early as February 1, 1862. There was not much enthusiasm, however, for the contribution of June 19, 1867, was only $2.85. In 1869 the church elected delegates to attend the quarterly meeting of the Tenth District Missionary Society. In February, 1870, it passed a resolution calling upon the Sunday school to contribute once a quarter to the missionary work in Jamaica.

Mr. McLean's pastorate began June 21, 1874. His formal engagement is recorded, Monday, August 24, 1874 as follows:

Brother Isaac Lane moved that Brother McLean be elected pastor of the church. The chair stated that he would remind the church that in obedience to their order he had

invited Brother McLean to come and preach for the church with the understanding that if his labors proved satisfactory he would be employed at a salary of $800. He had now been preaching for us for some eight or ten weeks, and it was due to Brother McLean that the church should now determine whether they would employ him. The motion was just the step needed at this time. The motion being put by the chair was carried unanimously. Brother McLean appearing in the meeting soon after, the chair said he had the satisfaction of notifying him that he had just been unanimously chosen pastor of the church, to which he briefly responded that it would be his pleasure to do all in his power to discharge the duties devolved upon him to the best of his abilities. He asked the aid and the prayers of the church.

The more thoughtful members of the church realized at once that their young minister was a man of extraordinary power and consecration. Every day that he continued with them but deepened this conviction. Gradually the citizens of the entire community came to place the same high estimate upon his character and ability. One of the surviving members of that day refers to his having said in a sermon that everyone who looked upon the statue of Apollo for the first time unconsciously straightened up and assumed a better posture, and says it was so in Mt. Healthy with those who knew Mr. McLean; one would not meet him on the street or think of him without being challenged to live up to his standard.

Among the members of the Mt. Healthy Church were a number of men and women of strong characters and pronounced personalities. Isaac Lane, mentioned above as making the motion to engage Mr. McLean as the church's minister, had made his home the first station out of Cincinnati on the "underground railroad" to the north by which runaway slaves were aided to escape before and during the Civil War. Jediah S. Hill was treasurer of the church for many years. Whether he or Mr. McLean or Joseph F.

ARCHIBALD McLEAN AT 25
The Bethany College Graduate, 1874.

Wright was responsible for the system it is now impossible to say, but the following legend appeared on a placard where anyone entering or leaving the church could not fail to see it.

> This church pays its pastor every week.
> It pays its janitor every month.
> It pays all other bills on sight.
> It owes no man anything but love.
> This good record is possible only by reason of prompt payment of dues by all the members.
> Do you owe your church anything? If so, please see the treasurer before leaving the house.

The treasurer paid the minister weekly in advance.

Joseph F. Wright was, in succession, treasurer of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, insurance commissioner of Ohio and secretary of the University of Cincinnati. His wife belonged to one of the most prominent families in the city and her brother, John Gano, was editor of the *Commercial Tribune* for many years. Mr. Wright was such a fatherly adviser of the young minister from the first and such a steadfast friend in his later and greater work that, when Mr. Wright died, Mr. McLean made an exception to his rule that his successor in the pastorate should officiate at all funerals and weddings and preached the funeral sermon, taking as his text Genesis 49:22-24, beginning, "Joseph is a fruitful bough." The substance of this address he printed and distributed to Mr. Wright's friends.

Other men, like Henry Moser and Wilson Rogers, were loyal supporters of Mr. McLean's ministry. The fruits of that ministry appeared in the young men who grew up under it: Clifford Diserens, William Lane, Charles Hill, N. P. Runyan, long the clerk of the church, and O. C. Smith, for many years superintendent of the Sunday school. Many whose names never got on the church books were almost equally devoted

friends of Mr. McLean. After he ceased to live in Mt. Healthy, if the word was passed around that he was going to be present at any particular service, many men of the community would be there just to get a chance to shake hands with him. Whenever it was announced that Mr. McLean would preach the house was full to hear him. Before he started on his journey around the world C. W. Paris, who was not a member of the church, gave a farewell banquet in his honor.

Judge Charles F. Malsbary, of Cincinnati, who was principal of the public schools of Mt. Healthy from 1884 to 1888, wrote the day after Mr. McLean's thirty-fifth anniversary as an officer of the Foreign Society:

> Mr. McLean took an interest in everything that was for the benefit and development of the town and its people, whether the object sought was religious, moral or commercial. As much as any man I have ever known he possesses a rare quality of intelligent, decisive conviction in all essential things. But still more important, he possesses that rarer quality which never fails to support conviction with all necessary courage. Some men have great heads and some great hearts; few have both. Archibald McLean is the fortunate possessor of both.

Mr. McLean had no art of elocution to attract attention. On the contrary his voice was shrill and he aggravated its ill effect by alternating between a scarcely audible monotone and an almost inarticulate shriek. To further discourage his hearers, in those early days he had somewhat of a Scotch accent and was so embarrassed that he kept his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling. But he had something to say, not his own word, but a message from God, and the people gave heed to his words. Faithfully he spent his mornings and nights in prayer and study and his afternoons in pastoral ministrations. Books began to accumulate in his room and finally filled it to overflowing, but always the Bible was the source and the soul

of his sermons. This is not only the testimony of those who heard him, but also of the manuscripts, for he wrote all of his sermons in full or in large part and never destroyed them, as he did his personal correspondence. In his preaching he followed closely what he had written, though he never referred even to a note as he spoke. He dwelt only upon the great themes of the gospel and, as he later advised young ministers, preached always to the conscience.

Perhaps the quickest of all to give him their confidence and affection were the little children of the community. John T. Snodgrass was one of the charter members of the church and was elected deacon in the reorganization of 1861. In the home of his widow Mr. McLean rented a room which he occupied all the time he lived in Mt. Healthy. Mrs. Snodgrass had five small grandchildren who grew up under his influence. It was his custom during the long winter evenings to leave his room for half an hour or more and go down into the living-room for a romp with the children. His entrance was always hailed with a shout. He had no more thought of dignity to be maintained than the youngsters who found his name too much of a mouthful and reduced it to "Cainie," which is practically the same abbreviation that other children made, independently, even to the last of his life. Sometimes he would get down on all-fours that each in turn might enjoy a ride upon his back. Again, he would toss them to the ceiling while their grandmother stood by momentarily expecting their heads to be cracked. Other athletic stunts were tried in endless variety; the children all the while intently watching for his next move.

He bought toys and other gifts for his little friends, but his favorite present for them as for older persons was always a book. A survivor of this juvenile group says:

It was wonderful to sit on his knees as he hugged us up to his great heart, and we listened to him as he read to us from Mark Twain and Aesop's Fables, and other books peculiar to childhood that he had furnished for us. As we grew older, our books grew with us. In all the many years since my first Christmas Mr. McLean's priceless gift has always reached me, even unto the last; wonderful record of his continued and abiding friendship.

They recall too how he carried the one who was lame to and from Sunday school on his shoulder. Another little friend of that period would rush to his arms as soon as he came to the house and demand that he take out his shirt stud, which he would patiently do that she might have it in her own hand to admire. The pulpit of the old meeting house was between the two front doors, and anyone entering had to pass it. One morning after the service had begun a little boy came in and, as he passed Mr. McLean, said, "I got a new cap." Mr. McLean stopped in the service and said, "I am glad of it." He would not hurt the little fellow's feelings by seeming to ignore him.

The other side of his manhood and of his faithful ministry appeared in the passionate earnestness of his preaching. "Aunt Sallie" LaBoiteaux, who vied with Mrs. Snodgrass as to which could be the better mother to him, remonstrated again and again against his preaching so loudly. She said she could hear him half a mile away. He heard her criticism with patience and even with appreciation, but replied rather sadly one day, "It would be as easy for you to put breeches on a comet as to stop me when I get started."

He set high standards both for the individual lives of the members of the church and for the growth and activity of the congregation, and had many disappointments, as he did afterward, at the head of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, in striving to lead the entire brotherhood into more adequate mis-

sionary service. In his later years, a minister visiting his office one day, said, "Brother McLean, do you ever get blue?" and received instantly the answer, "Blue? My friend, I get black!"

He found relief not only in the comradeship of his friends, and especially the prattle of the children, but preeminently in communion with God and in reliance upon his unfailing promises. In the very beginning of his ministry he made up his mind that his task was to preach the gospel and not to worry about results. It was this principle that guided him in his missionary activity and gave him both an answer to the objections of those who argued the futility of the work and an antidote for discouragement in his own heart.

In his later years his powerful emotions were well under control at all times, but once at Mt. Healthy when preaching on repentance from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," he became so affected himself that he broke down and wept and had to stop.

Once when he had preached a strong sermon on temperance, a certain man accosted him on the street the next day with the criticism, "When I go to church I go to hear the gospel, not a tirade on temperance." Mr. McLean's quick rejoinder was, "My friend, from what I hear of your habits you got the exact portion of the gospel last night that especially applies to you."

Most of the members lived in the country. Regardless of weather and the condition of the roads, the young minister went on foot to visit them and was especially faithful and solicitous when there was any illness.

In 1875 the total receipts of the church treasury were $777.36; for missionary purposes, $36.20. This was the year the Foreign Christian Missionary So-

ciety was organized in Louisville, Kentucky. Both Archibald McLean and F. M. Rains were present, neither suspecting that he was to have such a large part in the future history of the new organization. In Mr. McLean's case the missionary interest started in childhood was growing continually.

Year by year throughout his ministry and that of his successors the church advanced steadily in the liberality and regularity of its giving until 182 of the 185 resident members were weekly contributors to its treasury. "Of the three who did not give, one was in the county infirmary and two were children." The Sunday school was one of the first in the brotherhood to give as much as a hundred dollars on Children's Day for foreign missions. But the great day of the year was the first Sunday in March when the church made its annual offering to foreign missions. Professor A. C. Gray says he thought himself a missionary preacher when he went to Mt. Healthy as pastor, but that after one experience there he really became one. Miss Mary Hill, as church treasurer, sent a letter and a contribution envelope to every member, not forgetting the nonresidents or even the "friendly citizens". Mr. Gray preached the customary missionary sermon and put ten dollars in his own envelope, which seemed a generous offering in proportion to his salary. In the afternoon he assisted the treasurer to open the envelopes and count the offering. Dr. Kilgour's envelope contained fifty dollars and Miss Hill's a like amount, though school teachers were not even as well paid then as now. Girls who were working in local tailor shops gave five and ten dollars each. In an unmarked envelope were five new ten-dollar bills. Altogether the offering amounted to five hundred dollars. Of course the anonymous contribution was from Mr. McLean and it came regularly every year, as did also his payments toward

the current expenses of the church, although he had transferred his membership to Central Church, Cincinnati, and was giving heavily there and directly to various causes. How the habit abides with Mt. Healthy people is illustrated by the fact that one of the members now has a "missionary room" in her home which she rents that she may add the proceeds to her contributions.

In April, 1877, against his habit, Mr. McLean himself conducted revival services in the church. His sermons of that period carried not only an evangelistic appeal to those outside of the church but earnest exhortations and instructions to the members of the church to engage in personal evangelism. He insisted that one ought to feel as free to talk to his friends about the supreme interests of his life as upon business, politics or social affairs. But he always found difficulty in doing so himself. The growth of the church under his ministry was steady and was more manifest in individual life and character than in numbers.

Mr. McLean had many calls to leave the little Mt. Healthy Church, but gave them no consideration. Years after the close of his ministry there, some of the members learned, incidentally, that larger churches in more promising fields had offered him twice the salary he was receiving.

Among the little friends who quickly became attached to Mr. McLean at Mt. Healthy were Ellie Kinney, the five-year-old daughter of a widowed mother, and Josephine and Helen Moser, whose father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moser, were prominent in the church. After they had started to school he had frequent arguments with them. One of his favorite tricks was to get the children to spell for him, making each word a little harder than the last until they were

"stumped." Then with mock seriousness he would voice his distress that they did not know how to spell. He took especial delight in this sort of performance with Ellie Kinney and Josephine and Helen Moser. The last named had gone triumphantly through a long list of words one day, until he pronounced Nagasaki. As quickly as before she spelled, "Nockysocky." This of course he greeted with hearty laughter which was more than half admiration of her courage. But however he teased them during the week, Ellie and Josephine were loyally in their places on the front seat when Sunday came. Just before they reached their teens they had attained such proficiency in music that Josephine became the church organist and Ellie her alternate. Years later, and at distant places, when an accompanist was required, without hesitation Mr. McLean would call upon Mrs. W. C. Payne, the Ellie Kinney of Mt. Healthy. Especially in the morning prayer meetings at the annual international conventions he depended upon her for this service. At whatever inconvenience, she always managed to be there on time, and will remember forever his gracious words of appreciation at the close of his last convention.

He gave the children a chance to take part in prayer meeting, beginning with the reading of Scripture passages which he handed out on numbered slips. Then he encouraged them to assist in the singing in the church services as well as in Sunday school and prayer meetings. He called so frequently for favorite selections like, *Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned, O God Our Help in Ages Past* and *Remember Me*, that the singers of that day need no book to sing them now. As the girls learned to play and sing he encouraged them by giving them collections of music of such value that they preserved them as heirlooms, and tickets for *The Messiah* in Music Hall, Cincinnati, which made such a

profound impression that the oratorio has been singing in their hearts ever since. Frequently he called at their homes to have them play and sing for him; still teasing them on occasion, as when he declared that Josephine had sung, "And for 'bony' Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee!" These impromptu private concerts always ended with his saying, "Now sing *Nearer Home,* and I will go home." The first verse of the song is,

> O'er the hills the sun is setting,
> And the eve is drawing on—
> Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
> For another day is done.

The chorus runs,

> Nearer Home, nearer Home,
> Nearer to our Home on high:
> To the green fields and the fountains,
> Of the land beyond the sky.

When the memorial services were held in the Mt. Healthy Church, February 27, 1921, both Josephine (Mrs. N. P. Runyan) and Ellie were present. In the evening Mrs. Payne's was the last address. At its close she sat down at the same organ she had used as a girl and sang again for him and for those who had loved him, *Nearer Home,* with the thought that perhaps he heard although he had "gone home."

It was natural and according to custom that those who had grown up under his teaching and influence, whom he had baptized, prepared for college and guided by his counsel all the way, should ask him to officiate at their weddings. Characteristically, he said, "We have a pastor; he is the one to perform the ceremony. I shall be glad to be present and assist in any way I can." This was his rule in their cases and in every similar instance of marriage or funeral. Every minister who succeeded Mr. McLean at Mt. Healthy

found him doing everything he could out of his own accumulated honor and affection in the community to strengthen the pastor's hand and extend his influence. He manifested the same spirit in his cooperation with the pastors of the Central Church and with all of the other ministers about Cincinnati.

He had the joy of seeing his successors reap the fruitage of his sowing. The first five of them came from Bethany College and with one exception, each of the five was called immediately after his graduation to make this his first pastorate, just as Archibald McLean had done. All came within the twelve years during which Mr. McLean continued to live in Mt. Healthy. The succession was: F. M. Dowling, who resigned to become professor of Latin in Bethany College; C. J. Tannar, who went to the stronger church in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati; E. E. Curry, who accepted a call to the church at Bedford, Ohio; W. J. Wright, who became eastern evangelist and then secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society; A. L. Chapman, who went to Constantinople as a missionary under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Each of them left Mt. Healthy to take up what he considered more important work. To each Mr. McLean was a loyal friend, a wise counselor and a steadfast supporter. But every effort he made to efface himself and exalt his successor made the people love him more. They did their best to honor and follow these successive pastors, just as Mr. McLean urged them to do, and the church grew and throve under their ministry —and his! What difference could office or title make in the relation existing between Archibald McLean and the Mt. Healthy Church!

Most of his Sundays he spent elsewhere, pleading the cause of missions. But even when he was present he seldom consented to preach, and then avoided his

MT. HEALTHY

Left, the old church changed into a residence; right, the Snodgrass home, where Mr. McLean occupied the left room, second floor, 22 years; below, present church, the main part built in his pastorate.

favorite theme, feeling that to be the pastor's prerogative and duty. The communion table and Wednesday evening prayer meeting afforded him opportunity for reenforcing the regular minister's work and at the same time expressing the deepest and most vital passion of his soul, his love of God.

When one of the young preachers came for his first Sunday Mr. McLean was away but returned in time for the evening service. Instead of taking his customary seat near the pulpit he dropped into one of the rear pews where the minister did not discover him until the service closed. It did not take any of them long to discover that there was nothing in Mr. McLean's presence to embarrass them. On the contrary he was such a sympathetic and eager listener that he inspired them to do their best. Always he found something good in the sermon which he could sincerely praise. If anything seemed to require adverse criticism he offered it with such modesty and kindness that it was always gratefully and profitably received. One morning the pastor, stirred to action by the late Wilbur F. Crafts, announced that he would preach that night on the Sabbath question. After the service Mr. McLean asked him whether he had read F. W. Robertson, Horace Bushnell and Alexander Campbell on the subject. He had not. "Come to my room and take them home and read them this afternoon. You will preach better tonight." The flood of new light on the question caused the postponement of the sermon and the substitution of another which the young man felt was safer for that night. If one of them asked for a book on any subject which he was studying Mr. McLean was apt to load him down with a bushel of volumes bearing directly upon it. But it was not necessary for them to ask; his library was always open to them.

Even after Mr. McLean had moved to Walnut Hills the people of Mt. Healthy continued to claim and secure his presence with them in times of sorrow and of joy. On the death of Calvin Robinson, the pro-slavery man referred to above, Mr. Gray asked Mr. McLean to attend the funeral, at the request of the bereaved family. He readily consented, but as usual said he would not speak. The church was crowded and Mr. McLean sat on the edge of the rostrum holding his umbrella. Mr. Gray had been there only a few months and knew Mr. Robinson principally as a positive old man who lived in the past and was always denouncing the North for making war on the South. The funeral sermon was not a eulogy. After the preacher had sat down and just as Mrs. Runyan was starting to play the accompaniment for the last hymn, the former pastor arose suddenly, walked over to the pulpit, laid his umbrella across it and said, "I want to say something about this good man." Then followed a glowing tribute in which generous loyalty, steadfast friendship and genuine sorrow magnified the virtues and overlooked the failings of a very human man.

The crowning incident of Archibald McLean's relation with the Mt. Healthy Church must close this chapter. He had been living in the city for some time and attending Central Church whenever he was at home over Sunday or on Wednesday evening. A. M. Harvuot, the minister of Central, was anxious to have him elected as an elder of that congregation. To make this possible Mr. McLean asked the Mt. Healthy pastor, Mr. Gray, to call for a letter transferring his membership to the city church. Mr. Gray made the request at the Sunday morning service, according to custom in such matters, but contrary to all precedents one of the officers arose and moved that the letter be not granted. Another seconded the motion immediately and the con-

gregation supported it unanimously! Mr. McLean might live elsewhere, since his work required it, but his church membership must continue at Mt. Healthy. The pastor was wise enough not to argue with their affection. Two months later he repeated the request and the church granted the letter as a formal concession to necessity which left their minister still singing in his heart,

O love that wilt not let me go!

PART II

VINDICATING MISSIONS

CHAPTER VII

DRAFTED FOR MISSIONS

FOREIGN SOCIETY ORGANIZED—SEVEN YEARS OF SLOW GROWTH—MC LEAN BECOMES SECRETARY—FIRST MISSIONARIES TO A NON-CHRISTIAN FIELD—LOCATION OF INDIA MISSION—THREE YEARS OF DOUBLE WORK—CHANGES CHIROGRAPHY—WORK IN ENGLAND—BUDGET-MAKING THEN AND NOW—FIRST MISSIONARIES TO JAPAN AND CHINA—THE BROTHERHOOD COMMITTED TO MISSIONS.

A GROUP of influential men, with W. T. Moore as the moving spirit and Isaac Errett as the leading personality, organized the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, October 21, 1875, at Louisville, Kentucky, located its headquarters in Cincinnati, and incorporated it under the laws of the State of Ohio. The organization of the American Christian Missionary Society, with headquarters in the same city, had preceded it in 1849. The American Society's original purpose was "to promote the spread of the gospel in destitute places in home and foreign lands," but its efforts beyond the borders of the home land had stopped with the missions of Dr. J. T. Barclay to Jerusalem, J. O. Beardslee to Jamaica and Alexander Cross to Liberia, all of which had been abandoned. Not only so, but the smallness of its receipts, only $4,671.10 in 1875, limited to negligible proportions the work which it was carrying. Many felt that nothing would ever be done for the regions beyond unless a specific effort was made in their behalf and that, as proved true, the response to the foreign appeal would stimulate giving to the home work. The same dissatisfaction with inaction had led in 1874 to the organization of the

Christian Woman's Board of Missions for both home and foreign work.

The first corresponding secretary of the Foreign Society was Robert Moffett of Cleveland, Ohio, but early in the year he resigned and the executive committee elected W. T. Moore, then minister of the Central Church, Cincinnati, to succeed him. This change was made in the interest of convenience and economy. The officers received no pay for their services and only $20 a year for clerical help. For the promotion of the work they depended upon appeals published through the church papers and occasional circulars. These means being found insufficient, they employed Z. T. Smith, of Eminence, Kentucky, to spend part of his time in field work. He secured offerings from eighteen churches in Kentucky. Among the seventy-six individual gifts of that first year was $20 from A. McLean, as the first payment on $100 to enroll himself as a life member. He had not been an indifferent onlooker at the organization of the society. The total receipts of that year were $1,706.35.

In 1877 the executive committee employed W. B. Ebbert as bookkeeper at $100 per year, the work to be done in connection with his regular occupation. Later they elected him corresponding secretary and allowed him $500 per year and a small percentage of the receipts above $10,000, for salary and expenses. He resigned in 1882 and the executive committee chose Archibald McLean as his successor in the difficult task. They had not inquired of him whether he would serve and made no haste to inform him of their action; it was two days before the word reached him. But they knew the man, though they did not suspect, any more than he did, that when he entered upon his duties, March 4, 1882, a new era dawned not merely

for the Foreign Christian Missionary Society but also for the Disciples of Christ.

The year 1882 witnessed the actual beginning of the work for which the Foreign Christian Missionary Society had been created seven years before. All that time no one had been found willing and qualified to undertake work in a non-Christian land. On the 4th of February, 1882, just a month before Mr. McLean took up his duties as secretary, the society voted to send G. L. Wharton and Albert Norton and their wives to India as soon as sufficient funds were in hand. Mr. Wharton was then minister of the Richmond Avenue Church in Buffalo, New York. Mr. Norton had been for five years a missionary in India under the Methodist board. While at home on furlough he met Mr. Wharton and discovered that his views were in substantial agreement with those held by the Disciples of Christ. So he severed his former relations, was baptized by Mr. Wharton and united with the Richmond Avenue Church.

The Christian Woman's Board of Missions sent four young women to India at the same time. These were Miss Mary Graybiel, Miss Ada Boyd, Miss Mary Kingsbury and Miss Laura Kinsey. Miss Kinsey later married Ben N. Mitchell, who went from Liverpool, England, as a missionary to India.

It was a great day not only for these two societies but for the whole body of people that they represented when this company of eight left America, September 16, 1882, for their chosen field.

After due deliberation the missionaries decided to settle in the Central Provinces, the geographical heart of India, and established their first station at Harda, the chief town in a rich and populous district and a favorable center because of the attitude of its people and its healthfulness, as well as the large field that

was accessible without encroaching upon the territory of older missions. Forty missionary societies were working in India when the Disciples entered that land. The oldest one had been there 177 years and another 133 years. It was ninety years since the arrival of William Carey and fifty-three years since the coming of Alexander Duff. But in the meantime railroads had been built into the interior which opened up districts that the earlier missionaries could not occupy to advantage. Harda is 416 miles northeast of Bombay. The people of the region speak the Hindi language. In religion they are either Hindus or Mohammedans.

About the time the mission was established Mr. Norton resigned because of his conscientious objection to receiving a fixed salary and his temperamental inability to work with other people. (The boards had decided within the year that a definite allowance was more practical and more fair to the missionary than the original promise to secure and forward sufficient for their support.) Morton D. Adams, minister of the church in Steubenville, Ohio, promptly took the vacant place and sailed with his wife for India, September 23, 1883, just a year and a week after the first group went out.

For three years Mr. McLean continued to preach at Mt. Healthy, carrying on at the same time the work of the society. Throughout this period he kept the books, wrote the letters with his own hand and attended to all the business of the society.

Under date of October 18, 1882, the board of managers meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, appended to the report of the executive committee, which Mr. McLean had written, the following statement:

> The board in adopting the foregoing report as submitted by the executive committee deems it proper to communicate

to the society some facts and considerations not set forth in the report.

1. The present corresponding secretary, who entered on his duties March 4, 1882, and has given much of his time to this work, and to whom this executive committee appropriated compensation at the rate of $500 per year, generously declined, in view of the urgent demands on the treasury, to receive a cent of said compensation, insisting on making a donation of his time and services. It is due to him and to the society that this should be known, to guard against the impression that as a rule such services are to be rendered gratuitously.

2. The smallness of the per cent of the expenses this year grows largely out of increase of the contributions. It should be understood that as our receipts increase, the percentage of expense will decrease.

As a matter of fact, instead of giving part time service either to the church or to the society, Mr. McLean was doing the full work of two men. The manuscripts of 1,047 sermons, practically two for every Sunday in his eleven years at Mt. Healthy, and the erection of a new church building completely paid for and dedicated clear of debt, when he gave up the pastorate to devote himself entirely to the work of the society, show that he did not abate in the least his service to the church. On the other hand, the books of the society indicate that he was giving it a man's full service. With his vigorous advocacy, and stimulated by the sending forth of the first missionaries to a non-Christian field, the receipts leaped from $13,178.46 in 1881, to $25,063.94 in 1882, his first year.

Most people become careless about their handwriting as they grow older, so that from year to year it loses legibility; with Mr. McLean it was just the other way. While he was in college and during his early years at Mt. Healthy his writing was extremely difficult to read. His sister Sarah (Mrs. Cannon) was the only member of the family at home who was equal

to the task. In those days he wrote scarcely anything but sermons and letters home. He took it for granted that the family were so familiar with his script that they could read it easily, and he did not suppose that anyone but himself would ever have occasion to read the sermons. When he became secretary of the Foreign Society he realized that both its records and the letters written in its name must be legible, so he gave care to improving his writing. The most important official correspondence of that period he preserved in copy books.

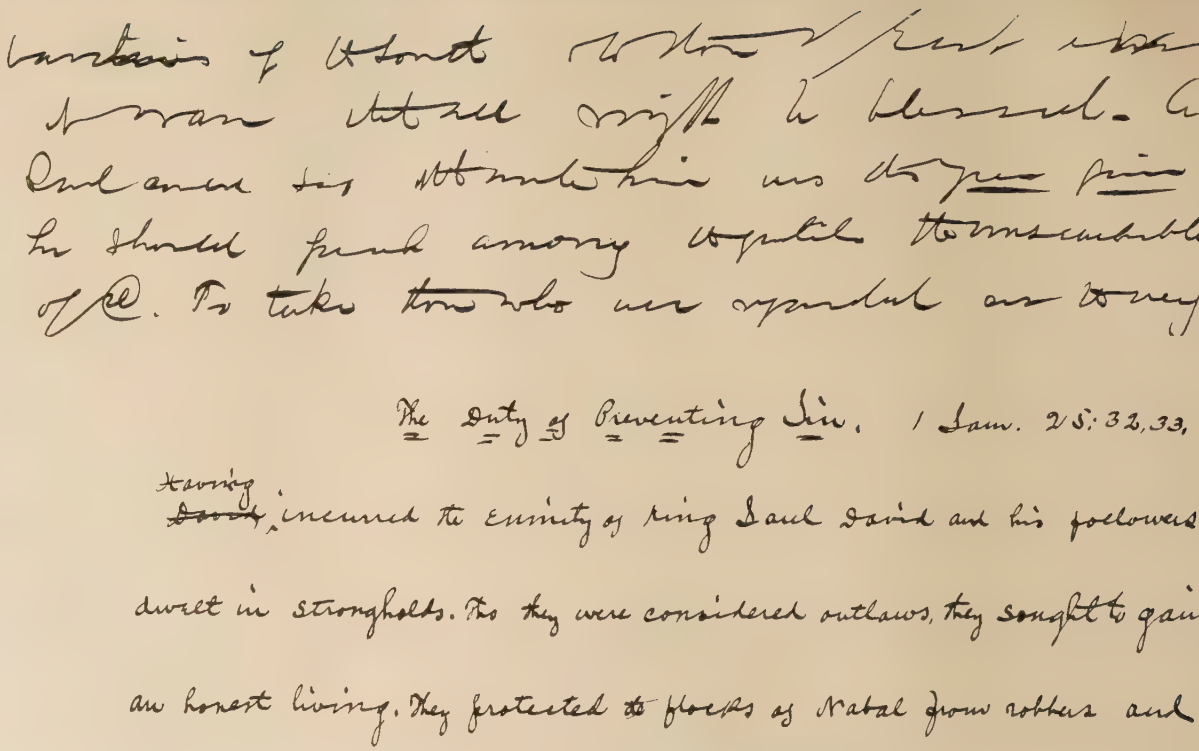
While seeking some one to send to a non-Christian land the society was irresistibly led to do its first work in England. H. S. Earl had preached in Australia and in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with marked success. He had arranged to return to England in 1875 at his own charges. He was present when the society was organized and asked it to assume the direction and assistance of his work, but refused to go to any other field. He met with phenomenal success in Southampton, with only slight aid from the society. Then Timothy Coop of Southport offered to bear the major expense of sending more American preachers to England, while there was little money and no men for any other field. The leading of these 19th century disciples to Europe seemed as clearly providential as that which took Paul and Luke thither in the first century.

W. T. Moore, founder of the society, had resigned the pastorate of Central Church, Cincinnati, and gone to England in 1878 as a missionary of the society. The following letter addressed to him will prove of interest on several accounts:

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 21, 1882.

Dear Brother Moore:

Brother Ebbert, the genial and faithful secretary of the society for so many years, has gone west to live and his



The Duty of Preventing Sin. 1 Sam. 25: 32, 33.

having
~~David~~, incurred the enmity of king Saul David and his followers

dwelt in strongholds. For they were considered outlaws, they sought to gain

an honest living. They protected the flocks of Nabal from robbers and

A TRANSFORMATION IN HANDWRITING
Actual size: above, 1874; below, 1890.

official mantle has fallen on me. I know that I cannot hope to fill his place but I wish to do the best I can. If the woman who sinned was forgiven because she loved much, I may hope to be forgiven my many blunders for the love I have for the cause of missions.

I write, especially, to send you the proceeds of $200 for the support of your work. I have ventured to take $50 out of the month's salary on your life directorship which you generally pay about this time. You will therefore credit the society with $250 and charge it $50 on your life directorship. I trust this will be perfectly agreeable.

I sent you a few days ago some blanks which you will find very convenient in making out a statement of your work. It is the wish of the board that all missionaries render a monthly statement of their work, showing its exact condition, as far as is practicable. These blanks were prepared for this express purpose and it is hoped that you will furnish us with a full and complete account of your work in London. With kindest regards to Sister Moore,

I remain, yours truly,
A. McLean.

A year later Mr. McLean wrote to M. D. Todd, who had followed H. S. Earl to England early in 1878:

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 20, 1883.

Dear Brother Todd:

I enclose you $166.66, less $42.17 paid James Fillmore by your order. I trust this will reach you safely.

The board is much pleased over your progress and prospects. It does seem as if a better day was now dawning upon your mission in Liverpool. Joe Coop must be a capital fellow. I would like much to meet him.

Brother I. J. Spencer, one of the editors of the *Atlantic Missionary,* published at Gordonsville, Virginia, wants all our missionaries to send him notes direct. He is a warm friend of missions. His paper is doing a vast deal of good in that line. If you can send him a line occasionally you will sow in good ground.

That just reminds me. You remember D. W. Storer, a man who sent you $500 last March? Well, thereby hangs a tale. He told it to Isaac Errett a few days ago. When you were in Dayton, you went to Akron to attend the state meet-

ing. You stayed at Storer's home, and had A. Burns for a roommate. Burns was somewhat cranky and sour and you used to set him right. So Storer says, and he took a fancy to you and never forgot you. That led him to give you $500. You rode home from that meeting in Akron with Errett. You told him you were sorry you went, that time and money were thrown away. You thought so then. But ten years after, you see the fruit of it. That $500 saved your mission in Liverpool, it led Joe Coop to open his heart and purse, and now you see prosperity and a great permanent work in Liverpool. Errett asked me to write you this about Storer, as he says you had evidently forgotten all about the matter.

I wish you health and prosperity even as thy soul prospers.

Sincerely,

A. McLean, Corresponding Secretary.

Between the dates of these two letters there is some correspondence with G. L. Wharton regarding the new mission in India. This throws no little light upon the character of the man at each end of the line, and is interesting also in giving the stage from which the work of the Disciples of Christ in foreign lands has developed. The making of the budget for the foreign department of the United Christian Missionary Society today is a task over which many persons labor for many weeks. First, the missionaries of each station make up a statement of their minimum necessities much as Wharton and Norton were asked to do in 1882. The missionaries of each field in conference compare and coordinate these figures and reduce them again. They then transmit this budget to the society at home. Here the officers of the foreign department assemble the askings of all the ten foreign fields and compare, combine and condense to the figure that it seems the resources available for this work will permit for the coming year. These figures are submitted to the budget committee with the proposed budgets of all the other departments of the United Society. Here

there is another process of analysis, comparison and reduction before the estimates become recommendations to the executive committee upon which rests the responsibility for the final determination of the actual amounts which they may in faith appropriate, anticipating the funds that the society will receive during the year to provide for the work from month to month. The difference between the two processes is as great as that between the receipts of the two periods; $25,000 a year then and nearly $3,000,000 a year now (1923).

Mr. McLean wrote as follows:

Cincinnati, Ohio, December 20, 1882.

Dear Brother Wharton:

All your letters have come to hand and have been published in all our papers. They have been read with great delight by many thousands. Your friends look for good results in your new field of labor.

I have just written to Brother Norton as directed by the board. I will write to you on the same topic. The board thinks it would be better for you and for us to have a certain amount appropriated for the support of the mission than to go on, you not knowing what you are to receive, and we not knowing what to pay. Business is business, and we had better settle this question. What do you think would be sufficient to maintain yourself and family for one year? What would you consider as fair compensation? There is no disposition to deal niggardly with you. We want to do what will be satisfactory to you. The year will begin, I suppose, from the day you sailed, September 16. You know what your expenses out were. Deduct this from half of the sum paid Brother Norton for the mission, and you will know how much is to be charged to first salary. The rest can be paid as you need it and care for it.

Another thing. If you have not sent an exact account of the money you received in England, do so at once. Brother Norton reported one sum and you another. I did not know whether what you reported was a part of what he reported or a separate sum. Be clear, as you are always, so that no mistakes be made. I can write no more. I wish you all

well. May you prosper abundantly. Kindest regards to Mrs. Wharton and to you.

Sincerely yours,
A. McLean.

The first missionaries to Japan were sent out in 1883. There were four: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Garst and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith. Mr. Garst was a graduate of West Point. The reading of Isaac Errett's editorials in the *Christian Standard* had led him to identify himself with the Disciples of Christ. He married Miss Laura DeLany, a granddaughter of Jonas Hartzell, one of the pioneer preachers of the Restoration movement. His mother had prayed that he might be a minister of the gospel. His wife's influence led in the same direction and they finally resolved to sell their herd of western cattle to secure means for their support as missionaries in Africa. But a dry summer killed the cattle and they accepted the Foreign Society's call to Japan. It was eight years after President Grant had made him a lieutenant that he resigned his commission as a captain in the United States Army to enter the greater service in which he spent the remainder of his life. His daughter Gretchen, born in Japan, now continues his labors there. Mr. Smith was a classmate of Mr. McLean in Bethany College. His daughter, Mrs. Jaggard, is a missionary in Congo. A letter to each one in the first year of their service is characteristic of the writer and instructive as to the work of that day.

Cincinnati, Ohio, September 21, 1884.

Dear Brother Garst:

Your postal and letter received. The accounts are all right now. Your success is very gratifying. We all rejoice over the first Japanese convert from heathenism, and hope that he may be the first fruits of a great harvest of souls. We hope to create considerable enthusiasm in the convention over this first convert from paganism.

The time for the annual convention is approaching. One month from today the first of the series opens. I am expecting a report from you for the annual report. I hope it will arrive in good time.

The physician (Dr. W. E. Macklin) we propose to send to assist you is a young man of uncommon ability. Those who know him best are surprised that he should sacrifice his brilliant prospects to become a medical missionary. His large and growing practice would enrich him in the course of a few years. He is represented by competent judges as a very superior man. He will be able to preach or teach as well as practice medicine. He is in great earnest. We hope for the very best results from his association with you. We will not likely be able to send any others for some time. Our funds are low; besides, good men are hard to get. I wish you all health and prosperity.

Sincerely,
A. McLean.

Cincinnati, Ohio, November 24, 1884.

Dear Brother Smith:

I enclose two drafts, one for yourself for the proceeds of $200, and one for Brother Garst for $100. He did not ask for any money. You did. I hope you will both be pleased.

The political campaign is ended, but our receipts are not large. The excitement interfered with all our work. I hope the people will soon come to themselves and come too to the realization that there are twenty-five missionaries who are depending upon them for support.

The society wants me to give my whole time to the work. I expect to do so from the first of January. I will be a pilgrim and a stranger from that date. I do not know what the result will be, but hope for the best.

I got an idol a few days ago. I do not know what it means. Who is he, or she, or it? Please explain. I have quite a pantheon here now. I wish you well.

Sincerely,
A. McLean.

In the correspondence of 1884, we find a letter that marks the beginning of one of the most illustrious missionary careers in the annals of the society, that

of Dr. William E. Macklin, from the Lobo (now Poplar Hill) Church, near London, Ontario, Canada. Incidentally, it introduces again the question of salary and expense and on the same simple basis adopted with the earlier missionaries.

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 3, 1884.

Dear Brother Macklin:

Both letters came to hand. The delay in answering was owing to the fact that it is not always easy to get a meeting of our board. All great bodies move slowly. Boards are no exception. We meet once a month in regular session. We had a called meeting today to take action on your case. I sent you a telegram informing you of your appointment. You are expected to labor in connection with our missionaries in Japan. Your expense out will be borne by us. The board will allow you also a reasonable amount for the additional outfit needed, and for such books and periodicals as you may require. The salary remains to be agreed upon by you and the board, after your arrival on the ground. This is the course we pursued with our other missionaries and it proved entirely satisfactory. It is understood that you go into the work as a permanent thing and not as an experiment. There may arise contingencies in which it would be wisest and best for you to return, but we hope not. We have an understanding with our other missionaries that they are to come home once in seven years if they wish. The board will grant you the same privilege. Our policy is to deal with all in our employment as generously as possible. Whatever is right, we will do. We are public servants and must do the best we can for all concerned. It is the conviction of the board that God has raised you up for such a time and such a work as this. We earnestly hope and pray that our wishes concerning you may be more than realized.

In my next I will give you a copy of the resolution of the board. I thought I had it with me but I find that the recording secretary has it in his book.

Now, a question. Will it suit you to start some time in September? This is a good month to cross the Pacific and a good season of the year to begin work in Japan. It is the

wish of the board that some time in September you should start.

I can write no more now. I wish you well. May the God of all grace be with you and keep you and make you a blessing to thousands who are now sitting in the horrors of great darkness.

Sincerely yours,
A. McLean.

Recognizing the efficiency of the native Japanese physicians, the board soon decided not to open a medical mission in that country, and Dr. Macklin went on to China, where he was greatly needed, as the results since have demonstrated. He had been in Japan, however, long enough to warrant returning to that country for a vacation while Miss Dorothy DeLany was visiting her sister Mrs. Garst. Out of their meeting grew a happy and fruitful missionary alliance utterly foreign to the earlier dreams of the care-free young lady.

Above the Falls of St. Anthony in the Mississippi River at Minneapolis one may see a log floating slowly down the stream, held out of the main current by the boom. Finally it reaches the chute at the falls and is caught by the current, drawn quickly into the chute and sped like a shot down to the pool below the falls. One moment it was scarcely moving, the next, in the same water, its speed was like that of an arrow. In similar fashion the Foreign Christian Missionary Society seemed for some years scarcely to move toward its appointed task, even as for seventy years before the Disciples had seemed indifferent to a vital part of their Lord's final command. Then the current of divine purpose caught the society and the churches which it represented. At once missionaries went forth to India, to Japan, to China, and under its auspices S. M. Jefferson even got as far as London on the way to Africa, but turned back when convinced by Henry M.

Stanley and others familiar with the Congo that it would be unwise to attempt anything there without more workers and at least $25,000. All of this came to pass within three years. No wonder the society felt that its secretary should give up his pastorate and concentrate all his energies on the missionary task. No wonder the procession of events became to Mr. McLean himself the clear call of God to leave his beloved flock and give himself entirely to the supreme enterprise of the whole brotherhood.

We speak truly of the Disciples of Christ having finally committed themselves to carrying out the great commission of their Lord in its entirety, though as yet it was only a minority of the members and congregations that were actually enlisted in the effort. These few were representative and their action unerringly forecast what the whole body would do in the course of time. It would be a long time, as men count, and their enlistment would be a slow and painful process, but it was all as unavoidable as sunrise. The twenty-five missionaries had gone forth from the homes and hearts of the churches. Their brethren would never recall them, but rather would send out others to reenforce them and still others to emulate their deeds in other lands. The first missionary grave had been made on the other side of the sea. A strange and irresistible sense of oneness and of purpose ran through the brotherhood with the news of Josephine W. Smith's death and burial in Japan. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions had no direct part in the Japan mission but they led the mission bands of children to raise quickly a fund of $25,000 to erect the Josephine W. Smith Memorial Church in Akita, Japan, the first of the seventy-five mission buildings which the children were to provide within the next twenty-five years. Not every member of every church felt the

ARCHIBALD McLEAN, PASTOR-SECRETARY
Age about 33.

new day that had dawned, but McLean, in his mystic Highland soul, felt it for every one. Most of those who consciously shared the great impulse might have lost it in a year or a decade, but the loyal heart of McLean could neither waver nor let his brethren forget. Already his prophetic eye saw the Disciples of Christ a world power for the consummation of the divine will.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCENTRATING HIS ENERGY

CLOSING HIS PASTORATE—OVERCOMING OPPOSITION AND INDIFFERENCE—INTENSITY AND BREADTH—MANNERISMS—INDIFFERENCE TO CROWDS—INFLUENCE UPON STUDENTS—USE OF THE PRINTED PAGE—LOOS SUCCEEDS ERRETT—ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE OF 1888 IN LONDON—MULTIPLYING PROBLEMS.

IN the annual report of the Mt. Healthy Church for 1885 appear the following statements:

The past year has been one of mingled sorrow and joy. Brother McLean's resignation at the beginning of the year threw a deep gloom over the church and community. His continued presence and help have dispelled much of it.

The dedication of the new church, April 5, Easter, with no debt and a balance on hand, was a most joyous and interesting occasion.

It seems that he had expected to close his work with the church at the end of the calendar year 1884, and to begin full time service with the missionary society the first of January, 1885, but probably because of the failure of the church to secure a successor at once, he continued to occupy the pulpit until the end of March. The books credit him with a larger cash contribution toward paying for this building than any other member. How much else he gave on the church's cost incidentally, no one has ever known.

At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the church in 1889, Joseph F. Wright, one of the leading members of the church, in giving a historical sketch of the half century, said, "It is not necessary that I should speak of the fidelity and efficiency of Brother

McLean's labors among us, for his name has become a household word and his influence for good in this community will be manifest when the stars of heaven shall have fallen to the earth."

Some months later Mr. McLean occupied the pulpit of the Richmond Street Church, Cincinnati, one Sunday morning when Isaac Errett, founder of the *Christian Standard* and the first president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, was present. Jessie Brown Pounds, then on the staff of the Standard Publishing Company and later the most popular song writer of the Disciples, said that the next day while walking to and fro in his office in deep meditation, Mr. Errett stopped and observed, "No wonder the church at Mt. Healthy is a power. It could not be otherwise after having so long had the benefit of Brother McLean's teaching."

In spite of the inconvenience, and the time and strength consumed in going back and forth to Cincinnati, Mr. McLean still made his home at Mt. Healthy. He could not bear to sever the relationships that had grown up during the eleven years of his ministry there. It was not only his devotion to the congregation and community as a whole, but to Grandmother Snodgrass in particular, that made him unwilling to change his residence. He frequently left home before sunrise, walking to the station outside the town of Mt. Healthy to take the train. In the evening he returned at 7:30 and had his dinner at home. "Aunt Sallie" LaBoiteaux, who lived near the station, improved the opportunity as he passed to strengthen her claim as one of his foster mothers by always having some buttermilk ready for him to drink. He was as fond of the Metchnikoff specific as his friend Hugh McDiarmid was of candy.

With the close of his pastorate he began visiting the

churches and speaking everywhere possible in the interest of foreign missions. It is not easy to realize now the bitterness of the opposition that he encountered in many quarters or the density of the ignorance and indifference which he met almost everywhere else. On one occasion he told of a collection that was taken in a certain strong church, and quoted grimly, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil."

Once in the sympathetic atmosphere of the students' missionary society at Bethany College, he told of some of his experiences, of the meager offerings made by great churches and of the unwillingness of other prominent churches to have the subject of missions even mentioned from their pulpits, and remarked sadly, "I shall die ten years before my time because of this slowness of our people."

The story of his visit to one country church in this first year of his field work, appeared in the *Missionary Intelligencer* twenty years later.

> About 1885, Mr. McLean visited the church at Mayslick, Kentucky. It was winter time and a heavy snow had fallen. The weather was intensely cold. It was in midweek and as most of the congregation lived in the country, there were only three present. Someone proposed that they go home and wait for a more favorable time. Brother McLean said, "No, brethren, we must have our meeting." He had the three brethren sit together next to the front seat, and gave them one of his masterly talks on the great work of saving the world. The minister, writing twenty years later, said that he made their hearts burn within them, and that they became so deeply convinced of the church's duty that they never ceased to talk and urge foreign missions. "Perhaps the conditions and character of this meeting did more for the cause of world-wide missions than had it been as desired by those present."

There was manifest in his addresses not only tremendous earnestness, but encyclopedic knowledge of the whole field of missions. The hearers naturally as-

sumed that such consuming earnestness must exclude interest in all other subjects, that the acquisition of such exhaustive knowledge in his special field had left no time for acquiring information on any other subject. But on fuller acquaintance, and especially when he came into their homes, they discovered that everything human concerned him and that scarcely a topic could be mentioned on which he was not well informed. Furthermore, his knowledge was accurate as well as extensive and he neglected no opportunity for increasing it. He kept abreast of current history not only in the United States and Canada but throughout the world. With a tender devotion to his native Canada and splendid loyalty to the United States, he was a citizen of the world. He spoke with astonishment of a minister somewhere who thought he could live without a daily paper. As for himself, he read with quick discrimination and masterly comprehension, not only the local daily papers wherever he happened to be, but one from New York as well. He also included several British publications in his regular reading. Everywhere he went he inquired eagerly into local history and special industries. In a brief conversation his sympathetic interest would elicit a large part of the personal history of his companion, who would be surprised later to recall that he had learned nothing whatever about Mr. McLean.

The strength of his convictions, and his courage and energy in advocating them, created the first impression in all who heard Mr. McLean's addresses, that he was on fire with one great passion—the proclamation of the gospel to the ends of the earth. Especially in this period he appeared like another John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of men's ignorance and indifference, "Make ye straight the way of the Lord." His face and figure seemed almost emaciated. One

did not need to be told that he was denying himself the ordinary comforts of life, taking scant time for sleep and no time whatever for recreation, in his consuming devotion to the great cause which he had espoused. Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusades and crying his slogan, "God Wills It!" was not a more austere and uncompromising figure than A. McLean in the '80's challenging the people who had magnified the great commission to see that its first word was "Go." That word he would shriek until it seemed almost to rattle the windows and make the rafters tremble.

In his missionary addresses, as in his sermons, his appeal was to the more thoughtful and intelligent hearers rather than to the crowd. He scorned the arts of popularity. His principal gesture was a quick jerk of the right hand to his forehead as if to throw back an overhanging lock of hair. This usually preceded a statement of especial importance. Again, he would pull at his collar as if it were choking him. His attention being called to these mannerisms by intimate friends he resolutely set about abandoning them, so that in his later years they had practically disappeared. There remained just a rudiment of the right hand gesture that stopped short when the forearm was at a right angle with the upper arm. It was really pathetic, and those who had attempted to reform him should have been ashamed of their petty officiousness. But his voice was never brought under control.

After reaching their hotel one evening during a Student Volunteer convention, he inquired of A. E. Cory concerning one of the principal speakers, "My friend, why does John R. Mott shove out his chin like that when he speaks?" "I suppose it is a mannerism. Most public speakers have some sort of mannerism." "Mannerism! Mannerism!" exclaimed A. McLean, emphasizing his earnestness by thrusting

his hand up to his forehead and then as suddenly gripping his collar, "Public speakers have no business having mannerisms." In spite of his respect for his senior, Cory broke out in a hearty laugh. Then Mr. McLean asked, "What are you laughing at?" Before the young missionary could answer, the point dawned upon him and he too laughed. "It was funny, wasn't it?" he remarked after a while.

He seems to have striven to impress a few people profoundly rather than the multitude slightly. J. H. Craig once expressed his regret that there was not a large crowd present to hear him when he spoke in the church at Bellevue, Pennsylvania. Mr. McLean answered instantly, "My friend, I am not concerned about the size of the crowd that hears me; the Master never cared for large crowds. One of His greatest sermons was preached to one woman. Most of his work was done with the twelve apostles. It is not the multitude that counts but the leaders." Everywhere he went the leaders heard him gladly, and neither they nor the people over whom they exercised an influence were the same afterwards.

His special care was to visit the colleges and to speak to the students who were preparing for the ministry. Here he found the most sympathetic hearers. The students' love of sincerity and scorn of everything artificial made them not merely ignore his peculiarities of manner and speech but feel all the more strongly the greatness of his addresses because of this unusual emphasis. It was the message about which they were concerned and not its vehicle. He was always at his best when speaking to students. Many a man who had gone to college without definite purpose, or with a secular career in view, turned to the ministry as a life work on account of Mr. McLean's strong presentation of the supreme claims of Christ upon the

lives of all who profess to be Christians. Others who had taken up the ministry merely as a profession, much as they might have chosen law or medicine, came to see it as a divine calling and definitely to commit their lives to the hardest service of some foreign field, rather than to the most attractive opportunities that home churches could offer.

It was under the spell of his influence, but probably without any definite suggestion from him, that a students' missionary society was organized in Bethany College for the special purpose of studying missions. When its first offering was forwarded to headquarters, about 1886, Mr. McLean wrote to Sumner T. Martin, who was president, "The organization of that society marks an epoch in the history of the Disciples of Christ. This is the first money, so far as I know, ever contributed by any college among us for heathen missions." During his visit to the college in 1888, he attended its regular meeting Sunday afternoon in an upper room, the hall of one of the literary societies. E. R. Black of Canada, who was away preaching that day, had left a suggestion that the society should raise a fund to support its own missionary on the foreign field. With the proposal was his own pledge of $25, in spite of the fact that he was working his way through college. Other pledges were volunteered in rapid succession. Then Mr. McLean arose and with evident effort to control his feelings, remarked quietly, "I will give one hundred dollars. I also belong to Bethany." To avoid embarrassing anyone John E. Pounds, president of the society, asked the rest to write on slips of paper the amounts they wished to give and their names. President Woolery and several professors added their subscriptions to those of the students and made the total $773. Through the fund started that day, W. P. Bentley, who graduated two years later,

went to China as the living link of the Bethany Church. That society was also the beginning of the Student Volunteer Band of Bethany College, which has not only supplied a number of men and women for actual service on the field, but has given missionary purpose and power to larger numbers of leaders at home.

However diligent, one secretary attempting to cover the whole North American continent could not visit many churches in a year; however industriously applied, one pen could not write many letters; therefore Mr. McLean had constant recourse to the columns of the *Christian Standard* and *The Christian-Evangelist*, in which both Isaac Errett and J. H. Garrison warmly supported the missionary enterprise editorially. In addition he began in 1888 to issue as a quarterly *The Missionary Intelligencer*. In 1889 he decided to publish it monthly, and arranged with the Home Society and the Board of Church Extension to share in its service and expense. After 1895 each of these boards issued its own magazine. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions had published the *Missionary Tidings* since 1882. *The Christian Philanthropist* of the National Benevolent Association dated from 1894. All five were combined in *World Call*, January 1, 1919.

Isaac Errett spent the first half of 1887 in a journey to the Near East, including especially Palestine. On this journey his horse threw him and injured him so seriously that he never was able to take up his full work again. After his return he presided over the meetings of the executive committee from June 27, 1887, until June 18, 1888. His death occurred December 19, 1888. He had been president of the Foreign Society from its organization. He gave his wisdom to its councils, his advocacy both in churches and conventions and in the columns of the *Christian Standard*

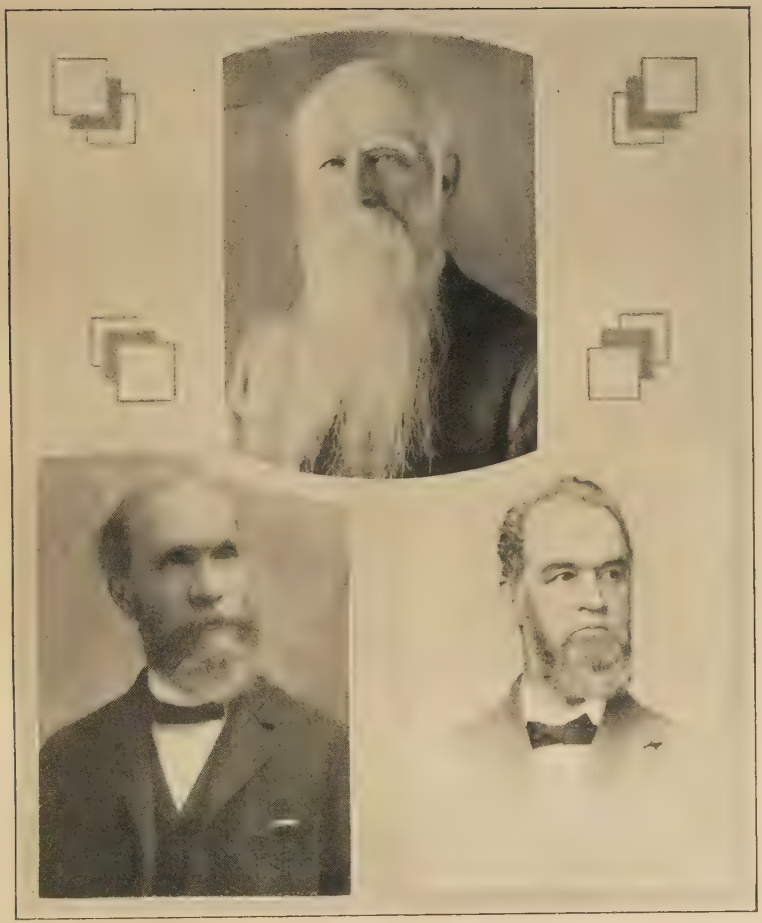
to its cause and his affection to its workers. The relationship between him and the secretary was peculiarly intimate, and this fellowship in service and in life exerted a profound influence upon the younger man.

The next convention elected Charles Louis Loos, a lifelong friend of Mr. Errett and a beloved teacher of Mr. McLean, as the second president of the Foreign Society.

The first of the ecumenical conferences on foreign missions that have been held at intervals of about ten years, met in London, June 9-19, 1888. The executive committee sent Mr. McLean as a delegate of the Foreign Society. After the conference he visited all but one of the English churches that were receiving aid from the treasury of the society. It was characteristic of the careful economy which he practiced that the expense of the trip amounted to only $250. The probability is that he expended much more out of his own funds.

By his references to the conference in his public addresses and by his efforts to circulate its two-volume report he showed that he considered the meeting of great importance. One can easily imagine the thoroughness with which he gave himself to its deliberations; his prompt attendance upon every meeting; his close attention to every word spoken; his keen assessment of men and of measures; his great joy in the unity and cooperation among the many missionary societies and the many churches represented; his large satisfaction in the introduction of scientific and standardized methods in missionary service, through placing the experience of all the missionary boards fully at the disposal of every worker in every field.

As the number of missionaries increased and the work developed in the several fields of the Disciples,



FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY PIONEERS

Above, W. T. Moore, founder; left, W. S. Dickinson, first treasurer; right, Isaac Errett, first president.

perplexing problems were constantly arising. The task of securing funds and workers at home was a heavy one and beset with many difficulties. But an entirely new and even more numerous assortment of perplexities was developing at the other end of the line. The distance of the fields from headquarters and the long periods that must elapse between question and answer in either direction, the utter difference between conditions and people in the fields and at home, the changes that usually took place in the missionaries in their new environment and at their new labors; these are examples of the innumerable problems of missionary administration which were pressing upon the one employed officer of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Even now, after innumerable conferences and conventions, books, pamphlets and magazines, the difficulties sometimes seem insuperable. That the work was managed a third of a century ago by this one overworked man with so few and such unimportant mistakes shows not only extraordinary wisdom on his part and that of his advisers; but a humble dependence upon divine guidance and a ready acceptance of the lessons of experience which diligent study was able to gather from the sparse published records of the older missionary societies.

CHAPTER IX

IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO

PRESIDENT OF BETHANY COLLEGE—HIS LOVE OF BETHANY—LOVETT'S ESTIMATE—MC WANE'S RECOLLECTION—TURNING THE TIDE—RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENCY— OPEN LETTER OF MISSIONARIES—DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS —PAINFUL DECISION.

FOR several years Mr. McLean had been a trustee of Bethany College. He had taken this responsibility seriously, attended the meetings of the trustees regularly and given constant thought to the interests of the college. His fellow trustees could not have failed to be impressed by his conviction that the Christian college is a fundamental factor in the advancement of the Kingdom of God; nor could they have failed to note that his devotion to his own Alma Mater was one of the supreme affections of his life. They must have observed also his earnest interest in all the problems of college administration.

Among the students who came to Bethany in the fall of 1872, when Mr. McLean was half through his college course, was a young giant from Kentucky named W. H. Woolery, who so impressed his fellow students, his teachers and the trustees with his ability as a student and his character as a man that after he had graduated in 1876 and preached six years, he was called back to the college as professor of Latin. Five years later when President Pendleton's age and failing strength compelled him to resign, Mr. Woolery became the third president of the college. As a teacher, as an executive and as pastor of the Bethany Church,

President Woolery was doing a notable work when he contracted typhoid fever in the summer of 1889 and died after an illness of only a few days.

The trustees asked Mr. McLean to take the presidency of the college. He did so to meet the emergency of the hour, but did not resign his secretaryship because he was not fully satisfied that he should change his field of labor. It was not a matter of his personal preference, for in later life he let it be known that education was his chosen field, and that he had been a conscript in the missionary office. The question that remained unsettled in his mind was whether it would be possible, at that time and under the circumstances surrounding the college, to carry it forward to what he felt was unquestionably its destiny. Perhaps some such consideration as this had prevented his accepting the call to a professorship the previous year.

The trustees of the college were better pleased to have A. McLean even in a tentative way than any other man they could secure, and the executive committee of the Foreign Society was satisfied in like manner to have him continue as secretary, though his duties as president of the college would keep him away from Cincinnati most of the time. The executive committee arranged with P. T. Kilgour to look after the office work of the society in Mr. McLean's absence. Mr. Kilgour's coming into the office marked the beginning of lifelong service on his part and of a devoted friendship between him and Mr. McLean. He was then a medical student. After he graduated and began the practice of his profession at College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati adjoining Mt. Healthy, he became medical examiner of the Foreign Society and continued to render that service to the end of his life in 1918. Even when the number of missionary candi-

dates to be examined greatly increased, Dr. Kilgour refused to accept any pay for his services.

Mr. McLean was a lover of books and of scholarship, a friend of young people, a fervent believer in the primacy of education for the advancement of civilization, and especially a lover of Bethany College. For many years, during this period and later, it was the custom for the alumni, students and friends of each college to have a banquet at the Disciples' annual international convention. However exacting his cares in the convention, and they were always both manifold and perplexing, if not exasperating, Mr. McLean never missed the Bethany banquet. His conscience and his habit of punctuality would not allow him to remain after the opening of the evening meeting of the convention, so the toastmaster always called upon him early in the banquet. These brief addresses were always heart-revealing. In one of them he referred to Queen Elizabeth's declaration that if her heart were opened "Calais" would be found written in its center, and declared that if his own heart were opened, "Bethany" would be found. Only occasionally did he drop into the after-dinner mode and speak in lighter vein. Usually he recalled something of moment in the history of the college and its contribution toward the advancement of the church of Christ and of the nation. He would call the roll of college presidents and professors, preachers and missionaries who had received both their training and their inspiration in Bethany College, and always he would indicate that its greatest days were in the future and not in the past.

With such interest in education, with such personal preference for teaching above all other callings, and with such an affection for Bethany in particular, he gave himself with unbounded enthusiasm to his duties

as president of the college. Chief among these duties he accounted planting the missionary purpose in the hearts of the students. There was no conflict between the two offices he held, excepting their drafts upon his time and strength. As a missionary leader he was always an educator; he promoted missions by educating the people. As an educator he was always a missionary propagandist; he developed his students by stirring their consciences, quickening their imaginations and crystallizing their life purposes. Among the graduates of this brief presidency who have been notably successful there are not only a number of ministers and missionaries, but leaders in other callings also.

Edgar Odell Lovett, first president of the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, speaks as an authority both from personal acquaintance and life occupation when he says of Mr. McLean's presidency:

> For so heart-breaking a job he had a clergyman's consecration, the executive ability of his race, intense human sympathy and genuine scholarly interests fed by a rather wide range of reading. He was always at work and as restless as a caged lion. He occupied rooms in the old college building, and his light was the last one to go out on the campus or in the village. Every morning he conducted a compulsory chapel service, himself calling the roll of students and keeping a daily record of their attendance. He preached occasionally in the village church, but no matter what his text, after a few introductory paragraphs the sermon was always a missionary sermon. He had mannerisms, at times exasperating, beginning sermons in an almost inaudible monotone that strained every power of attention in his auditors, and later rising to swift, shrill, piercing shrieks that were almost inarticulate. But through it all an earnestness and sincerity that brought out all of us, even the most indifferent of us, when it was known in advance that McLean himself was to conduct the service.
>
> His habits were the simplest; the appointments of his quarters austerely stoical,—a bare table, a chair or two and a few

books. It was the time when John R. Mott was starting out from Cornell and Robert E. Speer from Princeton, to set going the world-wide Student Volunteer Movement. As traveling secretary for one year Speer came over to Bethany. The public inn of the village was not of the best, so McLean, president of the college, gave up his bed to the recent graduate, and himself slept on a cot in an adjoining chamber. Such incidents as this brought him our profound respect.

He was reserved but always approachable. The very idiosyncrasies of his individuality endeared him to us—the awful grimaces of his face in an argument, the staccato, spasmodic laugh that somehow never quite succeeded in getting itself out, the sudden snapping of the jaws with audible grinding of the molars, and then the light of his face that was at times the very light of heaven, and the searching sincerity of steel gray eyes that left nothing hid in him or you.

Of wit he had a plenty, but there was no sting in the wit, and his humor was always kindly. Student serenades were never complete until they had stopped under his window, and he always put a light in the window. He was not a man of means, but out of his slender private purse there was always something for needy students, and he himself paid small college bills when the college had no money to pay. He set many enterprises going, multiplying the undergraduate activities, building a new hall, and celebrating the semi-centennial of the college.

In the background of it all were the reserves of strength in his natural resources—rugged native physical health, preserved by temperate habits of living and spent only in hard work; a liberal classical education continued by reading throughout his life; a profound faith fed from the fires of his own experience; first-rate business ability; and last but not least, the constructive imagination of the strategist. Moreover, he was a shrewd judge of men and had confidence in them, and while not suffering fools gladly in the wrong place, he found place and service for such in the providence of heaven. But I believe, though in this there may be more of personal impression than of faithful picture, that his greatest source of strength was in a mystical communion with his Maker, for however tender and loyal in all personal associations, however humanly interested in all conditions of men, with him, as with all great moral leaders from his Master

downwards, his soul was "like a star, and dwelt apart." And in that soul, to apply a fine passage from Plotinus, "love, beauty, joy and worship were forever building, unbuilding and rebuilding."

James R. McWane, president of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Alabama, relates an incident and makes an observation that are altogether typical.

I was a student at Bethany College from 1889 to 1891, the two years that Brother McLean was president of the institution, and it has always been a matter of pride that my diploma, dated June 18, 1891, bore his signature. The acquaintance formed in the relationship of teacher and student ripened with the passing years, and the personal interest in me and mine, which began in college, continued throughout his life.

I recall one personal incident at Bethany which was a fine index to his character, and which made a lasting impression on me. I had gone to Bethany under financial difficulties, having worked very hard the preceding year for the money with which to go. The year out of college had resulted in my being rather rusty, and I was having a hard time finding myself in the first few months of the school year—in fact I was somewhat discouraged. One day as President McLean's class in psychology was dismissed I happened to be the last one to leave the room. He was standing near the door, and as I passed him he put his arm around my shoulder and said in his direct, abrupt way, "I have been watching you and believe you have the making of a useful man," or words to that effect. I do not remember the exact words, but I shall never forget the spirit in which they were uttered, and the effect on me. They were "kind words fitly spoken," and they have always been and will always be to me "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was the human touch.

> "But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Most men who preach and pray much make frequent use of certain texts or expressions, and these are usually indicative of the trend of their thinking. This was particularly true of A. McLean. The words which stand out in my memory

now as I think of him are these, "Spend and be spent." He seldom prayed without using them. He taught by precept and example that the world cannot be saved by people who are simply willing to spend. They must be spent. Another thing that he prayed for frequently was that we might learn "how to abound and how to be abased."

My mind goes back more than thirty years to "Dear Old Bethany." We are marching on the old corridor in the early morning. The chapel bell rings and we noisily troop into the chapel, then roll call and the morning devotions. President McLean is leading. On the rostrum behind him are the professors, Trible, Woolery, (L. C.), Dowling, Blanpied, Schmiedel and Miss Cammie (Pendleton). Among the students in front of him are Jenkins, Lovett, Miller, Muckley, Harp, Hundley, Hoover, Wilfley, Kreidler, Perry, and many others who have fulfilled the prophecy of youth and "made good." A Psalm is read and President McLean says, "Let us pray." In the solemn hush, while we all stood with bowed heads, I can hear again the earnest petition that we may learn both "how to abound and how to be abased," and that, "we may spend and be spent in His service."

Even $10,000 a year, which constituted the college's annual budget in that period, was beyond its current resources. The endowment fund had amounted in 1872 to $80,000, but year after year the trustees had borrowed larger or smaller amounts from it for current expenses until it was exhausted. In 1882 Mr. McLean had moved to amend the charter by adding, "Provided, however, that no funds donated for the endowment of the college shall be used for any other purpose whatever." To doubly accomplish this end, M. M. Cochran secured the provision, a little later, that all funds contributed for endowment should be deposited with approved trust companies, only the interest to be paid to the trustees of the college year after year, thus removing forever the temptation to borrow permanent funds for current outlay.

J. M. Trible, a graduate of 1875 and a fellow student of Mr. McLean, had distinguished himself as a preacher

and editor. He was called to the vice-presidency of the college and to the chair of New Testament literature at the beginning of Mr. McLean's presidency. The trustees undertook to secure $30,000 for the endowment of this chair, thus registering a definite purpose of enlargement and a reversal of the process of depletion of its resources which the college had been suffering for several years.

When Mr. McLean entered upon the presidency it was with the express purpose of greatly accelerating the advance on which the trustees had agreed. His first year was marked by two large contributions. Dr. I. M. Ridge of Kansas City gave sufficient to pay the salary of Professor Alexandra Campbellina Pendleton, the beloved "Miss Cammie," whose presence was then the finest influence in the college of her father and grandfather, and whose devotion was later one of the chief factors in saving the institution's life. Thomas W. Phillips of New Castle, Pennsylvania, provided the money to erect Phillips Hall, a dormitory for young women. Prior to this time all the students had been living in such rooms as they could find in the village. The alumni and friends of the college came together in unusual number for the Jubilee commencement of 1891. There was general confidence that a new era was opening.

Mr. McLean, however, was not satisfied with the progress made or with the prospects. He saw the necessity for greatly enlarging the teaching staff, increasing the salaries paid and improving the college equipment in buildings, library and apparatus. He was disappointed that the friends of the college had failed to provide the funds necessary for such advancement and was unwilling to be responsible for continuing on the basis of that time. He therefore presented his resignation. The trustees being unable to dissuade

him, finally yielded to his wish and asked Vice-President Trible to act as president until the vacancy could be filled. Professor Trible had refused to be made president.

Just before college opened in the fall, worn down by his labors in behalf of the school, Professor Trible contracted typhoid fever, the same disease which had taken away President Woolery two years before, and died September 24, 1891, after four weeks of illness. Mr. McLean returned immediately to serve as president for the time being. The trustees strongly urged him to reconsider his decision of the preceding spring and remain permanently as president. Emphasizing the earnestness of their entreaty, they personally subscribed sufficient to pay his salary and thus relieve the general fund of that charge. After thorough consideration he determined to stand by his former decision, and his friend Hugh McDiarmid, then editor of the *Christian Standard*, accepted the presidency.

The promptness with which Mr. McLean returned to the college on President Trible's death and the masterly way in which he held the school together and inspired everyone with confidence as to its future, with the personal sacrifice which he cheerfully made in so doing, seem to have given the trustees a new appreciation of the greatness of the man. They not only exerted themselves to what they felt was the utmost in their effort to retain his leadership, but when he reluctantly decided that he could not stay, spread on their minutes a most emphatic appreciation of what he had done for the college. Their action instanced "constant enlargement in the efficiency and scope of the Biblical work, improvement in the home care and training of the students, and steady growth in public confidence and patronage."

All the while Mr. McLean was serving as president

BETHANY COLLEGE AND VILLAGE IN A. McLEAN'S PRESIDENCY

In the Middle Distance: Phillips Hall, Main College Building, Pendleton Heights. In the foreground: Buffalo Creek with bridge on the road to Alexander Campbell's home and the Campbell Cemetery.

of Bethany College, he was "in a strait betwixt two." The missionary society and the missionaries were entreating him to return to full service, as indicated in the following open letter.

To President A. McLean,

Corresponding Secretary Foreign Christian Missionary Society,

Dear Brother:

The deepening tide of interest in foreign missions so perceptible among the Disciples is a source of great satisfaction to us who have given our lives to this work. The possibilities of growth and of consecration of men and means by our people are so great that we feel that a vigorous prosecution of the work is all that is necessary in order that we may surprise ourselves in the results attained. We therefore come praying that you will devote your entire time and talents to this great work. By the brotherhood at home and by the missionaries abroad you would be the unanimous choice as corresponding secretary of our foreign work. This enviable position in the esteem of your brethren you have gained by your unequalled devotion and self-forgetting sacrifices which have contributed so materially to the present advance in foreign missions. We are not unmindful of the debt we owe to Bethany College, nor of the claim Bethany may have for the services of one of her preeminent sons, but the voice of the brotherhood and the mute pleadings of the heathen world, which we would voice, will come to Bethany constraining her, by love, gracefully to give her choicest once more, and we pray that these pleadings may come to you as the voice of duty which is the voice of God.

Albert F. H. Saw
William Remfry Hunt
W. P. Bentley
Linnie M. Bentley
Rose Sickler
W. E. Macklin
Dorothy DeLany Macklin
Charles E. Molland
James Ware
George T. Smith
Candace Lhamon Smith
Calla J. Harrison
Kate V. Johnson
Charles E. Garst
Laura DeLany Garst
E. T. Williams
Carrie Loos Williams
E. P. Hearnden
Thomas J. Arnold

He could resist the arguments and entreaties of the executive committee much better than this special appeal of the missionaries, all of whom were in a peculiar way his comrades in the service and his representatives on the field. He had enlisted them for service in the distant lands where they were making their homes and spending their lives. To him they looked as their representative among the churches in the homeland. They graciously avoided laying any moral responsibility upon him to continue in the relation that must have had much to do with their taking up the foreign service, but he could not fail to feel a definite obligation to them.

On the other hand, it was not merely the trustees and faculty of Bethany College who were urging him to continue in the presidency and to lay aside everything else that he might give himself wholly to it. The strongest appeal came from the students. It has been given to few men in the history of American education to lay such powerful hold upon the affections of student groups as did Archibald McLean. We have noticed the profound influence that he exerted in the college on occasional visits when he preached in the college church and delivered a few missionary addresses in the chapel. But when he became president and made his home in the college building, ate with a group at Pendleton Heights, met the entire student body morning after morning in the chapel services, taught the upper classmen subjects that gave his soul a chance to speak—their admiration for him flowered into reverence and their respect ripened into affection and even devotion. He was their captain, they would follow wherever he led; he was their teacher, they would listen whenever he spoke; he was their father, they loved even his angularities and peculiarities.

When the national missionary convention met in the old First Church, Allegheny, now North Side, Pittsburgh, in October, 1891, a large deputation of the students took advantage of its proximity and went up to the convention with a two-fold purpose: first, to impress upon the trustees of the college the importance of going beyond anything which they had considered possible in order to retain Mr. McLean as president of the college; second, to lay upon his heart what they felt were the paramount claims of the college to his services. Not only in the convention, but in the weeks that followed, his soul was a battle ground where these conflicting claims waged unrelenting warfare. A decision either way would have left his heart aching for the other work, but when he felt compelled to leave the college, he was renouncing not only the immediate and manifold claims of his Alma Mater, but was definitely and permanently turning away from the educational field in which he had wanted to spend his life. For any man such a parting of the ways would have been heartbreaking; for a man of Mr. McLean's intense affections it was a real tragedy. The scar of the hurt remained upon his heart to the end of his life. The effect of it, as in every tragedy where it is the will of God rather than the personal preference of the individual that triumphs, was the enrichment of his soul and the strengthening of his hand in the work to which he gave himself completely and for life.

It was several years after his final decision before he could bear the heart-strain of his customary annual visit to Bethany College. When finally he accepted an invitation to return, the students took a holiday, hired all the horses of the village and surrounding farms and went down the pike as a mounted escort to meet

him and bring him home. The demonstration shocked and embarrassed him. He would have prevented or escaped it, if it had been possible. But he understood that the students were simply trying to declare that Bethany loved him with surpassing affection, honored him above all her other sons and knew that, not in anger but in love, he had kept away so long.

CHAPTER X

"THIS ONE THING I DO"

DISTRESS OVER SLOWNESS OF SOCIETY AND COLLEGE—PATIENCE WITH MEN LESS CONSECRATED THAN HE—DEVELOPING THE HOME BASE—FURLOUGHS OF MISSIONARIES—FIRST BOOK—TEN THOUSAND IDEAS, ONE TASK.

LONG and severe as was the conflict in Mr. McLean's mind between the two vital forms of Christian service in which he had been engaged for two and a half years, when the decision was made it was final. A divided mind was contrary to his nature. Not indecision in his own mind but uncertainty as to the attitude of others had made him hold the question open so long. He had not been satisfied with what seemed to him the timid program of the Foreign Society. On pages 64-65 of his *History of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society* he describes the board's cautious policy. "One thing was settled, the society would not go in debt. The board would undertake no work requiring any expenditure beyond the cash in hand and in the bank. The board said that any argument upholding the employment of credit for missionary transactions was spurious and dangerous. The board would walk by sight and not by faith. It would not launch out into the deep, but would timidly hug the shore."

But while he found the trustees of Bethany College willing to borrow, they did not seem to him as aggressive as they should have been in giving and securing funds to meet their debts and to seize the larger opportunities that opened before them. His decision

finally went the way it did because of a complex of factors that seemed to shut him up to that course as the divine will for his life. He was convinced that with the society there was a better chance for enlargement and progress than with the college; there were many educators in the brotherhood but no other available advocate of missions; the missionary work had developed under his hand and was peculiarly his enterprise; and beyond all the reasons that he could formulate was the conviction, "Hereunto am I called."

We can readily understand Mr. McLean's distress over the slowness both of the college and the society. Why should anyone hesitate to go all the way for God? There were no reservations in his own consecration. He literally sought first the Kingdom of God. He did not think of it as at all extraordinary that he should decide every minor question in the light of the supreme issue; that he should not buy a hat or a pair of shoes unless he felt that it was for the advancement of the Kingdom of God; that the question as to whether he should take an upper or a lower berth in a sleeping car or spend the night in a day coach should be decided by the same ultimate criterion. In all these things he was modest to the last degree of simplicity. He did not count himself better than others and could not understand why they should so largely refuse to give practical expression to their consecration.

At the same time he had a wonderful faculty for putting himself in the place of another. This appeared continually, as for instance in his address on *The Preacher's Wife.* He recognized the difference between his own circumstances and those of others; that some men needed capital with which to conduct their business, which he did not require; that others had families for whom they must provide, while he was alone. But he knew also that the Lord's work, in

which every Christian is a partner, needs capital and that the little ones of God must be reckoned in a Christian's household as well as his own flesh and blood. He knew with demonstrated certainty the cankering power of wealth upon the soul, not only of him who possesses it but also of him who strives to get it, and he knew that the only antidote for the poison of mammon is the grace of giving.

Clearly as Mr. McLean discerned all these things and accurately as he measured the actions of men and the motives that lay back of them, he was not intolerant of either the slowness or the parsimony of his fellow Christians. Again and again his heart was saddened by his sense of what his friends were losing by not throwing themselves and their possessions more unreservedly into the service of God. But despite all the fervor of his Highland nature and his uncompromising loyalty, he was wonderfully patient and tolerant. Again and again he singled out young men of especial promise during their college days and enlisted them for missionary service, but the majority of these volunteers never reached the field. Most of those who did not go felt that they were kept at home by circumstances over which they had no control. Frequently it must have seemed otherwise to Mr. McLean, but however great his disappointment might be, his personal friendship continued and even grew stronger.

As he returned to full-time service with the Foreign Society he determined that the work must be enlarged greatly. He convinced the executive committee that such enlargement required not only additional help in the office and a larger use of printed matter but also another man in the field. November 21, 1891, this minute appears on the records: "On motion, the corresponding secretary was instructed to present at the next meeting of this executive committee a suitable

man as assistant secretary to look after the financial features of the work of this executive committee." To find the man was not so easy as to decide that he was needed, and even after he was found there was the further difficulty of convincing him that he ought to undertake the work. Three were called before one was chosen. While the delay thus caused must have been distressing, the outcome was undoubtedly providential. May 19, 1893, the executive committee elected F. M. Rains with the title of associate secretary. From 1897 to 1899 he was called treasurer, and thereafter secretary, but whatever his title his work was the same.

The national financial crisis the year of Mr. Rains' employment had reduced the receipts to $58,355.01 from $70,320.84 of the preceding year. But with the two engaged in the work and in spite of the continued financial stringency the figures advanced to $73,258.16 in 1894, to $83,514.16 in 1895, and to $93.867.71 in 1896. The depression having passed, the increase from year to year was in larger amounts, and never stopped for more than one year at a time. Such a year was always followed by an extra large advance the next year, which more than made good the backset.

For ten years after the organization of the Foreign Society its officers did all their work in their own homes; so modest were its beginnings. When Mr. McLean began to devote all of his time to the society in 1885 he rented an office in the Johnson Building, on Fifth Street between Walnut and Vine, fronting on Fountain Square. In the same building William Howard Taft had his law offices at that time. He and Mr. McLean soon became good friends. In May, 1892, Mr. McLean moved to the new Y. M. C. A. building, on the northwest corner of Seventh and Walnut Streets, where he secured a room at $30 per month. The mov-

ing expense amounted to $31; there was not much to move. At this time he purchased the society's first typewriter, along with other equipment for the office. He also employed his first stenographer in 1892.

He was carefully developing the home base as well as the mission fields. The first Sunday in March was winning recognition as foreign missions day in the churches, 1,355 of which made offerings in 1892 for the work of the Foreign Society. Beginning in 1881 an increasing number of Sunday schools had observed the first Sunday in June as Children's Day. In 1891 the Children's Day offerings aggregated $21,411.25, an increase of $3,615.31 over the preceding year. In the annual report Mr. McLean said, "No report of the work at home is more encouraging than this." The same year the churches gave $18,000.63, a gain of nearly five thousand dollars over 1890.

Missionaries were now (1892) well established in three non-Christian mission fields. In the Central Provinces of India there were ten representatives of the Foreign Society at Harda, three at Bilaspur and three at Mungeli. In Tokyo, Japan, there were six. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Garst, regularly stationed at Akita, Japan, were at home on furlough. In China, thirteen were stationed at Nanking, two at Wuhu and four at Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Meigs of the Nanking station, were in America. There were three missionaries and eleven helpers in Turkey, two in Denmark, four helpers in Norway, and six missionaries and one helper in England. The total pay roll at this time was $5,922.35 per month.

In the annual report of 1892 Mr. McLean made this statement regarding furloughs for the missionaries:

> The rule in all missionary societies is to grant the workers in the field a furlough once in seven or eight years. They live longer and do better work for being allowed to come to

the surface, like pearl divers, to breathe. Engaged in a perpetual conflict with dirt and disease, with ignorance and superstition, living in the awful atmosphere of heathenism, they perceive that virtue goes out of them. After an absence of seven or eight years, a visit home is like being caught up to a third heaven, and hearing unspeakable things; they are refreshed and invigorated in body and mind and prepared for the hardships and trials awaiting them. The churches derive as much benefit as the missionaries. As they rehearse all that the Lord has done with them and for them, as they tell of the great and effectual doors which he has opened, as they set forth the infinite need and the infinitesimal supply, sluggish consciences are aroused and cold and selfish hearts are warmed and opened, and pour forth a generous store, like Horeb's rock beneath the prophet's hand. The report of a man who has gauged the misery and the need of the heathen world, and speaks what he knows, and testifies what he has seen, interests and enlists the people as no secondhand report can. The work among the churches by our missionaries on furlough has been of inestimable value. The fruit from seed sown by them will, in after years, shake like Lebanon.

Mr. McLean personally prized these furlough periods of the missionaries as they gave him a chance to talk with the missionaries face to face about the innumerable problems of each of the fields, and to know intimately the men and women with whom he was corresponding continually when they were in their distant fields. Anyone who has attempted to keep up a correspondence, and especially to discuss important questions, across the continent, can imagine some of the difficulties of missionary administration where a letter takes a month to go either way.

Of a piece with Mr. McLean's pains to maintain complete and definite understanding and intimate fellowship with each missionary, was the thoroughness with which he prepared his addresses to the society's constituency. When his friends finally prevailed upon him to publish some of these messages, he needed to

—*Parsons, Wheeling, 1890*

ARCHIBALD McLEAN AT 41
President of Bethany College.

make only an incidental revision of them to have them fit to appear in a book. This first volume of his works he called simply *Missionary Addresses*. He published it in 1895 with the following prefatory note.

> The addresses contained in this volume were prepared for college students and for gatherings of Christian workers. Most of them were delivered at Ann Arbor, Bethany, Butler, Drake, Eureka, Hiram and Lexington. Some of them were delivered before missionary conventions from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are published because some good people who heard them thought they contained information that would be helpful to many. They were prepared in the spare hours of several busy years. No claim for originality is made. Other men labored and I entered into their labors.

There were fourteen addresses in the book. Five of them were expositions of passages from the Scripture bearing on missions and giving; nine were reports of the progress of missions. The five were sermons enforcing the duty of missions and illustrated with missionary incidents; the nine were lectures, packed with facts and illuminated with Biblical passages. He appealed to the conscience, to pity, to loyalty, to the admiration of heroism, to the love of success. All moved on a high plane. Only one dwelt with anything like exclusive attention upon the work of the Disciples of Christ and that covered all the other boards of the communion, state and national, as well as the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

In an appendix he gives the names and brief accounts of the missionaries of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, a selected list of missionary books and a carefully prepared index of the volume. This was not only his first book but the first missionary volume published among the Disciples of Christ. It exerted a profound influence. Ministers and others who had heard one or two of the addresses secured the volume and read them all, and then passed the

book on to their neighbors and friends whose minds were informed and whose consciences were stirred by the rapier thrusts of its vigorous sentences.

The comprehensiveness of the addresses is noteworthy. The book's unerring grasp of the fundamentals makes it as valuable today as when it first appeared. Indeed, as you read its pages it is only an occasional date or figure that makes you realize the years that have passed since it was published, unless you look at the photographic illustrations. There you are startled to see Miss Gretchen Garst portrayed at the age of her present Japanese kindergartners, and Mrs. David W. Teachout (Ruth Meigs) and other honored matrons of the present day, too young to be counted in anything beyond the cradle roll.

In harmony with the subject of the first address in this book, which was, "The Supreme Mission of the Church," he named the last volume he published *The Primacy of the Missionary,* which is also the title of the first address in the last book. The two books are quite different; a quarter of a century had passed between them, but the underlying dominant truth is the same.

The visits of the missionaries to the churches were practically all the field work done for the Foreign Society while Mr. McLean was president of Bethany College. Even after he returned to Cincinnati the exactions of the office were such that he could not be away for long periods of time. He attended some of the state conventions, visited the colleges and spoke in such churches as he could reach from Cincinnati without spending more than one night on a train. *The Missionary Intelligencer* was his chief dependence for acquainting the people with the work. He sent a copy to every minister, to the superintendent of each contributing Sunday school and to every individual

who gave five dollars or more, as well as to every one who paid the subscription price of fifty cents a year. To reach the membership of the churches more fully he and Mr. Rains inaugurated in 1894 a quarterly paper of four large pages called the *Missionary Voice*, for general distribution in the churches as requested. They continued this until 1909.

The curse of the lukewarm never threatened Archibald McLean. His commitment to the missionary cause, and specifically to the work of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, was as complete as it was final. He had no avocation, no side interest, no "outside of hours." He was a specialist. His concentrated consecration to one sole task left no time for commencement addresses, Chautauqua lectures or revival meetings. He read widely, traveled extensively and observed closely but always with one objective. He had ten thousand ideas but only one task.

CHAPTER XI

A CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE

BY ORDER OF THE CONVENTION—A SUCCESSION OF FAREWELLS—PUBLICATION OF LETTERS AND BOOK—HOME MISSIONS—HAWAII—LIFE ON SHIPBOARD—APPROACHING AND SEEING JAPAN—ITINERATING IN CHINA—STUDYING INDIA—BAPTIZING IN INDIA—SPEAKING IN AUSTRALIA—PATH OF DUTY HOMEWARD—IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAND TOUR.

HAVING fully committed himself to the missionary work Mr. McLean began to think of visiting the mission fields which he had been studying from a distance all his life, and with which he had been intimately concerned for many years. In connection with his prodigal giving he managed by extraordinary self-denial to accumulate two thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the long-dreamed-of trip. Before he had made definite plans, however, the financial panic of 1893 came on and cut down the receipts of the society so severely that the salaries of the missionaries fell into arrears. Finally an urgent cablegram came from China which showed actual distress on account of the overdue payments. To save the credit of the society and to prevent suffering among the missionaries, Mr. McLean promptly drew his travel fund from the bank and forwarded it to the China mission. In 1896 the executive committee returned the money to him, but characteristically he put it into the work again in such ways that it could not be refunded a second time. Some of his friends learning of what had happened before the convention at Richmond, Virginia, October, 1894, B. C. Deweese, then a professor in Eureka College, Illinois, offered a resolution in the

convention to send Mr. McLean to visit all of the Foreign Society's missionary fields to counsel and cheer the missionaries, to secure first-hand knowledge of the problems and progress of the work and to tell the people at home what he learned.

This was passed unanimously, and then A. M. Atkinson, a business man of Wabash, Indiana, whose passionate plea for aged and disabled ministers at the convention in Dallas the following year led to the organization of the Board of Ministerial Relief, took an offering in the convention for the expenses of the journey.

Before Mr. McLean left Cincinnati, July 24, 1895, the Mt. Healthy Church, where he still had his home and membership, gave him a reception. Following this, his friends arranged a larger farewell meeting in the Central Church on Sunday evening, all of the churches of the city and vicinity adjourning their services and many individuals coming from a distance. It was a great missionary event and a striking testimony to the high regard in which the people held their secretary. He went in a special capacity as their ambassador to the distant nations. The fully demonstrated wisdom, strength and devotion of Mr. Rains relieved Mr. McLean's mind of all care and anxiety regarding the conduct of the work in the office.

Mr. McLean was really in high glee as he started on his circuit of the globe. Near the journey's end he said only one thing was lacking and that was the comradeship of a choice friend. Even this he had from Cincinnati to St. Louis, in the person of Ellsworth Faris, who had just been appointed as a missionary to the Congo. He assured Mr. Faris that he was going to get some comfort out of the trip and backed up the assertion by taking seats in the parlor car. But he later proved that he was not plunging very deeply into

luxury by telling Mr. Faris, in answer to his question, that he had secured his ticket clear around the world at a cost of twelve hundred dollars. His admiration of the way Mr. Faris folded his frock coat, and his request that he show him how to do it, illustrated his keen interest in everything and his engaging eagerness to learn from everyone who could show him anything. To the end of his life instances of this sort abounded. That he did not himself dress handsomely was not because he did not know the difference or was careless of little things, but simply because he was scrupulously conscientious in making every penny and every moment count for the advancement of the Kingdom of God.

Until the last his delight was in the things of the spirit. He gave the least possible time and expense to feeding and clothing and housing himself—the things to which mankind in general gives most of its thought and strength. That which is ordinary and perfunctory with most people, with him had the chief place. He did not shake hands limply, but seized your hand in both of his while his face glowed with a smile of delight at meeting you. When he said grace at table the words might be few but they were weighty and real, and expressed, both for himself and for all others present, an actual sense of gratitude to the Giver of all blessings. Nor could he limit his thought to those who sat about the one board. It encompassed the globe and he generally closed with, "Be with all those we love everywhere." If he pronounced the benediction at a church service it was clearly no mere form of words. When he prayed in public or in private he spoke face to face with God.

Illustrating his attitude toward dress, C. M. Yocum says: "Brother McLean and I had spent the night in Indianapolis, Indiana. As we dressed, he held up the

sleeve of his shirt to me to inspect, and asked, 'My friend, is that shirt silk?' It was made of a silky finished material, but quite plainly was not silk. I answered, 'No, Brother McLean, that is not silk. Did you buy it for silk?' He answered quickly, 'No, I bought it at a sale, but I've been afraid to wear it, lest someone should think I was wearing a silk shirt.' "

When he reached St. Louis on his journey, all of the churches of the Disciples of Christ united their prayer meeting services and assembled in one place to express their interest in world-wide missions and to bid him Godspeed. He stopped also in Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City, and each city gave him every possible opportunity to speak. In Kansas City he spent the night in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Muckley. All evening their sons, six and four years of age, were on his knees. When finally they were getting ready for bed, they kept asking their mother, "When will Brother McLean be on the ocean?" Several nights later they were told that he had sailed from San Francisco. Then the older boy leading the common prayer said, "God bless Brother McLean and don't let him fall off the boat, and if he does don't let the sharks get him, or don't let the sawfish saw him in two, or don't let the swordfish stick him through."

Before sailing from San Francisco, August 3, on the steamer City of Pekin, he attended the California state convention at Santa Cruz. The large assembly listened intently to his addresses and then volunteered a generous offering toward the expenses of his journey. Prior to the Cincinnati farewell, he had visited Boston, where the church evinced the same marked interest both in the man and in his mission. Thus there was a series of ovations, stretching across the continent, to cheer his departure.

Before he sailed the church papers had arranged to

publish weekly letters descriptive of his journey. After his return he assembled these in book form under the title, *A Circuit of the Globe*, the second volume from his pen. Into these letters he naturally put more of humor and general human interest than into his other volumes, all of which, except the *History of the Foreign Society*, were made up of lectures and addresses. The people read these letters with great interest both as they appeared from week to week and later in their permanent form.

In the second letter of this memorable series he made a plea for missions in America, which showed at that early day that his missionary interest was not limited to the foreign fields but was also intimately concerned with the home land. Even before his connection with the Men and Millions Movement and the United Christian Missionary Society broadened his official responsibility, Mr. McLean delivered many effective home missionary addresses. In this letter he called attention to the rapidity with which Chicago and other cities of the West had grown from mere villages and foretold the further development which we have since seen. Urging the Disciples to recognize these new and growing centers of population as challenges to home missionary enterprise, he said, "We must go at this work as men go into great business ventures. We must capture the great cities. * * * We are playing with this work; we are trifling with a great trust. We need to hear the voice of God like a fire bell at midnight, 'Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!' "

Mr. McLean had a delightful stop of two days in Honolulu where he was graciously entertained by dear friends.

For the first time he was on the scene of foreign mis-

sionary labor. He was familiar with the published accounts of the turning of the natives of the Hawaiian Islands from the abject worship of idols to the glad service of the living God. In the fifty years from the arrival in 1820 of the first missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational) fifty thousand people had been brought into the church. They showed the reality and vitality of their faith not only by exchanging their brutal and horrible ways for the gentle graces of Christianity but also by carrying the gospel message to their kindred in the Marquesas, Gilbert and Marshall Islands, though many suffered martyrdom in so doing. Mr. McLean's soul was stirred as he looked upon the graves of the missionaries who had led in this Christian regeneration, talked with the son of one of the pioneers who had devoted his own life to similar service in the Gilbert Islands, and turned the pages of the first Bible printed in the Hawaiian language.

This Bible was kept in the Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History, where he found also countless objects of missionary interest from the scattered islands of the Pacific. In the museum, as everywhere, were things which he took less seriously:

> In one room are portraits of all the kings and queens, beginning with Kamehameha the Great, down to the present time. Not only so, but there are portraits of many distinguished people who are connected with the islands in some way. The Curator pointed out Princess Ruth. She weighed about four hundred pounds. It took five men to help her into the saddle when she went out for a ride. She measured around the waist sixty inches. Once she proposed to compress her waist as foreigners do. She got a corset and got a number of court flunkies to assist. She emptied her lungs and asked them to haul in the slack. She repeated this process two or three times, but when she began to breathe everything broke and she was as large as before. She despaired of a wasp waist. Once the Curator tried to waltz

with her. He might as well have tried to get his arm around a hogshead. He wished he had been able to take Sydney Smith's advice and dance with her in sections, or read the riot act and disperse her!

Among the passengers he was naturally interested especially in the missionaries, of whom there were four on board, three of them women, which reminded him of Robert Cust's saying, "We will soon have to change Wellington's familiar order, and say, 'Up ladies, and at them!'" Two things on shipboard seemed to trouble him. One was the lack of something to do, and the other was the many meals that were served and the superabundance of things to eat. He said:

Capacity for eating is like capacity for singing or speaking. It is a gift; it cannot be acquired. Coming down the Sierras, a girl of some thirty summers sat opposite me at the table. She began with a drink that to an innocent prohibitionist looked suspiciously like a cocktail. Then she had a bottle of Apollinaris water, then a pot of tea, meanwhile drinking several glasses of ice water. She ordered and enclosed a breakfast such as would have satisfied Samson or Goliath, or both. She read while eating to improve her mind. When she was done she wiped her tapering fingers and her rosy lips and looked as if she had been sipping nectar and tasting ambrosia. An omniverous girl amuses me. Such an appetite would be a treasure.

Referring to the lazy life on shipboard, he observed:

There is nothing to do and all day and all night in which to do it. Carlyle said that every man is as lazy as he dares to be. Who has not found it so? The first few days one chafes a good deal. The demon of work still possesses him. I work eight hours a day and am getting a reputation for industry. But eight hours compared with the hours I worked back in the mission rooms are like child's play. Sometimes I long to be back to share in the work and in the joy. But my prophetic soul tells me that I shall soon feel like joining the society spoken of by Ian MacLaren, "The Amalgamated Sons of Rest," a society with conscientious objections to work between meals.

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The conversation at the table and on the deck is of the most trivial character. I have not heard a bright remark since I came on board. Passengers are giving their minds a rest. They must be. They think with their teeth. What is lacking in thought is made up in strong language. The soup is "perfectly lovely;" the hash is "perfectly beautiful;" the baked beans are "perfectly delicious," mangoes are "horrid" and onions are "dreadful." One man sleeps "magnificently." I have listened to tittle-tattle and extravagant expressions till my soul is sick. There is some advantage in being deaf and dumb.

The books read are novels and guide books. The novels as a rule are poor stuff. They indicate the caliber and culture of their readers. I have read *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* twice. I gave it to a Scotch missionary. He devoured it at a sitting. This is a noble book. No one can read it without being made better. I have read Froude's *Oceana* and some other solid works. I can understand how Stanley threw away book after book till his Bible only was left. The more one reads, the more this divine book becomes to him, the more evident its immeasurable superiority becomes. It is at once the newest and oldest of books. It is the most fascinating book to read on train or ship, in the wilderness or in the city. We are supposed to be on a vacation. "There is nothing but space and color and breath of the sea; no soil, no mail, no rail, nothing but rest and God." We drink in ozone from every wave and every breeze. The mind is being fertilized and invigorated. Let us hope that because of this season of inaction it will give expression to thoughts that will shine and sparkle, to truths that will wake to perish never.

The following note of intense humanity is doubly interesting when it is known that in all his journeys by land or water, he was quick to detect the brides and grooms who happened to be his fellow travelers.

There is not a bride on board. The captain states that he has had twenty-one in a single voyage. The raw material is here but not the sweet, finished article. This is quite a loss. A bridal party on a train or on a boat is as good as a play. The fact that there should be a superabundance of brides on one voyage and none on the next, constrains one to believe with John Calvin in total depravity.

Between Hawaii and Japan Mr. McLean was thinking much of the difference between the evangelization of the islands he had left and that of those he was approaching. He wrote, "Savage people are ready to accept what they hear. A missionary digs a well in a dry season and they regard him as a supernatural being. They never heard of a well. They are ready to say, 'The gods have come down in the likeness of man.' * * * In Japan it is different. Here are ancient and venerated religions, magnificent temples and priests without number. Christianity was under the ban for centuries. Its advocates were said to be barbarous and devilish. The missionaries have to show that it is a rational faith and that it is worthy of all acceptation." He was eager to see how Christianity was meeting this severest test and especially to witness the progress which the representatives of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society were making in the land of Bushido.

In September, 1883, George T. Smith and wife and C. E. Garst and wife had sailed for Japan. These had been joined later by Miss Kate Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Guy, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stevens, Miss Lavenia Oldham, Miss Mary Rioch and Miss Loduska Wirick. Several others had gone out to work independently. Before Mr. McLean's journey Mrs. George T. Smith had died and Mr. Smith had come to the United States on furlough, where he had married Miss Candace Lhamon before returning to his field of labor. Mr. McLean visited in the homes of these missionaries and saw the different points and aspects of their activities, forming his impressions of the needs and the opportunities for Christian work among the people.

Those who were familiar with his manner of speech smiled as they read his account of how he had to speak in Japan:

One thing tried me. I have eaten soup with chopsticks; I have parboiled myself in hot baths; I have touched the ground with the top of my head a hundred times in a day; but nothing has tried me so much as speaking while sitting on the floor, and through an interpreter. It is as natural for a man to stand up when he has anything to say, as it is for him to sit down when he is through. The human organism is a galvanic battery, and the mind works best when it has two ground connections. The audiences were so attentive that speaking in any posture was not so difficult as otherwise it would have been.

He saw also the independent work carried on by some Disciples and the older missions of other bodies, as well as Imperial University, Nobles' School and other government schools. He informed himself of the history of missions in Japan, the religions and customs of the people, and took an interest in everything relating to the nation and the people. He had a conference with Dr. D. C. Greene, the pioneer of the American Board in Japan, and with Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, one of the first four missionaries to enter Japan in 1859, and later a trusted educational adviser of the government. On the journey from Japan to China he met Dr. William Ashmore and Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, as well as other noted missionaries and travelers.

Strenuous as had been Mr. McLean's itinerary among the churches at home, his labor was doubly trying in China. He appreciated the importance of the little mission planted in the midst of the world's oldest civilization and most populous nation. With great admiration he looked upon the people, whether mandarin or coolie, and saw in them infinite possibilities, if they but had the gospel. He wanted to learn their habits, their religion and every element of their lives. He desired to see all that other mission boards were doing and to meet as many as possible of their workers. He sought an intimate acquaintance with every

station of his own mission and every department of its work, whether evangelistic, educational or medical. It never occurred to him that there might be a limit to his strength, and the missionaries evidently did not stop to consider that he was matching his endurance against their entire group working in relays, while he was under the additional handicap of being in a strange climate, eating strange food, traveling in strange ways and sleeping practically without a bed every night that he was away from the home of a missionary. After an elaborate dinner which a friendly but unconverted Chinese had given in his honor Mr. McLean remarked to the missionary, "I would not have missed that round table of abominable delicacies for a royal banquet."

The difficulties of travel were especially trying. He wrote:

As soon as it was light we started. We made ten miles before breakfast. Though we were off so early hundreds were out to see us. Our coming was an event in their lives. It was like a circus at home. We were the first foreigners many of them had ever seen. We traveled all day in wheelbarrows. There are no railways and no stagecoaches or carts in this part of the empire. The wheelbarrow is the sole method of transportation. Thirty miles is a day's journey. A wheelbarrow in China has as little romance and comfort as one at home. It could be made fairly comfortable, but that would not be Chinese. Any change would show disrespect to Confucius. At the close of the first day one feels pretty sore. The roads are narrow and poor; China has the worst roads in the world. It is only by courtesy that they can be called roads. They are like Indian trails. Men must walk in single file. The bridges are about two feet wide. Culverts are often not six inches. A single stone or a piece of wood flattened on one side answers the purpose. No cart or horse could go over the roads and bridges in this part of China. The coolies are great strong fellows. One wheeled two men over thirty miles in a day and seemed as fresh at the end as at the beginning. They go faster with a load than we could without.

I never looked at them without admiration. Give these beasts of burden the gospel and a good education and they will be worthy to stand before kings.

After Mr. McLean had gone on to India the annual China convention sent this message to the churches at home:

A. McLean has come and gone. We feel that his visit did us great good. His words of encouragement; his gentle hints by way of criticism; his affable treatment of everybody, have left an impression for good which will never be erased. He did what no globe-trotter has ever done before in this part of the country—he went with nearly every member of the mission on itinerating trips to their country work. He knows what it is to itinerate. He is a master at donkey riding and wheelbarrow riding, and in the manipulation of the chopsticks. He can sleep soundly on a board, and even with three in a bed. He heard the hum of Yangtse valley mosquitoes, and to wind up with, had a round with Yangtse valley malaria. He can write a book and it won't be such a book as most globe-trotters write. In short, A. McLean can tell more of what it really means to be a missionary than he could before he came, and no doubt has a better idea of it than the large majority of visitors to these fields. * * * We are proud of our secretary. We are grateful to the brethren, to him, and to our Heavenly Father for his visit among us. We separated with reluctance, but with praise on our lips for all the mercies of God.

This program would have been heavy enough if he had been merely sight-seeing, but as a matter of fact he was making a close study of everything that came within his reach, writing down copious notes and accumulating extensive funds of exact information. Within a few weeks he accomplished what should have required months, with the result that when he left China he was completely exhausted. The voyage from Hongkong to Calcutta, broken by stops at Singapore and Penang, was not sufficient to recuperate his strength before he reached Calcutta, where his eager study of mission stations was resumed. He gave par-

ticular attention to the missionary work that had been done about Calcutta and especially to the monumental labors of William Carey there and in Serampore.

Without realizing that health and even life, as well as comfort, might be sacrificed, he made the four hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta to Bilaspur in the bare compartment of an Indian railroad car without rugs, blankets and pillows to protect him from the cold of a January night. Part of the journey was at a considerable altitude and when he reached Bilaspur he was thoroughly chilled. In spite of his aversion to surrendering he had to go to bed and give himself up to inactivity for the next week.

Before Mr. McLean left Bilaspur he preached to the native church, taking as his text, "And this is life eternal, that they should know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou didst send." M. D. Adams, who had been one of the founders of this station in 1885, acted as interpreter. The congregation filled the house and was deeply impressed both with the sermon and with the significance of the occasion, which closed with the communion.

Though his strength was not fully restored he visited Mungeli, Damoh, Jubbulpore, Bina, Harda and Mahoba and made a careful study of the entire field. After seeing all but two of the stations of his own mission and making a comprehensive tour of Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Agra, in the north, he asked Mr. Wharton to accompany him on the long journey to the south of India to see some of the old established missions there, just as E. T. Williams, another of his old Bethany College friends, had gone with him to the north of China. They met in Bombay where he took an especial interest in the school and church of the American Board. In Poona they found Pandita Ramabai, the gracious and able champion of Hindu

widows, surrounded by a group of girls to whom she was explaining the Scriptures. Nellore, where the great work of the American Baptists among the Telugus began, claimed more than passing attention. In the halls of Christian College in Madras a conference of students from forty schools was being led by John R. Mott, J. Campbell White, R. P. Wilder, Max Morehead and J. H. Forman. At Tanjore they visited the grave of Christian Frederick Swartz and the two missions that inherit his work. At Trichinopoly they saw the grave of Reginald Heber, the missionary bishop who wrote *From Greenland's Icy Mountains, The Son of God Goes Forth to War* and *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.* There also was the school of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel with 1,500 boys in attendance. The achievements of the American Board in Madura impressed them deeply as did also those of the Church of England societies at Palamcottah in the Tinnevelly district, where Swartz laid the foundations more than a hundred years before and where Bishop Sargent in fifty years saw the number of converts in his diocese increase from 9,000 to 55,000. At this point, after two weeks of fellowship, the friends bade each other farewell, one going back to his station, the other on to Colombo in the island of Ceylon. When Mr. Wharton returned, he showed Mrs. Wharton a valuable new book and said, "Brother McLean gave it to me. He read it three times through and then handed it to me. That is the way he reads a book."

The missionaries who were there still remember the alertness of his mind in spite of his bodily weariness and illness. His questions were innumerable and taxed all their resources to answer them. It will be remembered that 1896 was the year of the great famine in India that brought many orphan boys to Damoh as the

nucleus of the orphanage that has been maintained there ever since. He gave $400 toward the erection of the first building, the gifts of the missionaries supplementing his own to its completion. Since then it has been enlarged and is now known as McLean Hall. There are now four hundred acres in the farm and a Christian community of two hundred souls. In their annual report for the year to the international convention, the missionaries said:

> The year 1896 has been made memorable to our mission by the visit of A. McLean. His presence of gentleness and goodness was a tower of strength and his addresses a benediction unto us all, and the humblest believer was encouraged by him. We are grateful to the brethren for sending him and sorry his stay was so short.

In China and India, as well as in Japan, Mr. McLean took great pains to learn about the government, the people, the religions, the history of missions, and not merely about the work of his own society. He showed his sympathy and interest in the missionaries and in their children, and in the many problems which confronted them. In all these countries he speaks of being at baptismal services, but does not mention that he did the baptizing. From Adelaide Gail Frost we learn that he baptized a number of persons in India. The following account of the service, written by her, appeared in the *Missionary Tidings:*

> It was the month of February but roses were blooming in the mission garden and the verbenas, mignonette and marguerites whispered to the pilgrims sweet thoughts of the homeland far away. The Lord's day afternoon service was ending. Brother A. McLean had spoken simple, beautiful words concerning the Father in heaven, and Miss Graybiel had translated them into a tongue the people understood. The long rays of the afternoon sun crept in at the open door of the bungalow and touched the bright dresses and white draperies of the orphanage girls, and as the missionaries

saw the bright look in the upturned faces they felt as the preacher had said, "God is light." Men and women were present, too, who had learned from Brother McLean's lips about the one great God and Father of all, such words as never could be learned from their Hindu *pundits* or Mohammedan *maulvis*. And now they were going down to the waters of Kirat Lake. Five of the older girls of the orphanage, Chaturiya, Hiriya, Jamni, Chanutiya and Sitara, had said they loved Jesus, believed in him as their Savior and wished to obey him in baptism. The little company went out through the gate, down to the lakeside, past the suttee piles, past the sacred peepul trees and the shrines of the heathen gods, to the baptismal waters. The sun was setting over the lake; the stretch of water was very red until it burned with a heart of fire near the great sun's reflection. The crimson afterglow shone behind the hills crowned with huge black boulders, and palm trees rose dark against the glowing background. From that company which had come to witness the baptisms, songs of praise to Jesus were rising, and from lips that only lately learned his name, the song familiar in Christian lands floated out in the language of the people:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

One by one the five little girls went down into the water with Brother McLean. They went with him in utter confidence. Though he spoke in a strange tongue he was as much a friend to them as to any fair-haired child at home. They recognized what was written in his face and they all knew him. It was all so quiet and God's tenderest benediction seemed to rest on the spot, though it was surrounded by every evidence of idolatry. It is something always to be remembered as one of life's sacred places, and the missionaries will ever love to think of Brother McLean in that scene. It was difficult to realize that one year ago those five shining-faced girls were ignorant beggar children running wild in the vileness of a native bazaar with no knowledge of this Savior they now loved. As the company returned to the bungalow, Sitara ran up to one of the missionaries with a glow on her face, and exclaimed, "I love Jesus, I love you, I love everybody!" Is it not just that? Loving Him, we must love everybody.

There was no gleam on the waters, the sun, as the children say, had gone to the foreign land—but the influence of that sunset hour lives on in Mahoba, India.

Ten years later, one of our missionaries working in a remote Hindu village one day called at the home of a native Christian woman. The plain walls of the little cottage were unadorned save by one cheaply but carefully framed picture. On examination, the astonished missionary discovered it to be the picture of Mr. McLean. By questioning the woman, the missionary discovered that she was one of the group of orphan girls whom the *Sahib* had baptized while in India, on his tour around the world. After the baptisms each of the girls had secured Mr. McLean's photograph. Nothing in that little Christian home in the heart of India was treasured more than the picture of this man of God.

From Ceylon Mr. McLean went to Australia where he spent a month and was kept busy speaking from the time he landed until he sailed. His visit did much to give the Australians a better understanding of the American churches. It also increased their missionary information and gave them added enthusiasm for the missionary cause. They still talk about his visit in terms of the highest appreciation. Throughout their history there has been constant community of interest between the Disciples in Australia and those in America. Many of the young men from the Australian churches have been educated in American colleges, some to return to their native country and others to continue in the ministry in the United States, where some of them found wives as well as education.

Mr. McLean, with his untiring energy, could not understand a certain Englishman who had gone out to Australia on a preaching tour. "Every afternoon he had his nap. Before the nap he had a cup of tea. The

girl brought it after he was on a lounge. He would say to her, 'Put in the sugar; now stir it well.' She did everything but drink it, and she would have done that if she had not been a timid little goose."

Referring to an English service on shipboard, conducted by the captain, he said, "The service was wonderfully beautiful. Its charmed words fell on the ear and were like music. But I missed the sermon and the Lord's Supper. We were dismissed before we came to the true conclusion. We went away as from the first course at a feast. The soul's thirst was unslaked, its hunger unfed."

All the time he was on his journey, he was thinking continually of his friends at home and gathering souvenirs to give them. It was characteristic of this constant thoughtfulness that when in Melbourne he went out of his way to visit a brother of Mark Collis, then and ever since pastor of the Broadway Church in Lexington, Kentucky.

Naturally, Mr. McLean was deeply interested in Palestine and particularly in Jerusalem, but they were not in the line of his work and so he made only a brief stay and hurried on to Constantinople to secure first-hand acquaintance with the mission among the Armenians there.

The path of duty led him from Turkey to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, with brief stops at Athens and Rome. After a short stay with the missionaries in Scandinavia, he went to Paris and then through England, stopping with the churches which he had visited eight years before. The trip across the Atlantic was made quickly and without event. Of his satisfaction in landing he says, "One is not on American soil ten seconds before he feels that he is in a new world. The atmosphere is different; there is more ozone in it; the people are different; there is more life

and push in them. New York is the greatest city I saw on my trip. London is larger, but London is an agglomeration of villages." When he reached Cincinnati a number of his friends were at the station to meet him, and the home feeling was uppermost again. He says, "It was pleasant to see their friendly faces and to grasp their friendly hands. That evening I went to Mt. Healthy and slept in my own room."

At the end of his book he added a chapter of impressions, a few of which we repeat here.

A tour of the world increases one's respect for the peoples of all lands. God has made of one blood every nation of men. The most backward people have all the elements possessed by the most advanced. Let them have the gospel for a reasonable time and we will not be ashamed to call them brethren.

* * * * *

The gospel has taken a firm hold of the non-Christian nations. In the nature of the case it could hardly be otherwise. Schools, hospitals, chapels and orphanages have been opened. In times of famine and pestilence the afflicted are relieved. The Scriptures have been translated. Great inventions have been introduced. * * * If all the foreigners were driven out the native Christians would take up and carry on the work to completion.

* * * * *

One rejoices to see the English language is so widely spread. * * * This is a hopeful sign. One rejoices, too, to find the English power so widespread. This is no accident. * * * Wherever England goes there the Bible goes. * * * There you find peace and prosperity.

* * * * *

It would be a good thing if some representatives (of the society and the churches at home) were sent out every two or three years. They would do the workers good. They would cheer and bless the native helpers and converts. They would widen their own vision and stimulate the work at home.

* * * * *

I was sent out partly to rest and partly to see the work. I saw the work; I trust I shall get the rest in the sweet by and by. Several men talked of going with me, but all decided to remain at home. The decision was a wise one for themselves. Seeing missions is exhausting work. Editing a paper, managing a loan agency, conducting a large medical practice, presiding over a college; all these are a picnic in comparison. If the men who talked of going had gone, the visit would have been immeasurably more dignified and impressive. The people would have come out and worshiped us. They would have said, "The gods have come down in the likeness of men." But when they saw one foreign devil wearing a Chinese petticoat they smiled and went back to their business.

* * * * *

As a class the missionaries are possessed of ability, culture and consecration. The same men and women at home would fill high positions and would command much larger salaries than they now receive. They are diligent and earnest. If any lead easy-going lives, they are careful to conceal the fact. The tendency is to work beyond their strength. With so many things to do and so small a staff they could not avoid this, even if they were so inclined. They live much as at home. One sees comfort but no luxury. They need good food and comfortable homes and suitable clothing. They live in a hostile climate. The demands on their physical nature and on their sympathies are far greater than at home. By taking proper care of themselves they live longer and do more than if they stinted and starved themselves. * * * Missionaries must live in comfort if they are to do their best work. It is poor economy to send out a man and starve him, and so reduce his usefulness one-half. The poorest use a society can make of a man is to allow him to die, when with a good home and wholesome food he might be in his glorious prime. If a living dog is better than a dead lion, much more is a living missionary better than a dead one.

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The evangelization of the world is a tremendous enterprise. It is the most colossal task ever undertaken by men. More workers should be sent out and thoroughly furnished for the work.

CHAPTER XII

THE JUBILEE PERIOD

NEW HOME IN WALNUT HILLS—MARKED ADVANCE OF THE WORK—ENTERING AFRICA—FIRST ANNUITY BOND—MISSIONARY RALLIES—DEATH OF MISSIONARIES—THE CUBAN MISSION—THE JUBILEE CONVENTION.

WITH Mr. McLean's return from his journey around the world he entered upon a period of greatly increased power and effectiveness. He and Mr. Rains so divided the work of the society between them that each was able to give his time and strength to that which suited him best. Moreover, Mr. McLean's fresh knowledge of conditions and needs in each of the great fields added what he himself called in the addresses of others "projectile force" to his words. From the first, and increasingly, he had been a citizen of the whole world but henceforth this cosmopolitan attitude was more manifest.

The death of Grandmother Snodgrass during Mr. McLean's absence necessitated a change in his home. While moving he decided to seek a more convenient location. He found this in a residence district of the city which combined an abundance of light and air with comparative nearness to the business district.

In removing to Walnut Hills Mr. McLean was fortunate in finding a home with Mrs. Elizabeth Cusson, a widow from Kentucky, whose house and table do credit to the finest traditions of a state famous for good living. A little later the Eden Apartments were erected at 2106 Sinton Avenue, diagonally across from

Mrs. Cusson's, and right at the edge of Eden Park. On the first floor of this building Mr. McLean secured an apartment of two rooms and bath that exactly met his requirements. Here he continued to live for twenty-two years, until he moved to St. Louis in 1920. In the apartment building was a restaurant where all the tenants were required by the terms of their leases to take their meals. In the course of time its service became so unsatisfactory that the tenants rebelled and it was closed. Just before this happened Mr. McLean reached the limits of his long-suffering endurance. Meeting Mrs. Cusson on the street one day, he said in his laconic fashion, "I am coming up to your house to eat tomorrow." Then he went on his way without waiting for her reply. The next morning he took his old place in her dining-room for breakfast and continued to appear punctually for breakfast and dinner as long as he lived in Cincinnati.

As appears again and again, he paid but little regard to his physical surroundings. After he had lived for years in the Eden Apartments, a plumber came one day to do some work on his gas grate, and was informed that there was no gas grate in the room. The plumber insisted on making an investigation, and to Mr. McLean's amazement discovered the grate hidden behind a mass of books.

Occasionally there would be animated discussion at Mrs. Cusson's table on some current or historical topic. Mr. McLean seldom took part in the argument but the next day there would be found lying on the table a neatly written and authoritative statement that cleared up the whole question. Only the latest arrival in the house ever questioned the accuracy or reliability of his decision. For a while David Rioch, Jr., worked at the office of the Foreign Society and lived at Mrs. Cusson's. One of the new boarders remarked

to him one day, "Mr. McLean is not much of a talker." David replied, "He talks freely enough when he is with anyone who knows as much as he does."

The development of the work of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society from 1896 to the Jubilee convention in 1899 showed a marked advance over previous years. The number of missionaries on the fields increased from 81 in 1896 to 108 in 1899. The number of contributing churches grew from 2,459 in 1896 to 3,051 in 1899, a figure that has not been greatly exceeded since, because only a few more churches have had regular preaching. The total receipts of the society advanced from $93,867.71 in 1896 to $152,727.38 in 1899. The national convention at Indianapolis in 1897 rejoiced greatly when Mr. Rains reported that the goal of $100,000 had been reached. In the Indianapolis convention, also, the Sunday afternoon communion service, which has been the climax of each succeeding convention, was held for the first time. Not only did the society send out a number of new missionaries within this period but it also realized a long cherished dream by entering the Belgian Congo.

For a number of years the executive committee had been contemplating a mission to Africa. Finally, on the 4th of March, 1897, Dr. Harry N. Biddle of Cincinnati and Ellsworth Faris of Texas, left Boston for the Congo. Their first task was to visit England and study the methods of the different societies laboring in Africa. Thence they proceeded via Paris and Antwerp to the upper Congo where they spent over a year in exploration. Constant travel, poor food and exposure resulted in Dr. Biddle's death before their labors were rewarded. Soon afterwards the American Baptist Missionary Union turned over to the Disciples its station at Bolenge for $2,500, half of what it had cost them. Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye went out in

January, 1899, to succeed Dr. Biddle. The purchase was completed that year and the mission definitely established.

In 1897 the society issued its first annuity bond. This method of depositing a sum of money with the society and receiving a bond guaranteeing an annuity throughout the life of the donor, and in some instances as long as either of two shall live, has proved increasingly attractive. Up to the time the United Christian Missionary Society was organized the amount thus given to the Foreign Society totaled $855,263.23. Mr. Rains took the lead in originating and promoting this plan.

In this period Mr. McLean developed the foreign missionary rally. Previously each church had been urged to have a rally of its own preceding the annual March offering and utilizing home talent. This proved effective wherever the churches made proper preparation, but more expert presentation of the cause of missions was needed to fully arouse the people. Each year, beginning as soon as possible after the national convention in October, and continuing until the annual offering day, the first Sunday in March, Mr. McLean held a series of rallies or conferences in as many strategic points as he could reach. He threw himself into this sort of campaigning with tremendous energy.

Considering the number of missionaries employed and the time they had been in the service there was an unusual number of deaths in these four years. E. P. Hearnden of China, who had gone out from England, was accidentally drowned in 1896 when trying to ford a swollen stream while itinerating. Mrs. Hearnden died a few months later. The next year Miss Hattie L. Judson of India died. The death of Dr. Harry N. Biddle has been mentioned. In the same year A. F. H. Saw of China and C. E. Garst of Japan were taken

in the midst of their labors. Each loss was a severe blow to Mr. McLean, both because of his personal affection for the missionaries and his concern for the work in which the laborers were already far too few. After he had received the cablegram announcing the death of Dr. Biddle, he went in the evening to the home of Mr. Rains and sat for a long time before he could bring himself to tell the sad news.

Following the close of the Spanish-American war there was naturally a movement among the Protestant churches of the United States to open missions both in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands. Mr. McLean went to Cuba in 1898 to look over the ground. In Havana a man offered him a cathedral for $10,000. Later it came out that he not only had no right to sell the building, but was a criminal adventurer whose specialty was murdering his successive wives and collecting the insurance on their lives. It seemed that he was hoping, since Mr. McLean could not speak the Spanish language, to secure and escape with a large cash payment. It was only after Mr. McLean had returned to Cincinnati that the complete facts were learned.

The Cuban mission was opened in 1899 with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell C. McPherson and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Menges as missionaries. In 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Menges removed from Havana to Matanzas where Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Hill joined them in 1904. Owing principally to the difficulty of securing workers for a field that did not appeal to the young people of the churches as really foreign, the mission was closed in 1917.

During the fall and winter of 1899-1900 the society held Silver Jubilee services throughout the country, looking toward the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization in the fall of 1900. In 1899 it established the living link relationship by which churches con-

tributing as much as $600 per year were assigned a missionary on the foreign field with whom they could have direct correspondence. Only nine churches up to that time had contributed as much as $600 each within one year. Mr. McLean saw the day approaching when hundreds of churches would be doing that much and scores of others ten times as much.

The year 1899 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the American Christian Missionary Society and the twenty-fourth of the Foreign Society. The national convention was a Jubilee celebration in Music Hall, Cincinnati. The attendance was larger than that of any two previous conventions. In many ways it marked the definite committal of the Disciples of Christ to the missionary cause. Prior to this the advocates of an organized effort to evangelize the whole world had been on the defensive. The society's right to exist was questioned. There were violent opponents who declared that it was a sinful attempt to put a human device in the place of a divine plan. They appealed to the New Testament; out of the New Testament Mr. McLean and his friends answered them with a complete vindication of the cooperative missionary enterprise. Henceforth the task was to enlist support. He had changed opposition into consent; that must now be converted into cooperation. Eighteen years he had labored for this victory; all the years that remained to him he gave to the final issue.

PART III

ENLISTING COOPERATION

CHAPTER XIII

THE CENTENNIAL PERIOD

PRESIDENT OF THE FOREIGN SOCIETY—CONSTANTINOPLE TRIP—PHILIPPINES MISSION OPENED—SALARY AND CONTRIBUTIONS—ANNUAL BREAKFAST FOR MISSIONARIES—ANNUAL CONFERENCE—STEPHEN J. COREY ELECTED SECRETARY—CENTENNIAL OF DISCIPLES—DEDICATION OF STEAMBOAT OREGON—CAMPBELL BROCHURES—"MILK HER DRY!"—TIBETAN MISSION ESTABLISHED—UNIVERSITY OF NANKING INAUGURATED—WORLD CONFERENCE AT EDINBURGH—"HELPING THE BRETHREN"—"WHERE LIFE WILL COUNT"—THE CALIFORNIA GOLD WATCH.

IN 1900 Charles Louis Loos, who had succeeded Isaac Errett as president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in 1899, felt compelled on account of advancing age to resign. The resignation naturally started much discussion as to who should succeed him. This question being raised in the home of Dr. V. T. Lindsay of Springfield, Illinois, where Mr. McLean had been a frequent and honored guest, his son Vachel, now world-renowned as a poet, exclaimed promptly, "I think Brother McLean is just the man for that place." Others, all over the continent, came to the same conclusion independently. The following convention unanimously elected Mr. McLean. Every succeeding convention followed its example with increasing enthusiasm. This involved no change in his work, though it added somewhat to his responsibilities.

After Mr. Lindsay had won such distinction that he was lionized in every city he visited, one of the social leaders of Cincinnati gave a reception in his honor. At the head of the short list of particular friends that Mr. Lindsay asked his hostess to invite to the reception was the name of Archibald McLean. His admira-

tion and affection for the poet caused him to accept the invitation. He left his cares behind and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Indeed there was so much of the boy in him that he seems to have got out of the occasion some pleasures that were not on the schedule. The gowns of some of the guests at that reception impressed him as stranger than anything he had seen on his circuit of the globe. When one gorgeously attired matron with a particularly long "rat tail" train passed where he was talking with a friend, he observed the spectacle with a quizzical smile and exclaimed under his breath, "I would like to step on it." His ability to relax was more manifest during the latter half of his public ministry than in his earlier years. He not only felt freer to express his natural feelings but also deliberately sought opportunities for so doing, that he might return to his serious cares with more zest and power.

From the first there were many difficulties in the administration of the Turkish mission. The Turkish government forbade work among the Mohammedans. This restricted missionary operations to the Armenian population. Until the society sent out Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chapman in 1897 and 1898 the only missionaries had been Armenians. The chief of these was G. N. Shishmanian, who had got both his education and his wife in the United States. A crisis having arisen in the Turkish work, Mr. McLean appeared at the office one day in July, 1900, with his traveling bag and remarked quietly, "I am going to Turkey." He made the trip, straightened out the tangle and returned to the office with as little ado as he had made about leaving.

In the summer of 1901 the society sent Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hanna to the Philippine Islands. Before Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Hermon P. Williams joined them in

Manila. A year later the four missionaries moved to Laoag, in the northwestern part of the island of Luzon, where no other Protestant missionaries were then located. In 1904 a station was opened at Vigan and native workers established a church at Aparri, over the mountains to the east. The work has prospered greatly both in the north and in Manila, where Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Kershner, in 1905, took up the task laid down by Hanna and Williams in January, 1903.

In the minutes of the executive committee of August 23, 1901, it is recorded that on the request of Mr. Rains and Mr. McLean their salaries were placed at $2,500 and $2,400, respectively, instead of the $2,700 each, which the executive committee had previously voted. This is only one of the many instances in which he prevented an increase in his salary. Much of even the smaller figure which he permitted to be voted, was never actually accepted from the treasurer. Even after the war-time advance in the cost of living and the removal to St. Louis where his expenses were much higher than they had been in Cincinnati, he refused to accept more than $200 a month of the $366.66 which the executive committee of the United Society had provided. Out of what he did receive he gave to the local church, and to missions, benevolence and education fully half of that which passed through his hands. An example of the measure of his giving is seen in his pledge of $2,500 to the Men and Millions Movement, all but $500 of which he had paid before his death.

S. M. Cooper had been financial secretary of Bethany College when Mr. McLean was president. He was now doing a large real estate business in Cincinnati and serving on the executive committee of the Foreign Society and as its treasurer. On his advice Mr. McLean took some stock in a building and loan asso-

ciation, through which he gradually acquired several pieces of property. At the same time he carried an endowment life insurance policy. The purpose of each of these forms of investment was to provide a modest fund for old age or disability, not for his own comfort but to avoid becoming a charge upon others. In the same way he invested some of his savings in an industrial enterprise in which a number of church friends were interested. Some time later one of these told him that the business was in financial straits and advised him to sell his stock. "Do you think it is going to fail?" asked Mr. McLean. "Yes, I am sure of it." "And the stock will become worthless?" "Yes." "Then I will keep it. I have no right to saddle my loss upon someone else."

When a financial crisis threw the society into serious difficulties, S. J. Corey, who had become a secretary in the year 1905, went into the office of Mr. Rains one day and met Mr. McLean coming out. With tears in his eyes Mr. Rains showed the younger secretary a check for $4,000, the entire proceeds of his endowment life insurance policy which Mr. McLean had just turned over to the society with the request that his name should not appear in connection with the gift. In a later crisis the officers reduced their own salaries and then it became necessary to cut down the salaries of the missionaries ten per cent. Mr. McLean was greatly troubled over this. The executive committee hoped to restore the salaries after a few months, but he could not wait. He sold a house and lot for $7,000 and turned the entire proceeds into the treasury of the society that the missionaries' salaries, including the suspended back pay, might be paid in full at once. He was continually giving to every worthy cause in addition to the Foreign Society and the local church which naturally received the major

part of his offerings. He frequently told the story of his friend Timothy Coop of England. Some one inquired, "Mr. Coop, how can you afford to give so much?" and was answered promptly, "It is a very simple matter. I shovel out and the Lord shovels in. But the Lord has a larger shovel than I have." Mr. McLean's own affairs illustrated the same principle. Before leaving Cincinnati he found himself in possession of three pieces of property; one he sold and gave the proceeds to the Foreign Society on the annuity plan; the second he deeded to the society subject to his life estate; the third, worth between six and seven thousand dollars, he had not disposed of at the time of his death. In five known gifts he had consecrated twenty-five thousand dollars to Christian service, in addition to contributing regularly about half of his income. Except in rare special instances he never allowed his name to appear with his gifts.

An interesting example of the way one thing grows out of another appears in the development of the annual conference of missionaries. Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains gave a dinner to the missionaries and their families at the Omaha convention in 1902. This proved such a delightful affair that they repeated it annually as a breakfast on Sunday morning of convention week. After a while it included the officers and missionaries of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and a few special friends of the missionaries. These dinner and breakfast meetings were so helpful that it was felt wise to bring the same group together for a more extended conference. So in 1904 the executive committee, the missionaries on furlough and the newly appointed missionaries held a conference in which they discussed many phases of the work and got better acquainted with one another. The program of this first conference, which was held June 1, 2, 1904, shows

that seventeen missionaries were present, and affords several sorts of biographical side-lights. At the same time it reveals the great care with which the meeting was planned. But little change has been made in the scope of these annual conferences.

Wednesday:	Devotional—Prayer, A. M. Harvuot
	Address of Welcome, Mattie Boteler
	The Missionary Calling, C. L. Loos
	Discussion, led by W. P. Bentley
	The Distinctive Aim of the Missionary, F. M. Rains
	Discussion, led by Frank Garrett
Afternoon:	Devotional—Faith, J. N. Green
	The Devotional Life of the Missionary, W. E. Garrison
	Discussion, led by S. M. Cooper
	The Spiritual Life of the Missionary, I. J. Spencer
	Discussion, led by P. Y. Pendleton
Evening:	Dinner and social time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Rains
Thursday:	Devotional—Love, D. E. Dannenburg
	The Missionaries in their Relation to Each Other and to the Society, A. McLean.
	Discussion, led by Bertha Clawson
	Lessons of Seventeen Years as a Missionary, G. L. Wharton
	Discussion, led by Mrs. E. A. Layton
Afternoon:	Devotional—The Life Hid with Christ in God, C. S. Settlemeyer
	The Missionary's Care of Himself, Dr. P. T. Kilgour
	Discussion, led by Dr. E. A. Layton
	The Assured Success of Foreign Missions, J. A. Lord
	Discussion, led by W. F. Smith
Evening:	Public reception at Central Christian Church

After the establishment of the College of Missions the Foreign Society and the Christian Woman's Board

of Missions took another step toward closer cooperation by making the annual conference a joint meeting of the officers and missionaries of the two boards. These conferences have grown in effectiveness from year to year and have occupied the two or three days immediately following the commencement at the College of Missions. Each of these meetings was an event of great moment to Mr. McLean. He appreciated the large contribution which they made to the happiness and efficiency of the missionaries. He found great joy and satisfaction in the fellowship of this inner circle gathered from many and distant lands and going out to the most difficult fields in prosecution of the common task. No patriarchal head of a numerous family ever had greater delight in the reunion of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren than Mr. McLean experienced in this annual reunion of the missionary household. At the same time his presence and participation were always modest and unobtrusive.

In March, 1905, the executive committee appointed Stephen J. Corey as secretary of the Foreign Society. He had won his spurs as secretary of the New York Christian Missionary Society. The mettle of the man had been proved when he walked seventy-five miles from his home in southern Missouri to take a train that would carry him to college. The president and senior secretary found him a comrade upon whom they could always rely and in whose fellowship they could constantly rejoice.

From the first proposal, at the Minneapolis convention in 1901, that the Disciples of Christ should celebrate their Centennial in 1909, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Thomas Campbell's *Declaration and Address*, Mr. McLean took deep interest in everything relating to the event. He served on the Centennial committee from the first and was

especially concerned that the Centennial convention should be preceded by the realization of the Centennial aims. These were such attainments in the individual lives of the people, the development of the local churches and the advancement of missionary, benevolent and educational enterprises as would in some measure justify the hundred years of history and the celebration. To promote these Centennial aims the committee organized a four years' campaign, opened an office in Pittsburgh where the convention of 1909 was to be held, and employed a secretary to devote his entire time to the campaign. In an early meeting of the committee Mr. McLean declared that "the Centennial secretary should have a full hand and a free hand." All of the national boards of the Disciples of Christ promptly made appropriations toward the expenses of the campaign, and within a short while most of the state societies and colleges followed their example. This may be called the first practical step in the increasing cooperation of the boards which culminated in the complete union of six societies in the United Christian Missionary Society.

The Centennial convention met October 11-19, 1909, in a group of buildings centering in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. First and last over thirty thousand people were present. All of the meetings except the great communion service of Sunday afternoon were held in from three to five parallel sessions. Three to five different speakers delivered addresses on each theme. The extensive exhibits of the societies formed a missionary museum in a large section of the Carnegie Institute. Gratifying reports from all fields and departments and inspiring addresses on the history and principles of the Restoration movement and the various phases of its work at the end of a hundred years filled the week. The fraternal addresses delivered by

representatives of several of the leading Protestant bodies of North America demonstrated the progress made toward Christian union.

After a cloudy and rainy week the skies cleared for Sunday. At the regular church services of city and suburbs two hundred and fifty convention preachers, not otherwise on the program, presented the message of the convention as each conceived it. In the afternoon the hosts assembled for the Lord's Supper. Forbes Field, the new base ball park of the city, with its steel and concrete grandstands and bleachers, looking out over the rolling hills of Schenley Park, provided a perfect amphitheater for the occasion. Here, within the week, part of the annual world championship series of games had been played, but the quietness and reverence with which the people assembled and observed the memorial ordinance could not have been excelled in a carpeted chapel seating a hundred persons. A printed order of service was in the hands of every person present. This included the Scripture passages, songs and prayers. Mr. McLean had written one of the prayers and J. W. McGarvey, the veteran president of the College of the Bible at Lexington, Kentucky, had prepared the other. The thirty thousand worshipers read and sang as one and each felt an overwhelming sense both of the divine presence and of unity and fellowship among the communicants.

Of all the important features of the Centennial convention nothing concerned Mr. McLean more than the dedication of the steamer Oregon. This came at the close of the Foreign Society's day, Wednesday, October 13, just as the sun was setting. The service was held in the shipyards of James Rees and Sons Company on the bank of the Allegheny River in the downtown district. The halls of the convention were three miles away at the main entrance to Schenley Park,

but six thousand people made their way downtown to take part in the unique exercises.

The Oregon was built of steel on plans tested by the builders in their years of experience in constructing steamers for river navigation. She is seventy-five feet long and eighteen feet wide. She cost $14,000, after the builders had donated one-tenth of their estimate. The people of the state of Oregon provided nearly all of the money. The principal exceptions were two gifts of $1,000 each from A. A. Hyde, a Presbyterian, and I. W. Gill, both of Wichita, Kansas. After the boat was built it had to be taken apart, crated and shipped to Kinshasa, where R. S. Wilson and E. R. Moon rebuilt it. The English Baptists generously donated the use of their ways for the purpose. The people who witnessed the dedication provided nearly all of the cost of transporting the boat to Africa. The dedicating party and many of the delegates stood on the deck of the vessel, which was fairly deluged with dollars at the final call for money to pay the cost of transportation. Mr. Rains, who had dedicated more churches than any other minister among the Disciples of Christ, had charge of the service.

The Oregon left Kinshasa on her first trip up the Congo, October 25, 1910. In the twelve years of her service she has more than justified the highest hopes. The first year she steamed 9,810 miles and earned $1,676.60 by carrying freight for other missions. The mission has been offered $40,000 for the Oregon. Her original cost, including transportation and rebuilding, was $24,000. She is now used exclusively for evangelistic purposes, as it is found more profitable to have freight carried by the state boats. She is a floating mission station. The missionary in charge and his family live on the boat throughout the year. "They go from place to place and look after the work that

is being done. They carry mail and supplies to the different stations. They take the inquirers to the stations and back again. They visit new places and give the people a knowledge of Christ."

Preceding the Centennial convention at Pittsburgh, Mr. McLean made a careful study of the history of the Disciples of Christ and especially of the origin of the Restoration movement. Out of his study grew two lectures, on *Alexander Campbell as a Preacher*, and *Thomas and Alexander Campbell.* Those who heard these lectures were insistent that he should publish them. He finally brought them out at his own expense as two monographs. The first record of the lecture on *Alexander Campbell as a Preacher* is that it was delivered at Hiram, Ohio, May 17, 1904. Mr. McLean had preached in the Hiram church the preceding Sunday. No attempt was made to sell the *Thomas and Alexander Campbell,* but he presented copies of it to such of his friends as he felt would appreciate it, and gave each of the colleges as many copies as it could distribute to advantage among its students.

In *Alexander Campbell as a Preacher* the author speaks of the irreparable loss to humanity in the failure to preserve more than one or two of Alexander Campbell's sermons. His debates were taken down in shorthand and published. He gave his views on every sort of religious subject in the magazine which he edited, but he was even more eminent as a preacher than as a debater or editor. It seems never to have occurred to him or to his friends to preserve the sermons which enthralled the minds of many of the most distinguished men of his day.

In his little book Mr. McLean sought to correct this failure as far as possible by gathering up all that could be learned from trustworthy sources regarding the preaching of Mr. Campbell. In his book on *Thomas*

and Alexander Campbell he speaks with admiration but also with discrimination. He emphasizes the greatness of the father whose fame had been overshadowed by that of the son. He gives what must be accepted as an able if not a final interpretation of the life and work of each in relation not only to the movement which they inaugurated but also to the Kingdom of God as a whole.

In the period leading up to the Centennial the ministers and others complained about the numerous and sometimes conflicting calls from the different societies for offerings and for the observance of certain days in the churches, Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies. Some of the churches thought they had found the solution of the problem in the "Omnibus Offering," which they made just once in the year to provide for all causes in which the congregation wished to have fellowship. At the New York state convention one of the ministers urged in favor of the omnibus offering that the frequent calls then being made were a menace to the benevolent spirit of the people. "When I was a boy," he said, illustrating his point, "my father gave me a cow. I was just learning to milk and the process was so interesting that several times a day I took a tin cup and ran down to the pasture. The cow was patient, but when my father discovered what I was doing he quickly stopped me, for he said that was the surest way to dry up a cow. And so it is with these oft-repeated calls for money. They are going to dry up the benevolent spirit of the brotherhood."

He sat down amid quite a bit of applause. But the people had not ceased clapping their hands before Mr. McLean was on his feet. "About that cow," he said, driving back his front hair and jerking up his collar with energy, "I also was reared on a farm and I was

taught to milk. I was taught that we must milk a cow twice a day, milk her regularly and milk her d-r-y!" No one had a chance at the floor for several minutes because of the repeated rolls of laughter and applause. Even during the following afternoon in the midst of an address on a totally different subject, someone would suddenly chuckle, "Milk her d-r-y," and the audience would break out again. The omnibus offering was not generally adopted and the excuse for it passed a few years later with the introduction of the missionary budget and the every-member canvass.

The last, most remote and hazardous mission opened by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society is on the southeastern border of Tibet in the city of Batang. It is in the Chinese province of Cze-chuen with Tibet proper lying just across the Yangtse River. The population of Batang and the surrounding country is Tibetan and in constant revolt against the loosely asserted authority of China. The mountainous character of the region conduces further to its lawlessness. Petrus Rijnhart, the forerunner of the mission, was murdered in this district after he had worked peacefully in northeastern Tibet for several years. His widow, who before her marriage was Dr. Susie Carson of Canada, escaped miraculously and so stirred the international convention of Disciples with her plea for the land where her babe as well as her husband lay dead, that the Foreign Society commissioned Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Shelton to return with her on the way by which she had come out, and undertake to break through the manifold barriers that have always shut off Tibet from the rest of the world. After six months on the way from San Francisco they located at Tachienlu in 1904. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden joined them two years later and the two men discovered the more strategic location at Batang, five hundred miles (eighteen days'

journey) further west. To this point the mission moved in 1908 and opened its battle against ignorance, filth, superstition, vice and cruelty. They knew that the cost would be heavy in life as well as in money and comfort. Dr. Rijnhart never fully recovered from her terrible experiences. Failing health compelled her to give up the work in 1906. Later she returned to her native land, with James Moyes, whom she had married in 1905, and there she died in 1908.

The death of a missionary was always deeply felt by Mr. McLean. When word came that Dr. Zenas S. Loftis, a young physician of special promise, had died only a month after the close of the long and perilous journey which had taken him to Tibet for the reenforcement of the hard pressed workers there, he was especially moved. He expressed a little of this profound feeling by devoting a chapter to him in his book, *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions,* as well as by writing the following letter to the mother of Dr. Loftis.

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 16, 1909.

Mrs. N. E. Noble,
Rogers, Texas

My dear Madam:

If I am correctly informed you are the mother of Dr. Z. S. Loftis. It is on this assumption that I am writing to you at this time. I deeply regret that I am the bearer of evil tidings, or what may appear for the moment to be such.

A cablegram informs us that Dr. Loftis died of smallpox and typhus. There are no details. It is evident that he reached his destination before the end came. He passed out into the life that is life indeed surrounded by friends who had long looked and waited for his coming. They are disconsolate; so are we.

We know how you must feel. Our sympathies go out to you and to all who are near and dear to you. We would commend you to God and to the word of his grace which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all of them that are sanctified by faith in Christ Jesus.

Dr. Loftis did what he could. He gave his life and his all for the most difficult station in the world. All the way along he wrote of his joy in the service of the King. His consecration will be a perpetual challenge to hundreds of others to awake and do the best that is in them. He has not lived or died in vain.

We pray the God of all comfort and grace to deal kindly with you and all dear to you in this time of sore trial.

Your son left an insurance policy with us. It is payable to you. Certain certificates must be produced before the policy can be paid.

Most truly your brother in sorrow,

A. McLean.

An event of far-reaching importance that engrossed Mr. McLean in the Centennial year was the establishment of Nanking University in China, by the combination of Union Christian College and the Methodist College. In the formation of this the Disciples of Christ, the Methodists and the Presbyterians participated. In the previous year the Bible College had been inaugurated, out of which grew the Nanking School of Theology in which five missions cooperate, with the patronage of four others. From the beginning Mr. McLean was a member of the executive committee of the University of Nanking, which holds a charter from the State of New York and has its degrees conferred by the Regents of the University of New York.

In 1910 Mr. McLean attended the World Missionary Conference. Reporting it in the *Missionary Intelligencer*, he said:

The conference was held in Edinburgh, June 14 to 24. The Assembly Hall stands on a mound where once pagan sacrifices were offered. The Galilean has conquered and is conquering. The delegates represented one hundred and sixty missionary organizations. All Christian nations and almost all mission fields were represented. All wings of Protestantism, from the High Churchmen who call themselves Anglo-Catholics, to the Plymouth Brethren, sent delegates to the

conference. The hope that in future conferences the Catholic and Greek churches would participate was expressed by some of the speakers. Only then could a conference call itself "ecumenical."

The reports and discussions made it apparent that the church never before faced such a combination of opportunities among both cultured and primitive peoples as now. This fact calls for a great enlargement of effort on the part of the churches. Our God is going before his people and is calling upon them to enter the doors he is opening. This providential opening of doors closed for centuries creates a new responsibility. Men in sufficient numbers and the ablest men should be sent out without delay.

Though this was a missionary conference, the one note that was sounded most frequently was the need of union. Nearly every speaker alluded to the loss incurred by our unhappy divisions. Missionaries from the fields begged the churches at home not to attempt to hinder the answering of our Lord's prayer for the oneness of his followers. To one group of delegates this was "an old familiar strain." The cause of union was mightily helped by this conference. Lord Balfour expressed regret that there were so many missionary organizations in existence. At the same time he was thankful that if we are separated in some respects we are drawing together now as never before in the prosecution of the enterprise in which we are all interested. Dr. Mott gave expression to his conviction that if all the forces on the field could be united in heart and soul that would be equal in effect to the doubling of the missionary staff.

While all were in favor of union, nothing in the way of a program was suggested. The need of union was emphasized; but nothing was said as to any practical measure looking to union. Nearly all the speakers felt that their convictions must be safeguarded. One man said that our convictions were not a standard of right or truth; often our convictions were nothing more than crystallized prejudices. Any convictions that stand in the way of the answer to our Lord's prayer for unity should be examined at the foot of the cross. The Edinburgh conference was possible because it was agreed that certain matters should not be discussed. At the next conference it is hoped that the differences will be frankly faced. Until that is done union is postponed.

The greatest thing about the Edinburgh conference was the conference itself. The reports of the commissions are great documents. Many of the delegates are men prominent in state and church, in business and literature, in all walks of life. Many memorable things were said by the speakers. But that which those who were present will remember longest will be the conference itself. That was a sublime spectacle. No wonder the Archbishop of Canterbury was moved to say that it had no parallel in this or in other lands, and to express the hope that there were some standing there who would not taste death till they saw the Kingdom of God coming with power.

In closing his account of the meeting he speaks of the gracious hospitality which he and Mr. and Mrs. Hensey of Africa, enjoyed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Nimmo, their daughter Margaret and son Adam.

J. M. Philputt of Eureka, Illinois, tells the following interesting story of Mr. McLean and the conference.

It was my privilege to be one of the delegates to the great Edinburgh missionary conference in 1910. There were about twenty Disciples, I think, and we were entertained in palatial homes convenient to the sessions of the conference. There is a small church of the Disciples out in the suburbs of the city, and Brother McLean went out there every evening and spent the night in the humble home of an elder of the church. I said to him, "Brother McLean, why do you go away out there for entertainment, at such inconvenience to yourself?" "Oh," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it may help the church."

On Sunday morning, when the rest of us were hearing the bishops and archbishops, the great nabobs of the conference speak, Brother McLean went out and worshiped with that little church. And that evening he arranged a special meeting out there and carried all the Disciples away from the conference out to that little chapel. He asked a half dozen of us to speak briefly and we had a great love-feast.

Undoubtedly the little church was cheered and comforted by our visit. But the best thing of the evening was to witness

Brother McLean's joy in the consciousness that perhaps he was giving strength to the little church. His soul bubbled over with a gracious optimism, which put heart into everybody. And I think the spiritual temperature in the little chapel that night was probably higher than in any of the sessions of the great conference over in the city.

This incident was characteristic of Brother McLean. It shows how his heart went out to "our people" everywhere. To him they were always first; and he rejoiced in every opportunity to sacrifice his own comfort and convenience if he thought that thereby he could "help the brethren."

Dr. Mary T. McGavran of India recalled that during the conference Mr. McLean was with her brother John G. and family several times. A daughter, Joy, was just three years old and very shy, due partly to her lonely life at Bilaspur and also to the fact that she was not well when they left India. On the Atlantic she was telling her mother something that Mr. McLean did, but could not remember his name. Mrs. McGavran guessed several times, but she said, "No, mother, no, mother." At last, her eyes all alight, she said, "It was the man that loved me and that I loved."

On Mr. McLean's return from Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Rains went on a tour of a year to all the fields of the society except Tibet and Africa. They included Australia in their itinerary which ended with the convention at Portland, Oregon, in July, 1911. When Mr. Rains reached the convention his health was manifestly broken but he spoke with his accustomed power, giving a fascinating and statesmanlike view of the fields visited.

After his return from the Edinburgh conference Mr. McLean wrote both to England and to Australia urging the fullest possible cooperation of the Disciples of Christ throughout the world in all their missionary activities. He felt strongly that this was a fundamental and practical step in Christian union. The

visit of Mr. and Mrs. Rains to Australia looked in the same direction.

About this time Mr. McLean published in *The Christian-Evangelist*, under the title "The Foreign Society's Needs," a detailed statement of the workers needed in the various fields. The opening and closing paragraphs set forth his convictions on the primacy of the missionary calling.

> The most pressing need of the Foreign Society is the need of qualified workers. It is not easy to get money but it is easier to get money than workers of the right kind. The fields need statesmanship, generalship and scholarship, as well as goodness and evangelistic activity. The very best the church and schools can furnish—broad-minded, big-hearted, level-headed men and women are needed.
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> The educated young men of our time should know that the career of a missionary in any field offers the amplest scope for the highest gifts. As has been truly said, it is a career which may well captivate any young man of spirit, which will give him the fullest outlet for all his powers and which will satisfy his best ambitions. There is no other field in the world today where a young man's life will count for so much.
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> An expedition is being planned to start for the Antarctic regions next year. The leader has received 4,800 offers of service from men eager to join the expedition. Among the applicants are sixteen peers, one of whom said in his letter that he is willing to act as assistant to the cook if there is nothing better for him to do. It is only a few months since Captain Scott and his associates perished in those frozen regions. But that fact does not daunt the ambitious youth of England. Why should not men be forthcoming for the mission fields, where prizes far more splendid are to be won?

While Mr. McLean was on the Pacific Coast for the international convention of 1911, he attended the state conventions of that region, each of which received him as a real prophet of God. At the Northern California convention in Santa Cruz, he preached the opening sermon and then gave his usual close attention to

every other item of the program. Just before the close of the convention the delegates presented him a handsome gold watch as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by the churches represented there. This action came as a complete and embarrassing surprise and he always cherished the gift with fond appreciation.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY RALLIES

FIGHTING "HEATHENISM AT HOME"—MC LEAN AND RAINS DESCRIBE THE RALLIES—PLAN AND TEAM FOR RALLIES—SERIES OF 1907—MISS FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCES—"HAVING THE BEST TIME ON EARTH"—SEVEN THINGS THE RALLIES OF 1905 SHOWED MC LEAN.

THE great conflict of Mr. McLean's life, waged year after year from the time he was elected secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in 1882 until his breath ceased in 1920, was against the ignorance and indifference of Christian people in regard to the supreme task of the church of Christ. In private conversation and in public address, in personal correspondence and through the printed page he was continually engaged in this unrelenting warfare. One of the most common excuses for neglecting foreign missions was, "We have too many heathen at home to be sending missionaries abroad." This very attitude was the "heathenism at home" which he fought as relentlessly as the missionaries assailed the heathenism abroad.

Since national and state conventions and regular Sunday services in the churches did not afford sufficient opportunities for addressing a million people scattered over a continent, Mr. McLean invented and developed the missionary rally to multiply contacts and to reach the people. Concerning it he wrote in the *Missionary Intelligencer* in 1905:

> The Foreign Missionary Society is arranging for a series of rallies to be held in different parts of the country. It would

be a good thing if the entire country could be covered; but with the present staff of agents this is impossible. These rallies are planned so as not to interfere with any other services. They begin at ten in the morning and close at four in the afternoon. If there is a revival in progress, the rally will help it, and the revival in turn will help the rally. The aim of a foreign missionary rally is to impart information with a view to the creation of interest and enthusiasm. No collections are taken. No pledges are solicited. Very little is said about money. It is believed that if the people know the place the missionary enterprise has in the thought and purpose of God, and if they know the nature and scope of the work being done, the money will be forthcoming. * * * In many lives a missionary rally has marked an epoch. A rally is a national convention in miniature. * * * At some rallies as many as a thousand people have been present. Some came a hundred miles to assist. * * * More than one church, after such a service, and largely because of it, decided to support a missionary on the field.

After the rallies of that year, Mr. Rains made the following statement in the March number of the *Intelligencer:*

During January, President A. McLean made one of the most remarkable campaigns in our history. He conducted twenty-one missionary rallies in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. Besides, he spoke to different churches between rallies. A vast amount of missionary literature was distributed. He sold 271 first-class missionary books besides a number of missionary maps, and also took a large number of subscriptions to the *Missionary Intelligencer.* His great speeches and unconquerable leadership are an inspiration to all who come under his influence. Many believe him to be one of the strongest missionary advocates in modern times. To this cause he has unreservedly devoted his life. Under his incomparable leadership and wise judgment the Foreign Society has grown to be a world power. His faith and hope and courage and industry are a constant challenge to a larger and purer life. In a convention, before a number of students or in a missionary rally he has no superior and few equals.

Usually he took with him one of the missionaries who could give first-hand reports of the conditions on his field and the progress that had been made there. Mr. McLean opened each rally with an inimitable exposition of some great Scripture passage and a prayer that lifted the conference, whether large or small, into the very throne-room of the Most High. Usually representatives of neighboring churches attended the rally and several of the ministers made brief addresses on topics previously assigned. To make the presentation of conditions on the foreign fields more real Mr. McLean carried a rare collection of curios in a green bag. There was a little bronze Buddha from Japan; an ancestral tablet from China; a string of prayer beads from India; a fetish from Africa; a long steel probe used by the Chinese to pierce the body and release the evil spirit which had caused disease; poisoned arrows and war knives from Africa; tiny silken shoes from the bound feet of Chinese women; bells used by the idol-worshipers to awaken their gods; prayer wheels from Tibet and other objects that illustrated in a forcible way the necessity for foreign missions.

His rule was to have another companion beside the missionary as a regular speaker in as many rallies as possible. He held those accompanying him to standardized addresses which experience had proved most effective. Some of his own addresses were also uniform. But the opening Scripture with its exposition and the accompanying prayer were different every day. The richness of these opening devotions so impressed those who attended the rallies, and especially those who went with him through a number of them, that they prevailed upon him to publish some of them, which he did under the title *Where the Book Speaks.*

In the winter of 1907 David Rioch, missionary on

furlough from India, was one of his comrades for the rallies. He chose me for the other because I was Centennial secretary, and would thus have a chance to interest many people in the Centennial aims. A mere list of the places at which we held rallies is impressive when the distance between these points is noted, and particularly when it is known that the team carried not only books and other printed matter to distribute and sell, but also maps and charts to display. The following items are taken from my notes of the rallies.

Monday, January 7, 1907, Bluefield, West Virginia. Mr. McLean insisted on taking the lead in putting up the maps and charts. We wanted to relieve him of this care but he would not permit us to be more than assistants. (We marveled at his dexterity, not knowing until after his death about his six years manual training and experience as a carriage maker.) This is a railroad division point and many of the church members are railroad men. The rapid increase of its missionary offerings in recent years is explained by the fact that in 1897 an engineer and his wife, having a pass, decided to take their vacation by attending the national convention in Indianapolis. They were not concerned about missions but had heard and read of some of the men whose names appeared on the program and wished to see and hear them. But they returned with all the printed matter they could carry and immediately began agitating the question of missions in the church, with the result that missionary offerings increased rapidly year after year.

Tuesday, January 8, Roanoke, Virginia.

Wednesday, January 9, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Dr. Lilly, of the Presbyterian church, attended and took part in the rally and invited us to his midweek service which is a great mission study class with nearly as many of the church members present as at the Sunday services. We saw with interest the Moravian church, college and cemetery in Salem, their original headquarters in America.

Thursday, January 10, Danville, Virginia.

Friday and Saturday, January 11, 12, Lynchburg, Virginia, and Virginia Christian College. Saturday evening we reached Richmond two hours late and without any evening

meal. Mr. McLean relieved the tedium of the delay with anecdotes and stories and was greatly amused at Rioch's insistence that there was no point to certain of them.

Sunday and Monday, January 13, 14, Richmond, Virginia. We occupied the pulpits of the churches Sunday morning and evening and held the rally in the Seventh Street Church Monday.

Tuesday, January 15, Norfolk, Virginia.

Wednesday, January 16, Washington, D. C.

Thursday, January 17, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Friday, January 18, Baltimore, Maryland.

Sunday and Monday, January 20, 21. Pulpits in New York, Brooklyn and East Orange, New Jersey, occupied on Sunday, and rally at the Central Church on Monday. Between times we called on W. M. Hollinger, the Fifth Avenue photographer, whose rule was to make a negative of Mr. McLean whenever he could get hold of him. For good measure he took his comrades also on this occasion.

Tuesday, January 22, Philadelphia.

Wednesday, January 23, Troy, New York.

Thursday, January 24, Syracuse, New York. Sixteen degrees below zero.

Friday, January 25, Wellsville, New York.

Saturday, January 26. A memorable day on the Buffalo and Susquehanna R. R.—8:15 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.—Wellsville to Blaisdell where we took a trolley car five miles to Buffalo. The country was completely covered with a heavy snow. The weather was clear but cold. The train was a local freight with one passenger coach attached and seemed to have great difficulty in making any headway whatever. Of course there was nothing to eat on the train which was due in Buffalo before noon, and it was not possible to secure anything at the few snow-bound stations which we passed.

Sunday and Monday, January 27, 28. Niagara Falls and Buffalo, New York.

Tuesday, January 29, Youngstown, Ohio. We arrived at daylight. Just as we were leaving the station we met some men driving a number of hogs. Mr. McLean had been to Battle Creek often enough to acquire a perfectly Jewish abhorrence of pork in any form. In most of the churches where the rallies were held the culinary facilities were limited and the ladies who graciously provided luncheon served cold

boiled ham as the most convenient and acceptable meat for such an occasion. Mr. McLean appreciated their hospitality but at the same time did not abate in the least his dislike of ham. Meeting the porkers this bitter winter morning, he turned to Mr. Rioch and said, "David, do you suppose they are going to the rally?"

Wednesday, January 30, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Thursday, January 31, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Friday, February 1, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

Sunday and Monday, February 3 and 4, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tuesday, February 5, Wheeling, West Virginia. Some of the professors and many of the students of Bethany College were present. These as well as some of the local people took great interest in the call for tithers. All present were asked to stand and sing, *Am I a Soldier of the Cross?* During the singing those who were willing to consecrate at least a tenth of their income to the support of the church and the world-wide advancement of the Kingdom of God were asked to come forward and sign cards to that effect. Sixty did so. Mr. McLean declared it was one of the greatest revivals he had ever witnessed.

Wednesday, February 6, Uhrichsville, Ohio. Home talent conducted the rally during the forenoon while a derailed freight train delayed the team. The afternoon meeting was held as usual, Mr. McLean curtailing his own time that the others might have full opportunity to present their messages. After the rally he went to Cincinnati for a meeting of the executive committee, and we went on to Akron feeling like orphans without him.

Thursday, February 7, Akron, Ohio. F. M. Rains came up from Cincinnati to take charge of the rally. Men's missionary banquet at night attended by two hundred. It was unanimously decided to raise at least $1,000 March 3rd.

Friday, February 8, Mansfield, Ohio.

The feelings which Mr. McLean's team-mates expressed when he left them at this time others voiced whenever he was obliged to be absent for even a day. Miss Josepha Franklin of India was in the rallies for a while in the winter of 1907-08. She says:

In 1907 and 1908 when home on my second furlough, I accompanied Mr. McLean to the missionary rallies held in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Before that time I knew how much he was loved and respected by the missionaries, but had no idea of how he was loved by the brotherhood as a whole. During a meeting he had only to stand up to cause a smile of affection, interest and appreciation to pass over the audience. At the close of a rally he usually tried to sell the books we carried about with us. Once he halted a crowd just about to leave the house, by saying, "Now, brethren, don't make me think I have been speaking in an asylum for the feeble-minded." In this particular party there was one missionary from Africa and one from Japan, besides local workers, Mr. McLean and myself. When we entered our first hotel, we put our home addresses on the register. Mr. McLean told us that was no way to advertise, but always to write our mission address, otherwise we might be taken for *ordinary* people. In the next town, therefore, we wrote our mission addresses, and we had only to enter the lobby or dining room to find all eyes focused on us. As a consequence, from that time on, we usually had a missionary rally wherever we sat down, even on the trains and interurbans. We foreign missionaries got so much attention that we imagined we were the soul of the rallies.

I paid little attention to the management of the meetings—in fact did not know that they were managed, and spoke when my turn came and afterward looked for a corner in which I might sleep unobserved while others were speaking. One day, however, we arrived at a big Indiana town with a big live church. Mr. McLean, for some reason, could not attend, although he was on the program. Everyone asked about him and was greatly disappointed. Everything went wrong that day. None of us seemed to get attention. When the rally was over, an old brother remarked, "It does not seem like a rally without A. McLean."

For the latter half of the winter of 1908, Mr. McLean asked me to join him and Clifford S. Weaver in a schedule of rallies that swept Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas, and closed with a meeting of record-breaking attendance at Jop-

lin, Missouri. The itinerary included five colleges: Drake, Cotner, Phillips, Carlton and Texas Christian.

There was a particularly impressive meeting in the East Dallas Church, which was then occupying a rough board tabernacle and had no pastor. Above the pulpit the members had a map of the world with a red cord reaching from Dallas to Damoh, India, where Dr. Minnie (Mrs. David) Rioch, their living link missionary, labored. The congregation was made up almost entirely of Christian Endeavorers, most of whom were tithers. They might have considered their own circumstances too forlorn to permit any thought for others, but instead they faithfully kept up their missionary offerings. Their marvelous growth has exemplified the divine word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

After the rallies of this year, which covered an unusually long stretch of both time and territory, with two teams, he wrote: "I have made no sacrifices. I have been having the best time on earth. Every day I am meeting the real aristocracy of the world. Every day I have fellowship with the missionaries who are the greatest heroes and heroines of the world."

An illustration of the hospitality that awaited Mr. McLean in many places and of his frank reliance upon it is found in a story related by Mrs. H. Gerould of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. McLean and John G. McGavran reached her home at 8:30 one evening. When she asked them whether they had eaten supper, they answered in surprise, "Did you not get our telegram?" They could scarcely explain before the message was delivered. It read, "McGavran and I will arrive at 8:30, awfully hungry." Of course they had their supper, though the maid, who belonged to another church but greatly admired Mr. McLean, was distressed that she could not give him his customary glass of milk.

Since Mr. McLean spent more time and energy in missionary rallies than in any other form of service, his own account of the rallies as published in *The Christian-Evangelist,* March 23, 1905, will be read with interest. That year's series was typical of his campaigns from year to year. Among other things it will be noted that his team-mates were changed several times.

For three months I have been out among the churches in the interest of the March offering for foreign missions. S. J. Corey of New York, was with me for one month, Cecil J. Armstrong of Winchester, Kentucky, for nearly three weeks, Professor G. A. Peckham of Hiram, and J. L. Garvin of Youngstown, Ohio, were with me a considerable portion of the time. These men were heard with delight. Their addresses will bear fruit in all time to come.

A rally is unlike any other service. It is a council of war. There is no thought of amusement or entertainment. There is no applause. The people come together to think, to speak, to hear, to pray and to sing about world-wide evangelism. All the powers of mind and heart are concentrated for the day on this single topic. Information is given in the hope that it will generate interest and enthusiasm, and interest and enthusiasm are generated in the hope that they will lead to more numerous and liberal offerings.

While on this campaign several things were suggested to my mind.

First. It is as plain as daylight that the missionary spirit is extending itself in ever-widening and in ever-deepening circles. Such rallies as were held this year could not have been held ten years ago. Then there were not so many men able to speak intelligently on the subject. Then the missionary atmosphere was lacking in the churches. Then the people would not attend. The interest in missions is now much stronger than it was then. It is no exaggeration to say that in hundreds of churches there is an earnest desire to support a missionary. It is almost certain that before the present decade closes hundreds of churches will be doing this. The living link idea is gaining ground every day. It haunted some church officials so that they could not sleep.

Second. The people are hungry for missionary information. There was the closest attention to every speaker who had a message to deliver. If a man should attempt to give an address that did not cost him anything, or a liberal section from an old sermon that had nothing pertaining to the subject in hand in it, and that had not even been warmed over, it is likely that the interest would flag perceptibly. But one who had made careful preparation and had a message that stirred his own heart was sure of the most appreciative hearing; his audience drank down his words as a thirsty ox drinks water. It was curious to see how they listened to a man who had been at the front of the battle and knew, as others could not, the truth of what he affirmed. He left them in tears.

Third. The campaign reveals the power of the preacher. Wherever a man wanted a great service and worked for it, he had it. There was no exception. In not a single instance was the program carried out exactly as it was planned. Lovers were inconsiderate enough to plan for their wedding on the very day set for the rally, and it was necessary for the preacher to remain at home. Others sickened and died and that interfered with the service. In some cases half or more than half of the speakers did not appear. In spite of all interferences, when the preacher in whose church the rally was held exerted himself to the utmost, the attendance of both speakers and people was most gratifying. His enthusiasm was contagious and affected those near and far. So it came to pass that many of the rallies were as largely attended as a state convention and were quite as enjoyable and quite as helpful. When the services were eminently successful the lion's share of the honor belonged to the men who acted as hosts.

Fourth. Many strong churches have yet to learn to give on a scale worthy of their numbers and resources. They are timid and afraid to venture in faith. Some churches of a thousand or more members think they cannot support a missionary. They are abundantly able to support two or three. They could do that easily if they were willing to undertake it. They make much of their current expenses. They have to pay the minister and the organist and the chorister and the janitor. The difficulty is in getting the consent of their own minds to attempt some large thing. They do not appear to

have learned that it is far easier to do a handsome thing than it is to do a petty thing. More persons respond and they respond more liberally and they feel more self-respect and more joy when it is done. Most of the churches have yet to learn what it is to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings.

Fifth. Many do not understand what the rally is. Men and women will leave home to attend a state or national convention and think nothing of it. These same people do not even think it worth while to attend a service of equal value at their doors. They do not spend even an hour at the rally. It will be different as time goes on. They will get to know that they cannot afford not to attend such services. Lovers will understand that the rally has the right of way and will arrange their weddings so as not to conflict. Every speaker who is necessarily detained will endeavor to send a substitute so that the program may be symmetrical and complete. No one who accepts a duty on the program will fail to appear except for a sufficient reason.

Sixth. No one who is acquainted with our churches can fail to feel that we are living in the roseate dawn of a better day. The signs of prosperity and promise are numerous and unmistakable. Better houses of worship are being provided. The minister is better equipped. The people are more hopeful. They are thinking and planning for larger things. The churches are becoming aware of their power and of their opportunity. Like young Samson when the spirit of the Lord moved upon him, they are coming to feel equal to any task to which they are called.

Seventh. If the preachers will stand together they can do anything. They can have a great rally anywhere. They can enlist thousands of churches that have never as yet done anything for this cause. The power in their hands is all but unlimited. If the six thousand men who preach the gospel were all cooperating there would be at least one contributor in every church. There are those who would place liberal offerings beside the liberal offering of their minister. It is example that counts. Self-sacrifice in the pulpit is sure to call out self-sacrifice in the pews.

CHAPTER XV

"DON'T FORGET THE BOOKS"

W. H. HANNA GETS A MOTTO—"WHERE THE BOOK SPEAKS"—"HAND BOOK OF MISSIONS"—"EPOCH MAKERS OF MODERN MISSIONS"—PRESIDENT PAUL'S ESTIMATE OF TWO MC LEAN BOOKS—"HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN SOCIETY"—"THE PRIMACY OF THE MISSIONARY"—A TRACT, "DOUBLING THE PREACHER'S POWER"—BREADTH OF MC LEAN'S READING—HIS LIBRARY—BOOK-TALK WITH THE GRAYS—METHOD OF STUDY—"INTERCESSORY PRAYER."

W. H. HANNA, a missionary in the Philippine Islands from 1901 to 1922, fairly represents the feeling of all Mr. McLean's comrades in the missionary rallies, when he writes:

It was a joy to be with him on the missionary rallies. To hear his ever-fresh expositions of the Word was worth more than months in a theological seminary. He never allowed us to miss a train, nor to be late for a service. Brother McLean always insisted on his right to climb the stepladders and help put up the charts and maps on the walls of the churches. It was exceedingly difficult for him to conceal his impatience, not to say his disgust, with the brethren who showed themselves utterly indifferent to the missionary literature that we carried for inspection and sale. He sometimes assured them that it would not bite them.

On my last furlough, I had been detailed to be a leader in a series of rallies in the company of C. F. McCall of Japan and C. P. Hedges of Africa. Our last rally was at the Central Church in Cincinnati. The entire office force (of the Foreign Society) came to the rally. As we neared the close of the rally Brother McLean began to fear that we were going to forget to speak about the literature, and called out, "Don't forget the books." I look upon that as his legacy of exhortation to the brotherhood of Disciples,—"Don't forget the books." He knew, and we know, that if people read mission-

ary literature they will be informed and then will come inspiration to pray for missions and to give and to go out into the missionary field.

All that Mr. Hanna has said, and much more, is true of Mr. McLean's high regard for missionary books, but as Mr. Hanna intimates, this regard was not limited to missionary books but covered the whole range of literature. As a practical measure for advancing the missionary cause he did everything in his power to increase the reading of his brethren. As much as possible of his own work he put into permanent book form. He realized that only a few could hear him speak, and they for only a few minutes, and that even such a meager presentation of the great cause which he represented would be forgotten largely by most of those who heard. On the other hand, he could put two dozen addresses into a book and send them at small expense to the least accessible points, and to the greatest distances, and thus reach thousands instead of tens. Those who secured the book would have a permanent possession to read and re-read and to hand around to friends, and even to pass on to succeeding generations.

I have mentioned *Missionary Addresses,* published in 1895, and *A Circuit of the Globe,* in 1896, and also the little Campbell books. He published *Where the Book Speaks* in 1907. It is a series of expositions of great passages from the Bible which he gave in the missionary rallies. He brought out this book in deference to the demand of those who attended the rallies and especially of those who accompanied him and enjoyed the entire series. It has not only been widely read among his own people but has been made a textbook by other communions and in other lands.

When the Christian Endeavor movement was at the height of its pristine vigor J. Z. Tyler, one of its na-

tional trustees, added to his superabundant labors as a city pastor the office and field work of national superintendent of Christian Endeavor for the Disciples of Christ. In conjunction with F. D. Power and H. L. Willett, two other overworked leaders of the day, he promoted the Bethany Christian Endeavor Reading Course, for which Mr. McLean prepared a *Hand Book of Missions* that was packed with condensed, comprehensive and attractive information on the subject.

When the Christian Woman's Board of Missions established the College of Missions at Indianapolis, as one of its chief Centennial enterprises, Mr. McLean became one of its earliest and most devoted and helpful friends. He gave an address at the laying of the corner stone, and also at the dedication of the building in 1910, served as a trustee and in every way took an increasing interest in everything pertaining to the school. His *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions,* published in 1912, bears the imprint, "College of Missions Lectureship, Series One," and "Dedicated to President Charles T. Paul and Dr. Harry C. Hurd, both of the College of Missions, Indianapolis, Indiana." The book was a course of lectures delivered to the teachers and students in the spring of that year. Soon after the book appeared, President Charles T. Paul wrote in *The Christian-Evangelist:*

> Are the Disciples of Christ aware of the great service rendered by the president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in these two books? *(Where the Book Speaks* and *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions).* He has made available in brief scope and attractive form, for the student, the mission study class, the pastor and the general reader, not only of our own communion but of English-speaking Christendom, the foundation principles and actual processes of the whole work of modern missions. It is doubtful whether a better introduction to the rapidly emerging "Science of Missions" is anywhere to be found. One who studies and masters these

volumes will find himself enriched by a threefold knowledge: (1) Of the essential missionary teachings of the Old and New Testaments; (2) of the main facts in the history of Christian expansion during the past hundred and fifty years; and (3) of the personality and career of almost a score of the outstanding Christian pioneers in non-Christian lands.

In *Epoch Makers,* the ardent soul of Archibald McLean is poured out in untrammeled flow. Here he is freer even, and less formally didactic than in *Where the Book Speaks.* Here the spontaneous eloquence of simplicity and personality gushes forth in crystal stream to find and refresh the reader's heart. There is no superficial or ornate rhetoric. Great lives and great achievements are made to speak for themselves by one who is kin with them in motive and in deed.

The subjects of the sixteen addresses are:

I. Henry Martyn
II. Adoniram Judson, Jesus Christ's Man
III. William Carey
IV. Christian Frederick Swartz
V. Robert Morrison, the Apostle of China
VI. Robert Moffat
VII. David Livingstone
VIII. John Williams
IX. John Coleridge Patteson
X. John Hunt
XI. Alexander Duff
XII. James Chalmers, the Apostle of the Papuan Gulf
XIII. James Evans, the Apostle of the North
XIV. Guido Fridolin Verbeck
XV. Horace Tracy Pitkin
XVI. Zenas Sanford Loftis

A second series of lectures was in progress which was to have been published in the same form. Five of these he had delivered, two on *The Uganda Mission,* two on *John Geddie, the Apostle of the New Hebrides,* and one on *Samuel John Mills.*

In 1919 he published *The History of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society,* a volume of 444 pages, illustrated with numerous photographs of missionaries

and their work, and of the representatives of the church at home who made the work possible. He wrote from personal knowledge of the society's entire course, having been present when it was organized at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1875 and having served as secretary or president from 1882 until it was merged into the United Christian Missionary Society. While his name seldom appears in the book and the first personal pronoun never, the book is in an extraordinary degree an autobiography, so close was his identification with the society from first to last.

The *History* is not only comprehensive and authoritative but it is illuminating and interesting. It shows the inception and the expansion of the work on each of the fields occupied by the society and the development of the missionary conscience among the churches at home. There is a frank record of the opposition encountered in the beginning and the slowness of growth that allowed seven years to pass after the organization of the society before the first missionaries entered a non-Christian field. While he records these facts without apology, he presents the reports of rapid growth in later years without boasting or even exultation. Through the first humiliating period he was confident that the way of the Lord would finally prevail; through the last gratifying years he was aware that only a fraction of what should be done had yet been undertaken.

In 1920 another volume of great missionary addresses appeared under the name of *The Primacy of the Missionary.* Twenty-five years had elapsed since his first volume was published. In that quarter of a century more progress was made in foreign missions than in the whole stretch of centuries from the days of the apostles to the launching of the Student Volunteer Movement. Certain of these twenty-two ad-

—*Mrs. Ida Linder, Palmyra, Illinois*

ARCHIBALD McLEAN

One of his latest and most popular photographs.

dresses report with joy somewhat of this progress, but most of them follow the course of the earlier book in dealing with the great fundamental basis of missionary activity; the eternal principles of the divine command which neither philosophy can abrogate nor success enlarge.

Like the earlier addresses, and indeed like all of the sermons that he preached at Mt. Healthy, these are saturated with Scripture truths presented in the exact words of the Book. At the end of the volume is the benediction: "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory forever and ever."

Most widely circulated of all that Mr. McLean wrote was the tract entitled *Doubling the Preacher's Power.* This was issued first in 1902, and has been in demand ever since for distribution in churches and especially among the members of official boards. Like nearly all of his missionary addresses it seems as fresh and timely today as when it first appeared and is wielding a profound influence in magnifying the ministry and so magnifying the church and the gospel which both minister and church are set to promulgate.

His missionary passion was grounded primarily in his familiarity with the Word of God, and in his unqualified acceptance of it as the absolute rule of his life. It was natural therefore that he should take a deep interest in devotional literature, in the lives of the martyrs and saints who have lived closest to God, and in every sort of book that would assist in what the medieval Brother Lawrence called "the practice of the presence of God." He showed his high esteem of such works by presenting to his friends more copies of them than even of missionary books.

His interest did not stop with books that related directly to his calling. With Terence he held, "I am a

man, and I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity." The whole range of juvenile classics was covered year after year in his Christmas presents to his little friends. Dining one Sunday in 1891 at the home of J. M. Appleton, then an elder of the Central Church in Dayton, Ohio, in which he had just preached one of his greatest missionary sermons, some one spoke lightly of *Society as I Have Found It*, by Ward McAllister, the arbiter of fashion in New York, and the man who was credited with making out the list of the famous "400." Mr. McLean amazed the company by declaring, "There are some good things in that book. I have read it." A little later the conversation drifted around to Mark Twain's works. He was familiar with them all. Finally he remarked dryly, "Mark Twain's *Scrap Book* is the best thing he ever did." Mr. Appleton, a confirmed lover of the great Missourian, exclaimed, "I never read that," to the amusement of those who happened to be familiar with the patented scrapbook with gummed leaves to which clippings could be attached by merely moistening them.

Any visitor whom Mr. McLean honored with an invitation to his Cincinnati home needed only to step inside the door to realize that he was in the den of a booklover. The walls were lined with shelves from the floor to the ceiling. Books and magazines were piled up on his desk until he was obliged to do his writing on the drop leaf of his armchair. Books were stacked up on the mantel and on the chairs, and overflowed from all possible receptacles onto the floor. There seemed to be no system or order in their placing; there were no numbers on them and no catalogue of them, but it is a matter of record that he knew the precise location of every one. Again and again, when he was away from home, he has written back asking that a certain volume be sent to him, telling exactly

where it could be found. He had no bookplate and in only two or three of the volumes had he written his name.

His selection of books covered the entire range of human thought. It was not predominantly a missionary library. Rather it should be said that he did not keep many missionary books, but after securing what was in them passed them on to others. It was a preacher's library formed around a body of commentaries, Bible dictionaries and standard theological works. There was a good representation of the classics of all ages and all lands with the great poets in the chief place. It was especially rich in biographies. One day he handed Thayer's two-volume *Life of John Hay* to Mr. Burnham with the observation, "My friend, open that book and it will read itself."

Among his most intimate friends were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Gray. To begin with, they were also Scotch Canadians, and then Mr. Gray's eight years as minister of the Mt. Healthy Church gave them another point of contact. The friendship thus formed they continued by correspondence and by his occasional visits to Eureka College, after Mr. Gray became a professor in that institution. Mrs. Gray says that when she first met Mr. McLean at Dr. Kilgour's College Hill home in 1896, he had just been reading Amiel's *Journal,* as she had also, and thus they found at once a common topic of conversation. In connection with his love of books, she says:

> It was astonishing how widely he read for such a busy man. When we were with the Mt. Healthy Church, he preached one of the most soul-searching sermons on the effects of sin, the inspiration being Balzac's story, *The Wild Ass's Skin,* which he had just read. We had been given a copy of the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* in two large volumes. He was the first of our friends to read it and appreciate it to the utmost as he also did the *Sonnets from the*

Portuguese. At another time he asked us for a copy of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, as we had two copies. As everyone knows, who knew him, he was a great lover of poetry and often lamented the fact that he had no time to keep up with the new poetry. One of the last times he was in our home, I called his attention to Robert Haven Schauffler's *The White Comrade,* one of the most beautiful of the war poems, and he greatly admired it. On the same visit, as we walked down the street together an evening star was bright in the western sky. He quoted,

> "Sunset and evening star
> And one clear call for me."

The following letter to the Grays deals with a suggestion which came frequently, that Mr. McLean should give more time to writing.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 2, 1913.

Dear Professor and Mrs. Gray:

The Lord reward you for your generous estimate of my book *(Epoch Makers of Modern Missions)* and for all your kindness to me. I have put a good deal of work on it and naturally wish it may be read and do good. The College of Missions is responsible for the publication. President Paul led in the matter. Now that you both like the book, I feel more confident about its merit than I did.

As to another book on the principles of missions, does it not seem to you that the Edinburgh conference report covers that field? That report was designed to treat of every phase of the subject. You and some other friends wish I had more time for writing. Perhaps that would be better; but I am not sure. The work needs to be pushed with all possible vigor. Missionary books are multiplying on all sides. My writing is a by-product. My literary work is done before the day begins or after it ends or on trains or in depots or in hotels or homes when I travel.

The idea of Professor Gray doing hack work for me is amusing. I feel sure he can spend his time more profitably in other ways. But I am grateful for the good will that inspired the offer.

Yesterday was a quiet day. I was in my rooms most of

the time. I went down town and did some work in the Rooms. I made no calls.

I wish you both and the children and Mrs. Trout and all dear to you the best year of all so far. The good Lord bless you with his wondrous grace.

Ever your friend,

A. McLean.

There were no idle hours in Mr. McLean's days, and he lost no time in trivial pursuits or in dawdling over his serious tasks. He rose at five, dressed quickly, read his Greek New Testament and prayed, and then read or wrote until breakfast. In Cincinnati he made it a rule to walk to the office and covered the distance in forty minutes at a brisk pace, always keeping a little in advance of his companion, and talking freely and cheerfully as they strode through the park, down the hillside and along the business streets. Morning and evening he bought a paper, usually from an old woman near the office. After a day at the office he was silent, took the Zoo-Eden car as quickly as possible and after reaching home read until dinner time. If there was a meeting at the church in the evening he would take the long walk again. Most of his other evenings he spent in his rooms in systematic study.

In preparing to write an address or in pursuing some subject that had appealed to him he would lay the books which he wished to consult on the floor, face downward, in a circle around his chair. Then he would consult and compare and make notes until he had compiled all the material he could utilize. From these notes he wrote with a pencil or pen, making but few changes or corrections. Next he copied the manuscript on his own typewriter, perhaps more to familiarize himself with its phrasing than to alter it. This draft, after another revision, he turned over to his stenographer to retype. Of many of his unpublished

addresses he had preserved all three of these drafts, but after a thing was published his custom was to destroy all copies of the manuscript. Evidently he felt that what is printed is printed rather than "what is written is written." Only rarely and on the most formal occasions did Mr. McLean ever read an address to his audience. Through long practice and great concentration he was able to deliver his message in almost the exact form in which he had written it.

His studies were not always in preparation for addresses or in the direct line of his work. Once he spent a month on the book of Revelation. Again he would take some theme and follow it through the Bible. During the World War he was not satisfied with newspaper and magazine reports, but got military books and made a careful study of the titanic conflict as it progressed. All the while his heart was wrung with distress over the millions of young men being sent into the work of destruction and over all the woes and wrongs that were involved in the struggle. Again and again he cried out, "Doesn't it seem that the race is morally bankrupt?" At the same time he appreciated and shared in all the idealism which the problems and demands of the war called forth. More clearly than ever before he saw missions as the "moral substitute for war" for which William James had asked. If only the instigators of the war had been moved by a passion for evangelizing the world instead of an ambition for conquering it!

In his later years, many of his friends urged Mr. McLean with increasing insistence to give his entire time to writing. His feeling on the subject he indicated by the reply he made to the Grays, as given above, and to Dr. S. M. Cook of Cygnet, Ohio. "I write all that is in me. If I wrote more it would be so diluted there would be nothing in it." His writings

were the natural outgrowth of his life and work. To sit apart and write for the sake of writing did not appeal to him at all. Always he was, and always he wanted to be, in the thick of the fight.

We know how the slowness of his people to recognize the primary place of missions in Christianity disappointed and distressed him. Doubtless their lack of interest in prayer grieved him still more deeply. Most of the things that he published his brethren accepted and many of them they even acclaimed, but on beyond us there lies his leaflet on *Intercessory Prayer* which the Men and Millions Movement circulated widely, without developing an insistent and popular demand. One of the most cheering things of his last year was that in the state conventions they asked such messages from him. So hungry were the people for them that he had to give one each day, and the states which enjoyed them in 1920, and others, had already asked for similar instruction, at the conventions of 1921, in the invisible things that are eternal. Happily there are perfect manuscripts of these later studies in the words and the ways of God.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MESSAGE OF THE MAN

THREE BOOKS WHICH SUM UP HIS MESSAGE—NOTABLE CHAPTERS IN "WHERE THE BOOK SPEAKS"—QUOTATIONS—"EPOCH MAKERS OF MODERN MISSIONS"—BROAD SYMPATHIES AND HIGH IDEALS—JESUS CHRIST'S MEN—"THE PRIMACY OF THE MISSIONARY"—FOUR THESES OF THE BOOK—THE MISSIONARY IDEA OUTSIDE OF MISSIONS—THE FINE ART OF HONESTY.

THREE books written by Archibald McLean present the message of the man in such a definite and comprehensive way that they call for more particular attention than the preceding chapter gave them. They are, *Where the Book Speaks*, *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions* and *The Primacy of the Missionary*. Setting these three apart does not minimize his other writings, but simply indicates that most of that which was essential and characteristic in them he has gathered up and presented more effectively in these. We could offer no other excuse for allowing *Missionary Addresses* to remain out of print. *A Circuit of the Globe* was, both in its origin and character, an extensive and effective piece of journalism. *The History of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society* is an authoritative record of events in which the writer was the chief actor, but its interest is necessarily restricted almost exclusively to one body of evangelical Christians. A similar limitation rests upon the two Campbell brochures while the *Hand Book* is further eliminated by its age. The three books, however, are both universal and ageless. Their reading should spread as Christianity increases and continue as long as heroism commands admiration.

Where the Book Speaks is addressed to all who accept the Bible as the Word of God and the New Testament in particular as their rule of faith and practice. Both the title and the constant appeal to the Scriptures are reminiscent of Thomas Campbell's memorable motto, "Where the Scriptures speak we speak, where the Scriptures are silent we are silent." The book is no mere marshaling of proof-texts, but a warm and glowing exposition of the very heart of God's revelation. The writer is not trying to prove a proposition but to unfold the divine plan of the ages, to enable the reader to "think God's thoughts after him." The volume is not an excursion in polemics which leaves one cold, whether convinced or not, but a walk to Emmaus which illumines the soul and turns the feet forever toward the City of God.

In *Where the Book Speaks* the reader may well begin with chapter XVIII, "Make Me a Little Cake First." (All three of these books should be read a chapter a day.) Whether he reads it first or eighteenth or last he will read it more than once. Next to it properly comes "A God That Loves Us." In these two chapters Archibald McLean has unconsciously and beautifully revealed his own missionary passion and spiritual idealism, while setting forth the two hemispheres of God's relation to his children. First, of course, comes God's love, and then inevitably our devotion to him. He exclaims, " 'A God that loves us!' No stranger or more joyful truth was ever heard in the lands of darkness. They have ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of gods, but in all that countless host there is not one that loves or cares for human beings." "In the Koran there are ninety-nine names for God, but father is not one of them." Of the human side of the relation he says, "A child of God is not to put his own claims first; he is to recognize the priority of God's claims. God is

not a beggar asking alms or the crumbs that fall from our tables." Referring to the tendency to magnify the local church above the world's redemption he writes, "The apostles evangelized the Roman empire without a choir or a pipe organ or even a church building." "The missionary enterprise is belittled and put on a wrong basis when Christian people are asked to save a nickel or a dime from their cigars or from their chewing gum or some other luxury." "Our Lord did not give that which did not cost him anything."

Other chapters present these central themes from other angles. It is difficult to say which is the principal facet of a diamond; even so each of these twenty-one chapters is fundamental. In the first chapter he declares, "His (Christ's) aims and purposes were not parochial or provincial or even national; they were universal. He was the original imperialist. * * * * What the vertebral column is to the human body that the missionary idea is to the New Testament." The several divisions of the New Testament he characterizes thus:

> The Gospels culminate in the great commission. All that goes before leads up to this and prepares for it. All that follows in the New Testament is a result of the carrying out of the commission by the apostles and their associates. * * * * The Acts is first of all and last of all and most of all an inspired record of the missionary activity of the church in the first decades of its existence. * * * * The Epistles, what are they? For the most part they are letters written by missionaries to missions which they had founded. * * * * The book of Revelation is a forecast of the final victory, when all rule, and all authority, and all power opposed to Christ shall be abolished, and when he shall reign from pole to pole with undivided and undisputed sway.

Of the "Five Loaves and Two Fishes" he says:

> To my mind the pathos of this situation arises not from the fact that there were so many people present, and that they were weary and hungry, and that they had no food and no

funds with which to buy food: the pathos of the situation arises from the fact that the disciples had no faith in their Lord as a source of supply. * * * * We forget that this is His work, and not ours. We forget that He is the chief partner in the concern and that He is pledged to see the enterprise through, and that He will do so if only we do our part. We forget that the treasures of the universe are in His hands and that therefore He is abundantly able to finance the scheme. We take stock of our resources and we say that what is proposed is impossible. * * * * I do not know of any great cause where all the funds needed for its support were in hand when it began. Some soul was faithful and did all he could and God raised up others to help, and sent the money to defray the necessary expenses.

Concerning "The Divine Order in Missions" he writes:

The use often made of the passages relating to the priority of the Jew in point of gospel privilege finds no warrant in Holy Writ. It is perfectly proper to carry on work in one's own neighborhood, but it is not necessary to pervert Scripture to do that. Every little town in Christendom is not Jerusalem; and the Anglo-Saxon is not a Jew. These passages applied only to the Jew, and to the Jew for very special reasons. No part of the world has any primacy or priority now, unless it be that part whose need is greatest.

The concluding chapter is entitled, "Christian Unity and World-Wide Evangelism." Four brief passages suggest his thought.

Christ himself is the only basis of unity. We can unite on him: we cannot unite on a theory of the atonement or of inspiration, or upon the five points of Calvinism or on the five points of Arminianism. * * * * It is not necessary for us to have complete and exact knowledge about Christ and the method of his salvation. It is necessary that we put our trust in him and do his commandments. * * * * If we do our own thinking we may come to conclusions differing from those reached by others. No matter as to that, if we hold fast to Christ as our Redeemer and Lord and do what he has commanded. Our ground of unity is in him and not in our opinions or in our reasoning processes. * * * * The

unity which springs from the blended life of the various and even contradictory elements in the church will prove the reality of its divine origin.

He closes the chapter and the volume with the following words:

What is needed now on the part of all who would make Jesus King is that they forget all differences and all dissensions and unite. By so doing they will hasten the time when great voices shall be heard in heaven saying, "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

Wherever denominational barriers stood between Archibald McLean and other Christians they had to be built and maintained entirely from the other side. A man of sectarian spirit could not have written *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions.* This book shows him to be as free from denominational bigotry as from racial prejudice. Of the sixteen missionary heroes described in the volume only one belonged to the writer's own communion and only two or three to the church of his ancestors. He speaks of each as an ambassador of Christ and mentions only incidentally, if at all, the society through which he was supported; and leaves that as the only clew to the individual's denomination. In the early days of modern missions that was not a clear index; nor is it now.

Evidently he took pains to make the list, which appears in the preceding chapter, representative in three respects: the periods in which they served, the people to whom they went and the methods which they used to win acceptance for the gospel, the last being determined in large measure by the type of the man himself and the condition of the people among whom he labored. There is a range of a century and a half from the pioneer work of Swartz in South India to the brief day of Loftis on the border of Tibet. But all of whom

Mr. McLean speaks between these two were also pioneers, and still there are new fields to be entered. There is a great difference between the savage cannibals of Polynesia and Africa and the people of India, China and Japan, whose civilization antedates our own by thousands of years, and yet the simple recital of the gospel's acceptance shows that it was as sorely needed in one place as in the other. In the course of these sixteen recitals we see concrete examples of exploration, medical science, the industrial arts, education and philanthropy being utilized as aids to the presentation of Christ. While making his readers acquainted with this interesting and inspiring group of personalities in strange lands, among alien peoples and in every variety of extraordinary and exciting situations, the author gives a comprehensive view both of the history and of the technique of missions.

The subjects of these sixteen sketches were about as different as the same number of men could be. One was German, one Dutch, three American, four Scotch and seven English, but there are wider divergences between men in any one nation than between the averages of two nations. Livingstone and Duff and Chalmers were three distinct sorts of Scots, while Patteson and Hunt, Carey and Williams demonstrated how various are the types of men who call old England home. Mr. McLean makes no effort either to differentiate unduly these individualities or to reduce them to a common type. He indulges in no flights of imagination to make his subjects more attractive, but presents the essential facts in the career of each and the vital elements in his character with straightforward simplicity. The directness and succinctness of the narrative command the reader's confidence. There is reality in every line. Not only so, but it is also reality on a high plane. It is good to tarry in such an atmosphere; it is great to know such men. For every one of them

some such word as Mr. McLean quotes from Robert Louis Stevenson regarding James Chalmers would be justified, "The most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific."

With all of their variations one thing in common emerges from all of these accounts; each of these pioneer missionaries was, above everything else, Jesus Christ's man. That was why Archibald McLean wanted his prospective missionaries to know them. He wanted them to be linguists and teachers and physicians and industrialists and executives, but most of all he wanted them to know Jesus Christ "and the power of his resurrection." He judged rightly that there was no more effective way of bringing them into such a fellowship of peace and power than through acquaintance with the most illustrious of the men who had gone before them in missionary service. Four of these had been slain by the people whom they loved and whom they served, but they had laid down their lives cheerfully as a part of their "fellowship with His suffering." Three others had fallen victim to the deadly maladies of the lands where they labored. All the rest, like the first and chief missionary of Christ, "died daily" and still were spared to continue ten, twenty, fifty years. If any had misgivings about the fitness of his field for his talents, he had only to reflect upon John Coleridge Patteson, the gifted graduate of Oxford University, going unhesitatingly to his martyrdom on a cannibal island, while William Carey, the Baptist cobbler, was allowed a full lifetime and distinguished honors in proud and ancient India. The missionary who had mastered his "most gladly therefore" in such company would be ready in advance to "burn out for Christ" in fifty-six days, like Zenas Sanford Loftis, or "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" for fifty-four years, like Robert Moffat.

In consenting to have these College of Missions lectures made into a book their author evidently thought that what was so essential for young missionaries could not fail to be wholesome for either young or old church members who "tarry by the stuff." Certainly the careful and general reading of the volume would impress the church with the fact that, only the fittest and finest of her sons and daughters are equal to missionary service and that, those who are sent forth with divine credentials should be amply supported with money, prayer and reenforcements.

If Archibald McLean had never published *The Primacy of the Missionary* we might have thought that *Where the Book Speaks* and *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions* were the complete halves of his message, but only a cursory examination of his last book is needed to convince one that its contribution is as distinct and vital as that of either of the others; that indeed it is the conclusion of which the others are the major and minor premises. In reading the other two volumes one may not get beyond marveling at the devotion of the author and his heroes to the cause of missions and resolving that henceforth he will contribute more himself. But if he brings an intelligent mind, an earnest purpose and a Christian heart to the study of *The Primacy of the Missionary*, he will not get through the volume before he begins to wonder how anyone can call himself a follower of Christ and hold any other attitude than that of the author and all of the missionaries, from Paul to the latest Student Volunteer. Actually all the rest of Christ's so-called army are out of step!

This crowning work of Mr. McLean deals with principles rather than precepts, though, as if to show that he would not in the least minimize the commandment of Christ, he puts in one vigorous chapter, "The Commission According to Matthew," in which he gives

ringing emphasis to "All authority," "All nations," "All commandments" and "Always". "We are not at liberty to select the easy and agreeable things; we are to do whatsoever He has directed us to do." * * * * "It is not enough that we understand His commandments and meditate upon them, or even admire them; we are to observe and do them." That was sufficient for him, but he had found that his age was slow to accept authority, though it be clearly divine. It is a fashion of the times to offer excuses for not obeying commandments, to plead exemption of one sort or another from duty, to argue that whatever precept is cited does not apply in this particular case. To meet the age on its own ground Mr. McLean devotes all the other twenty-one chapters of the book to principles with which one can no more argue than he can with gravitation. Ten chapters elucidate these principles, six exemplify them and five exalt them with an eloquence which often reminds the reader of Paul's most sublime passages.

Four theses run through the volume: the solidarity of the human race, the universality of the gospel, the unity of believers in Christ and the final certainty of Christ's world-wide dominion. But each chapter is complete in itself, and its inevitable conclusion is that of every other chapter and of the entire book. Let the reader deny, if he will, everything but the love of God, this, the author shows, is "bed-rock in missions". God's love must go out to every soul in all the world and it must be the chief business of those who know it to inform all the rest. If one is disposed to question the feasibility of missions, Mr. McLean reminds him of God's promise and oath, "As I live, saith the Lord, to me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess to God." To consider anything else as a final possibility is to make God less than God. To those

who magnify baptism and the Lord's Supper, he brings the conviction that neither of these ordinances can be fully appreciated without connecting it with the redemption of the whole human race. The Christian who pleads his zeal for home missions to exempt himself from foreign missions finds here a chapter that carries him beyond anything he has yet contemplated in concern for the salvation of his own people, and then concludes unanswerably that a thoroughly Christian America will be the most effective vindication of the gospel preached abroad. The twenty-two chapters are thus not so many links in a chain, but each is itself a complete and unbreakable chain.

> And so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The poets and prophets of the new day's highest idealism will find that the missionaries of the cross have been going ahead of them in the practical realization of their dreams throughout the world. The author reminds the man of affairs that:

> The missionary idea is not peculiar to Christianity; it belongs to all departments of our social and industrial life. Almost as soon as a great book is written it is translated into all languages. A great discovery or invention becomes at once the common property of mankind. Commerce goes wherever human beings are found. Merchants and manufacturers demand that all doors be kept open for their wares. * * * * Democracy is sweeping over the earth as resistlessly as the dawn. The self-evident truths contained in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States are becoming known and accepted wherever human beings live and think. The equality of all before the law, the inalienable right of all to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness are receiving universal recognition. * * * * Would it be to our credit if political and commercial agents were ready to go into all the world to sell goods and the church could not find qualified men in sufficient numbers to go out and preach the gospel where the name of Christ

has never been heard? Will it be to our credit if billions of dollars are annually invested in material products while the churches find it difficult to secure the small amounts they do spend in the evangelization of the world?

The ground of Mr. McLean's unfailing confidence appears in such passages as, "It is in Christ that all things are summed up. Paul finds in Christ the fundamental principle of the creation, and the one rallying point of the redeemed on earth and the angels of light. Through him the germ of eternal life has been introduced into the world's chaos, and its victory over the elements of disorder and death is assured." He quotes Max Muller's statement that Christianity has stricken the word "barbarian" from the dictionaries of mankind and replaced it with the word "brother." This truth he illustrates with a sweeping review of the progress of internationalism and then says, "The missionary enterprise is the most cosmopolitan enterprise in the world. Its agents are in all lands, and are preaching the gospel to all peoples, kindreds, tribes and tongues and nations. There is no people too distant or too degraded to be sought out with the gospel message." * * * * "Science joins revelation in discouraging inconsiderate pride of race, of sex, of birth, of nation, of class, of religion, and in encouraging education, cooperation, strenuousness combined with modesty, and equal rights and opportunities for all men and women." He follows Paul's vision of the Gentile world's being presented as "an offering acceptable to God," after the likeness of the perfect oblations in the old dispensation. "The purpose and endeavor of all Christian forces is to present a redeemed race to God; a race characterized by intelligence, justice, sobriety, gentleness, mercy, considerateness, holiness, love."

Nowhere is Archibald McLean's mastery of the fine art of honesty more manifest than in this work. He never allows his enthusiasm to run away with his

judgment. He uses no specious arguments, makes no extravagant claims, never "mistakes rhetoric for logic." On the contrary all of his statements have the rugged strength of restraint, the force of moderation, of resources in reserve. He frankly recognizes the shortcomings of the churches, and particularly of his own communion, as when he speaks of "Christ walking among the churches" and declares, "He knows!" And then he tells, in passages which read like a continuation of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, of the better things which Christ beholds in the loyalty and devotion of his twentieth-century disciples. Here he shows us "Christ entering into his glory." "Wherever a church is established where a church is needed; wherever a school is taught; wherever a hospital or dispensary is maintained; wherever the Bible is translated and tracts published; wherever orphans are gathered in and prepared for lives of usefulness and nobleness; wherever womanhood is elevated and childhood protected; wherever people are taught to live clean and unselfish lives, there Christ is honored and there he enters into his glory."

CHAPTER XVII

HEARTH FIRES ROUND THE WORLD

UNIQUE RELATION TO MISSIONARIES—THE ONE PRAYER CHRIST COMMANDED—MORE THAN FATHER—INFORMAL COMMISSIONS—CHOOSING MISSION FIELDS—ESCORTING AN AMBASSADOR—LETTERS FREQUENT AND VITAL—SOLICITUDE FOR DR. SHELTON—DAILY PRAYERS FOR ALL MISSIONARIES BY NAME—INTRODUCING MISSIONARIES AT THE CONVENTIONS—THE ELDREDS—THE DYES—MISS EBERLE, "EVEN THESE LEAST"—BLESSED IN BLESSING.

THE uniqueness of Archibald McLean's position in the beginning of his service became more pronounced at every stage until the multitude of the years, the monumental character of his labors and the finality with which he completed his task set him altogether apart. His career is without parallel among the Disciples, and occupies an altogether honorable place in the entire annals of missions. Gradually the whole brotherhood came to recognize his uniqueness, but the missionaries accepted and capitalized it from the first.

In each of the first three groups of missionaries going out to non-Christian lands from the Disciples of Christ there was a college-mate of Mr. McLean: G. L. Wharton who went to India, George T. Smith to Japan and E. T. Williams to China. Moreover, Mrs. Wharton was Emma Richardson, daughter and secretary of Dr. Robert Richardson of Bethany, and Mrs. Williams was Carrie Loos, whose father was Mr. McLean's chief teacher at Bethany as well as one of his most revered friends throughout life. In a fellowship of half a million souls there were scarcely half a hundred who fully shared the high purpose of these young adventurers for God; foremost and representative of

these stood Archibald McLean. Most of the church members of that day looked upon the missionaries as queer, fanatical, presumptuous and visionary, and upon the missionary advocate as all of that and also a violator of the Scriptures and a disturber of Israel. He and the missionaries were comrades in ostracism and execration. On the other hand there were some sentimentalists who went to the other extreme and wanted to put the missionaries on pedestals and all but worship them. Mr. McLean understood them and took them at their true value as men and women who were actually doing what all Christians profess to do, seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, to him the only sane and sincere course for a disciple of Christ to pursue. Thus they were comrades in reciprocal understanding and in mutual endeavor.

Like the Apostle Paul, Francis Asbury, Henry Drummond and Phillips Brooks, Archibald McLean was wedded only to his work, a work appointed of God for him to do. This not only permitted but almost compelled him to give himself more freely to his comrades in divine service than a man of family could. Correspondingly the missionaries felt free to claim his time, counsel and affection as they could not those of a man with wife and children. Both he and the missionaries magnified marriage but recognized his as an exceptional case.

The intimacy of his relationship with the first missionaries of the Foreign Society set a standard for his fellowship with all who followed in their train, and finally extended to the men and women supported by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. The two societies were united in his heart before the first conference on union was held.

Dr. John A. Broadus said that the only prayer Jesus ever commanded his disciples to offer is the only one

they never do offer. This prayer was that the Lord of the harvest would send forth laborers into his harvest. Archibald McLean made it the chief prayer of his life. He offered it constantly, fervently, confidently. Each missionary enlisted for the fields afar he hailed as coming in answer to his petitions. Each candidate who presented himself for the service he examined and investigated thoroughly to make sure that he came of God's appointment. When he and all the other members of the executive committee were thoroughly satisfied and had made the appointment, he took the new missionary into the heart of his heart. During the summer of 1910 two medical students, whom we now know as Dr. Pearson and Dr. Frymire of Congo, were nursing in the Battle Creek Sanitarium when Mr. McLean came for his brief annual rest. Whenever they were off duty he took delight in talking with them; showing an eager interest in their immediate work, telling jokes and discussing the life task ahead of them. As the Sanitarium observes the seventh day as its day of rest, there was no time on Sunday for the Disciples working there to go to the Christian Church. This led them to arrange for a brief service of their own in the old college building Sunday afternoons, in which Mr. McLean greatly assisted them. He never took a vacation from his religion and he enjoyed his friends too much to wish for even a little while to escape from their companionship.

The missionaries spoke of Mr. McLean as a father to them all, but the term is inadequate. Ordinary parenthood must express itself first in caring for the child's physical welfare, and generally fails to get entirely away from that as a first consideration. Mr. McLean escaped that bias. He was a father to the missionary's soul. At the same time he avoided the parent's habit of underestimating his child's age and re-

sponsibility. Positive as were his convictions and pronounced his opinions on all important matters, he always respected the missionary's sovereignty and liberty and insisted that others should do so. Each must be not merely a man in his own right, standing on his own feet and carrying his own responsibility, but also a leader and emancipator of men and women bound for ages in traditions. The Christ to whom they were to call men had declared, "If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" and, "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."

He had his own ways of showing his approval and affection, and these were as individual as were his methods of commissioning appointees. Strictly speaking, no one ever was commissioned until the College of Missions began to grant diplomas. Then both the number of missionaries going out and the number of persons responsible for their going became so considerable that some formality seemed necessary. For many years he carefully avoided everything of the sort. Miss Josepha Franklin wrote to the society in 1892 expressing her desire to become a missionary. Several months later Mr. McLean came to her home church, Anderson, Indiana, to preach. Early in his sermon he startled the whole congregation, and most of all the young lady herself, by announcing, "In a few months one of your own girls, one born and reared among you, will go out as a foreign missionary. Then this church will do a missionary work the possibilities of which you have never dreamed." The prediction, if not its suddenness, has been fully justified, for three other missionaries, Miss Franklin's two sisters and Mrs. George E. Springer, have followed her out of that church, while its giving has advanced from hundreds to thousands of dollars. When Miss Mary Lediard, now of Japan, came from Canada with her father to

meet the executive committee, after the interview was over, they waited in another room to hear the committee's decision. In a few minutes Mr. McLean came out, hesitated a moment and then looked up in his quick way with a smile breaking over his face and exclaimed, "Well, Mary, you are elected. Dance a jig!" This is an extreme example of his informality, but he never indulged in heroics.

Mr. McLean gave as much care and prayer to selecting the fields of the missionaries' labor as to the choice of the workers themselves. The maps demonstrate to what good purpose he exercised this concern. His far-seeing statesmanship and that of the pioneers of each field, as well as the executive committee at home, appear in the strategy of every location; each is central, in the heart of a continent or of a great nation. The India mission is in the Central Provinces and the United Provinces; the Japan work centers in Tokyo, the capital of the Empire; in China the chief station is Nanking, a metropolitan and influential city at the heart of the Yangtse valley; the chief station in Africa is Bolenge, right where the Congo River crosses the Equator and only six miles from Coquilhatville, the colonial capital; in the Philippine Islands Manila, the capital, is headquarters and Laoag and Vigan strategic centers to the north; the Tibetan mission, in the center of Asia, the very "roof of the world," crowns the entire system, like the keystone of an arch. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions profited by Mr. McLean's counsel in selecting the geographical heart of Mexico, the provinces of Aguascalientes, San Luis Potosi and Zacatecas; and of South America, the republic of Paraguay and the Argentine provinces of Misiones, Corrientes and Entre Rios, as well as the metropolis, Buenos Aires. There is practically unlimited room for expansion in every case. A total of

thirty million souls look to the representatives of the United Christian Missionary Society for the word of life. In each field these are people of fine physique, unusual mental capacity and excellent moral possibilities. There is no question of the right of every man everywhere to hear the gospel, but the quickest way to reach the last man is through the best man.

Distance and time strengthened Mr. McLean's first devotion to the missionary. Through correspondence, the reading of missionary biographies and magazines and by his visits to the fields, he kept himself fully informed regarding the conditions under which the missionary lived and worked. He realized vividly the loneliness, the depressing power of paganism and of oriental religions and the retarding influence of many European and American commercial representatives in mission lands, which the missionary constantly suffered. Under and with his Lord the missionaries were the chief object of his love and loyalty. The constancy and resourcefulness of his fellowship with them were unfailing and immeasurable. The missionaries were his children, his comrades, his parishioners, his agents, his heroes. He seized eagerly every chance to honor or help them in large matters or small. He liked to go to the railroad station with them and carry their baggage. When W. Remfry Hunt of China once tried to keep him from taking his suitcase Mr. McLean replied, "Would you do me out of the honor of escorting an ambassador?"

To Mr. McLean missionary contributions were not impersonal funds but the very life and health and service of his beloved missionaries. Any amount of labor, privation and sacrifice, by himself or by others, was justified if it served this end; nay more, he found joy in depriving himself of comforts that the missionaries might lack nothing needful. The "rainy day"

which again and again consumed the savings of years was not some personal necessity or distress among his flesh-and-blood relatives, but some crisis in the society's affairs that left a gap between its receipts and the needs of the missionaries.

Careful as he was that the missionaries should have food and raiment he never forgot that "the life is more than the meat." Until the last few years, when the number of missionaries became so great as to render it practically impossible, he wrote every one of them a personal letter at least once a month. Out of seven years in Japan Mr. and Mrs. Clifford S. Weaver have preserved 129 letters written them by Mr. McLean, many of them with pen and ink on trains and in hotels. This correspondence with the missionaries never became perfunctory but was always real and vital and human. He followed closely all the events and many incidents of their lives. He twitted Mrs. Alexander of India about a photograph that showed only the back of her head but the face of her baby; he congratulated Dr. Pearson of Africa, on his engagement to Miss Utter, on their marriage and on the birth of their daughter; he rejoiced with Mr. Moody over a Free Baptist's address on Christian union at the annual convention in India; he encouraged Dr. Osgood of China in the use of his pen as well as his medicine case; he made it a rule to send a God-speed to the steamer for every departing missionary and a hearty word of welcome to every one arriving at any American port for his furlough. It would not be correct to say that he had no favorites, for every one was a favorite; he was impartial but not impersonal. Any other in Dr. Shelton's place he would have followed with the same solicitude. The tragic distance from home and the perilous hazards of the Tibetan mission gave it an extraordinary place in Mr.

McLean's mind, and Dr. Shelton's appreciation of his constant thoughtfulness represents fairly the feeling of all the missionaries in all the fields. Concerning Mr. McLean's letters Dr. Shelton wrote:

Tachienlu, May 3, 1914.

Dear Brother McLean:

Your letter of October 10th did me a lot of good. Your letters always do. While it is as it should be that your monthly letter to each missionary has been discontinued, don't forget sometimes, Brother McLean, to send to each missionary a little word as you have to me. You are a father to us all, and it does us much good and we go out with a little stronger faith and a stronger determination to do the best that is in us. Mrs. Shelton and I read with much pleasure and inspiration the little booklet, *Education for Life*, by Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Mrs. Shelton remarked as we read it, "Brother McLean can always find the *best* things." Also the *Daily Readings* sent for Christmas. We are reading them every morning. You are very dear to both of us and for what you have meant to our lives we thank Him and thank you.

A. L. Shelton.

After securing permission from the Dalai Lama, the first ever granted to any missionary to visit Lhasa, Dr. Shelton left the mission headquarters at Batang in November, 1919, to bring his family out to the end of the railroad that they might come home to America, while he made the journey to the Tibetan capital, which he estimated would require two years. Within two days of the terminal at Yunnanfu, Chinese bandits seized him and held him for ransom, which he refused to permit his friends to pay. All winter long they kept him in captivity and compelled him to share their fugitive life in the mountains of western China. Finally a tumor developed in his neck and made further endurance of these hardships impossible. At the point of death they left him behind under guard. The rest revived him somewhat and he escaped, still half-dead. Im-

mediately on reaching America he sought an operation for relief from the tumor. Two letters from Mr. McLean reveal somewhat of his feeling. The watch which he mentions in the second letter was the one which he gave Dr. Shelton to take the place of that which the Chinese robbers had stolen. Arthur A. Everts of Dallas, Texas, from whom he made the purchase, volunteered to bear half the cost.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 3, 1920.

Dr. A. L. Shelton,
Mayo Sanatorium, Rochester, Minnesota.
Dear Dr. Shelton:

Your letters written at Haiphong, March 28th, reached here this morning.

I am writing this day to all the persons whose names you have given. I am thanking them for what they did on your behalf and on behalf of us all.

I presume you know that all over the continent and all over the civilized world the people have heard of your captivity, and tens of thousands of Christian people were praying night and morning for your release. By the blessing of God you have been released. Our hope is that while in Rochester you will be relieved of the trouble in your neck, and that in a few months you will be restored to perfect health. The sympathies of a great host were with Mrs. Shelton and the girls. The good Lord abundantly bless you and bless them.

We are proud of the way you conducted yourself while in captivity, and we are wonderfully pleased over the manner of your escape. You will have a great story to tell. Millions of people will be anxious to see you and to hear you and to rejoice with you.

Yours very truly,
A. McLean.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 22, 1920.

Dr. A. L. Shelton,
Enid, Oklahoma.
My dear Dr. Shelton:

Yours of the 19th has been received. We are very grateful to the Lord for bringing you safely through the opera-

tion. We rejoice to know that your trouble was not as serious as the doctors feared it might be. Evidently there is no cancer in your system.

You will have the watch and a copy of the New Testament to take the place of the one you have worn out. It will be a great joy to us to see you at the conference in Indianapolis. The Lord be praised for his goodness to you and yours, and to us also.

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

The letters of the missionaries abound with references to the books which Mr. McLean sent them. He was always on the lookout for things that he thought would interest and help them. At each national convention he would select the daily paper that was giving the best account of the session and have it sent for the week to each mission station. Every enjoyment and experience that came into his life he weighed with reference to the possibility of passing it on to his world-girdling family circle.

Being preeminently a man of prayer it was natural that Mr. McLean should follow the first little band of missionaries with daily thanksgiving and petitions to God on their behalf. He was concerned for their safety as they journeyed across the seas, for their health in a trying climate, for their success in finding a satisfactory location, for their reception by the people to whom they sought to present the gospel. The day never came when he felt that he could let go of God for them. Always, too, they and he were crying for reenforcements. As the recruits came in answer to these petitions his prayers went up daily for them. As children came into the homes across the earth they were doubly the objects of his solicitude and affection. He began with eight or ten individuals; at the last he was praying daily, audibly, earnestly, discriminatingly, for several hundred. He knew where each one

was and what each one needed and he made known his requests unto God in the confidence that, in so far as he had rightly divined the need, God would grant what he asked. The missionaries knew he was praying and relied upon his intercession as confidently as they did upon the remittances from the society's treasurer.

In all these ways, and in every other possible way of human helpfulness and fellowship, Mr. McLean and the missionaries were knit together in a relationship that defies description and taxes the imagination of the most sympathetic heart. Next to the Sunday afternoon communion service the high point of each international convention of the Disciples of Christ was Mr. McLean's presentation of the missionaries, because everyone saw in what he said and did a tenderness and strength of proud affection that gave him a new appreciation of the whole human race and a new zest and hope both for this present life and for the life to come. Frequently in later years, when the conventions were so large that they had to meet in great coliseums, it was not possible for most of the people to hear the names of the missionaries as he pronounced them, or the few words that each spoke after his introduction, but no one could misunderstand the smile that lighted Mr. McLean's countenance or the tenderness with which he touched each hero on the shoulder, or whisked him off the platform with the characteristic flourish of his handkerchief.

The circumstances under which Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eldred died were especially tragic. They were stationed alone at Longa, Africa, a hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest white missionaries, when a virulent fever attacked Mrs. Eldred. There was no way of sending for a physician except by canoe. Before the steamer Oregon could bring the physician she had died and been buried, her husband making her

coffin and speaking words of comfort to the native church. Eight months later, while carrying the gospel three hundred miles farther into the interior, Mr. Eldred was overcome while swimming a small river. Their three sons were at home in America and were already the especial objects of Mr. McLean's solicitude and care. The convention of that year met in Toronto, Canada, and gave practical expression to its profound sympathy with the orphan lads by a great communion offering in their behalf. Then Dr. and Mrs. Hugh T. Morrison of Springfield, Illinois, adopted them as their own. This confirmed again the confidence which Mr. McLean had often expressed that the Lord has a special interest in the children of missionaries sent home to be educated, or left orphans, and that he provides for their physical and spiritual nurture.

During the years when Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye were in Africa, separated from their two little girls, Polly and Dorcas, who were in America, Mr. McLean never lost an opportunity of going to see them, though he had to travel out of his way to reach their railroad station and then hire a livery horse and drive four miles out to the farm where they were staying. He never went empty-handed, but always left fruit and toys and books as loving reminders. The little girls learned to love dearly this friend of theirs who wrote them tender, personal letters at the time of their baptism and graduation and on other special days. When Dorcas was four years old Mr. McLean was staying a few days in the Dye home in Ionia, Michigan. One evening she climbed up in his lap while the others were talking. Suddenly she looked up into his face and said, "If I had two papas I'd have you for the other one." He threw back his head and laughed in his pleased, confused way, saying, "Whatever made

you think of that?" This friendship deepened through the years and was extended to little Ella too. The days and weeks preceding the birth of Polly Dye in Africa were fraught with anxiety for the trio in the station at Bolenge. Dr. Dye was down with fever and Mrs. Dye had been suffering from tropical dysentery for a number of weeks. The food supply was low and nothing suitable for sick diet was available. A little devotional book arrived from Mr. McLean, the keynote of which was "The joy of the Lord is your strength." The daily reading of this gave them courage. Ten years later, just before Ella was born in Eureka, Illinois, after Dr. Dye had returned to Africa, another little book came from Mr. McLean with that same verse on the title page, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." A letter also came closing with these words, "I am praying for you morning, noon and night,—for you, for the little girls, for the absent father far away, and for the little stranger from the skies." Thus again strength and courage were given in time of trial.

The following incidents related by Miss Edith Eberle, of the Philippine Islands, could be duplicated by any of the hundreds of missionaries whom he called into the work, sent forth with his blessing and cheered on in their labors.

It was my first year in Bethany College and he had come, as his custom was, to spend the week-end. He spoke to a large group on Friday evening at the college chapel, and was announced for a Saturday afternoon meeting. It was a cold, stormy afternoon; most of the "preacher boys" had gone for their Sunday work elsewhere, and I suppose that accounted in part for the small group of us that assembled in the old chapel to hear Mr. McLean. We sat near the stove on one side of the room and he spoke to us on *Missionary Graves as Milestones of Progress.* I have never forgotten how intimately he spoke of those who had died; spoke of them

as very dear and personal friends. And I have since learned how he did so regard the missionaries. I think I still have the notes that I took on his lecture and have never gotten away from the strong appeal it made to me. I had not yet decided to give myself to missionary work, but never felt the desire or need more strongly than that day. At the close of the service he gave each of us a copy of his *Alexander Campbell as a Preacher*. Whenever I see that book in my bookcases I am reminded of that cold day in Bethany, the small group in the chapel and most of all, of A. McLean as he stood in front of us, not on the platform but on the floor near us. No lecture or sermon that I have ever heard has ever left such a clear impression, and of no other have I remembered so much.

Just before I left Toledo to come to the Philippines the church of which I was a member had arranged a farewell reception for me, and my brother-in-law, the pastor, had written to Cincinnati asking for a speaker. Mr. McLean came. He arrived rather late in the evening, just in time to have a belated dinner and come to the church where we were waiting for him. He had spoken at another Ohio town the night before, hurried back to Cincinnati, and then on to Toledo that afternoon to be present and speak at my reception. As soon as the reception was over we took him back to the depot for the return trip, for important office matters needed him the following morning. I felt so insignificant, so unworthy to have him do all that for me and the work there. As I said goodby to him in that late hour at the Union Station in Toledo, his parting words stayed with me like a benediction, as indeed they were. That was the last time that I saw Mr. McLean, but I never will forget how gladly and willingly he had made that trip and with no thought of what it meant to him, two nights on the train, additional work in the offices and the lack of rest. And it was so that he ever seemed to give himself.

At Vancouver, when I was sailing, I found a beautiful copy of the New Testament. He had written his sister in Vancouver of my being in the city. Thus was his personal thought for the missionaries. And when I realized how little he knew me, how many others there were for him to be thinking of, people whom he really knew in a more personal way, I felt the greatness of his interest. His letters have always

been the same, personal and helpful. When sorrow has come to me he has remembered me so well in letters and there is every evidence of that direct interest. It has all seemed marvelous to me. I wish that I could get into words what his life has meant to me. And I know that as a new missionary I was not known to him as those who have been tried in longer service. So the marvel to me has been his interest in "even these least." His loss to me is as the loss of a lifelong friend. We all felt so helpless, so alone when we first knew that he was gone, as though everything was over. And I have often thought of how I would miss his welcome when I returned and visited the offices.

It was given to Jessie Brown Pounds, the writer of many well loved gospel songs, to divine and characterize happily the extent and strength of Mr. McLean's international ties.

> A lonely man at Christmas time?
> The thought but comes and quick departs,
> Your hearth fires burn the world around,
> Your home is in a thousand hearts.

Out of Mr. McLean's comradeship with the missionaries there came a richness and fulness into his own life that was past estimation. Every man on every one of the ten world fields had mystically communicated to him somewhat of his strength; every woman in the service had somehow imparted to him a little of her tenderness; every child playing the games and speaking the language of a race alien to its blood had given his big friend at headquarters a bit of his gladness. And the Father for whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, in making Archibald McLean the agent and channel of countless blessings to His ambassadors to many peoples, granted extraordinary grace and power in the very process of his mission.

CHAPTER XVIII

LENGTHENING THE CORDS

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL—MISSIONARY GROWTH OF DISCIPLES IN THIRTY YEARS—MUCKLEY AND MACKLIN—TRIBUTE TO COMRADES—IN GOD'S HANDS—NEXT THIRTY YEARS—ORIENTAL COMMISSION IN 1914—PERSONAL MESSAGES OF MISSIONARIES—PANAMA CONGRESS OF 1916—MEN AND MILLIONS MOVEMENT—ENLARGED SIX TIMES—CAMPAIGN, 1914-1918—AN EDUCATIONAL AND SPIRITUAL ENTERPRISE—MC LEAN'S STATEMENT AS PRESIDENT.

FOLLOWING the national convention at Louisville, in 1912, Mr. McLean published in *The Christian-Evangelist* of November 7, the story of his thirty years of service in the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The frank and disinterested manner in which he gave this bit of autobiography illustrates his unselfish way of considering himself and his own work. Both on this account and because of the information conveyed, several paragraphs are reproduced here.

My election was the result of an accident. My predecessor took the Western fever in the middle of the year and resigned suddenly. There being no man of years and experience in sight, I was elected to serve until the convention in October. I have been in harness ever since; for eighteen years as secretary and for twelve years as president.

The office is one that I did not seek; it sought me. I was elected without my consent or knowledge. I was elected two days before I was informed of the fact. The position to which I was called is one I never would have chosen; it is a position for which I never felt qualified. I had another program in mind. But coming as it did, I regarded the call as coming from God, and I responded in the spirit of a soldier. I have been in office ever since for the same reason. All the while my inclinations pulled in one direction and my sense of duty in another.

What were we as a people doing thirty years ago? In the year 1881 the American Christian Missionary Society received less than seven thousand dollars; the Christian Woman's Board of Missions less than eight thousand; the Foreign Society about thirteen thousand. The Board of Church Extension, the National Benevolent Association, the Board of Ministerial Relief and the other general organizations had not yet come into existence. That was the day of small things both at home and abroad.

Thirty years ago there was only one church among us giving as much as one hundred dollars a year for foreign missions. At that time we had no missionary literature. The *Tidings*, the *Intelligencer*, the *Home Missionary*, *Business in Christianity* and the *Christian Philanthropist*, magazines as good as the best of their kind in the world, began to be published later. We had no missionary leaflets or pamphlets or books of our own. There were no missionary libraries in the Sunday schools and no mission study classes in the colleges or Endeavor societies. There were no missionary volunteers among the college students. When I asked the president of one college if he would not arrange for some member of the faculty to give a course of lectures on missions he informed me that there was no member of the faculty that knew enough about missions to give more than one lecture on the subject.

The changes that have taken place in the meantime have been marvelous and most gratifying. In 1912 the American Christian Missionary Society received for both branches of its work $315,286.70. That society is aiming to raise a million dollars before the Panama Canal is opened and to plant a thousand new churches. The Church Extension Board has over a million dollars in its treasury. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions received $336,475.77 in the same year. The Foreign Society received $400,728.44, and is engaged in an effort to raise a million dollars over and above its regular income for equipment, maintenance and enlargement. Some of the friends on the Pacific Coast were so stirred by this evidence of enterprise that they started a second million of their own accord. At the present time we are at work in all the great fields of the world. Men and women of culture and ability are going out in ever-increasing numbers to make Christ's saving grace and power known. Churches that gave

nothing are giving liberally to sustain the work. Our colleges and universities are preparing missionaries as they prepare pastors and evangelists and teachers. In every school there is a band of volunteers and a mission study class. The College of Missions has an able faculty and a complete course of study. A great host are praying for the interests of the kingdom and for the time when the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

A survey of thirty years discloses a number of things that give peculiar satisfaction. I shall mention only two or three of these. The year after I was elected I visited Bethany to speak to the students. There was a young man there studying for the law. After hearing my message he decided to enter the ministry. That young man has done a monumental work for the kingdom, a work far greater than he could have done if he had been the greatest lawyer in America, or even the chief justice of the nation. That young man was G. W. Muckley, and while the world stands his work will abide and will grow from year to year.

Soon after my visit to Bethany I wrote an editorial on the subject, *The Laborers are Few.* A young physician in Canada read it and offered his services to the society. That young physician was Dr. W. E. Macklin, who has been in China healing the sick and preaching the gospel for more than a quarter of a century. Measured by any standard, Dr. Macklin is a great man; measured by Christ's standard he is one of the greatest. Some of the Chinese regard him as Jesus Christ because of the completeness with which he has incarnated the spirit of Jesus Christ. In the revolution the Manchu general commanding the forces in Nanking fled in the night. The next morning Dr. Macklin and Frank Garrett went out and took command of the army, surrendered it to the Republican forces, and saved the city from destruction.

For several years I was alone in the work. The society had no stenographer or bookkeeper or helper of any kind. I wrote all the letters; I folded and addressed every circular; I kept all the accounts. In 1893 F. M. Rains began his work for the society. His advent marked an epoch in its history. He is a man of genius. As a money raiser he has not, and never had an equal among our people. He is resourceful and tireless and brings things to pass. He and I differ widely in the mat-

ter of temperament; we have not always approached every question from the same point of view; we have not always seen eye to eye; but we have always pulled together and in the same direction, and in nineteen years there has been no jealousy and no concern about how the honors should be divided. S. J. Corey is a prince in our Israel. He makes friends for the cause wherever he goes. In the mission rooms he is as genial an associate as anyone could wish. E. W. Allen served for two years. He broke down opposition and prejudice and sowed good seed far and near. C. W. Plopper, the present treasurer, has been in the work for a dozen years. No more industrious and faithful and efficient officer lives. The stenographers and typists and clerks are as deeply interested in the society as if it were their own property. They are ready to work early and late and to the limit of their endurance when necessary, and to them the honor of what has been achieved is largely due.

In all these years no day has opened or closed in which I have not prayed for the missionaries, that they might be guided and kept and prospered in the work to which they were called. I have asked the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest. I have prayed for the churches that they might understand the program of Jesus Christ and be in sympathy with it and ready to do all in their power that his program might be speedily and completely and gloriously realized. My heart's desire and prayer to God for myself has been that I might come to resemble Christ more and more in heart, in thought, in character, and in conduct, to the end that I might more worthily represent him to all with whom I have to do.

One of the first comments I heard after my election was, "He is too young." I have largely outgrown that fault. In a little while people will be saying, "He is too old." When that time comes I shall be glad to step down and out. Not only so, but I hold myself in readiness to give place to someone else at any time, if the brethren wish that and will make their wish known. If I could have my wish, I would like to live a thousand years and spend every one in giving a knowledge of Christ, and salvation through Christ, to the nations that know him not. In any event, I would like to be connected with the work in some capacity to the end of the day, the Lord being willing. But I am in God's hands and am

absolutely unconcerned about the future. I have honored him, and like David I have besought him that he will not forsake me when I am old and gray-headed. And so I rest in his love as securely as any child ever rested upon a mother's breast.

One closing word: What will the next thirty years see? I do not know, but if we are loyal to our King, by that time our missionary offerings will exceed ten millions a year; our missionaries will be numbered by the thousand; and the principles for which we plead will be understood and accepted by representatives of every people and nation and tongue and tribe on the globe. It is for us and for those who come after us to make the next thirty years immeasurably more glorious than the last thirty years have been. Shall we not joyously bend all our energies to this end?

In 1914 a commission composed of Stephen J. Corey, R. A. Doan and W. C. Bower, accompanied by Mrs. Doan and Austin Doan, spent six months in the Orient studying the work in Japan, China and the Philippines and conferring with the missionaries in those fields. An interesting by-product of their trip was a book of letters which Mrs. Doan gathered from the missionaries and Austin illustrated with photographs of groups from the different stations. The title page, printed at the Christian Mission Press in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, Philippine Islands, reads:

To
ARCHIBALD McLEAN
Beloved President
of the
F. C. M. S.
From Missionaries in the Orient

A few of the letters follow.

Vigan, Philippine Islands.

Ever since the days when as a student I saw and heard you, the president and a professor at Bethany, your life and words have been an inspiration to me. Here on the mission

field your letters and unceasing interest have aided me wonderfully.

The Lord be gracious to you and make you to continue a tower of strength in missionary matters.

W. H. HANNA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

When I entered Bethany College my purpose to engage in the world's work was partly formed. It was by your preaching in the Bethany pulpit and your work in the classroom that this purpose was matured.

The boyish admiration then begun has continued and increased and is a source of ever fresh inspiration. I know I am only one of many so influenced and I am glad to be one.

BRUCE L. KERSHNER.

Wuhu, China.

In the years to come, when the younger generation shall ask us, "What was the greatest contribution made by President A. McLean to the great cause of missions?" we shall answer, "Not his literary contributions, fine as they are; not the enthusiasm he engendered into the hearts of the indifferent, making them become enthusiastic supporters of missions, but the great fight he made on behalf of liberty of conscience in mission administration."

ALEXANDER PAUL.

Shanghai, China.

My thoughts go back to your visit to Australia many years ago, and its helpfulness in bringing about such great results to the churches of that dear homeland. The work in which they have engaged in foreign lands has been largely influenced by your enthusiasm and advice, and as one who has gone forth as one result, I want to thank you personally, for my work in this field has been a continued source of joy.

ROSE L. TONKIN.

Shanghai, China.

I want to testify that whatever influence God has used me to exert upon this people is due to the visits of your good self to old Eureka years ago.

Your name and personality are known and loved not only

by thousands in the homeland but all around the world. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

H. P. Shaw.

10th Moon, 6th day, 1914.

(*Translation.*)

McLean, Great President and Esteemed Worthy:

It is almost twenty years since we saw each other's face in Yu-ho-tsz and I was the recipient of your courtesy and love. From that day to this I have not been in your honorable presence. Constantly as I have met others who know you, have I asked after you and remembered you. They have told me you have been constant in the Lord's work, laboring unto weariness.

Younger brother rejoices greatly in your labors and love. May the Three in One, True God be with you.

Your younger brother in the gospel.

Shi Kwei-biao.

(*First convert of the China Mission and its foremost evangelist.*)

Akita, Japan.

Memories crowd as I think back over the years I have known you, to the time when we met by the sea at Hanabuchi. I can remember no time when you have not been linked with our home in the most sacred way. Just lately I have been reading, in connection with my Bible study, *Hours With the Bible.* In the front is written in father's hand, "From A. McLean, Tsurugaoka, Japan, May, 1889." You may be sure that makes the book mean much more. Although we are now linked in a different relationship, I always think of you as "Daddy McLean" and hope you will always think of me as the little girl to whom you gave "Dutch kisses."

Gretchen Garst.

Akita, Japan.

The longer one is on the field the more does he realize what you are doing and have striven to do to disseminate the gospel of Christ throughout the earth. Yours is and has been the followship of the nation-builders. For opening the way before them you take high place among the makers of

civilization. We congratulate you upon this service and pray that many more may be the years in which you may send out the evangel of the Christ. Pray for us that we may be true to the task before us. L. D. OLIPHANT.

Joshi Sei Gakuin, Takinogawa, Tokyo, Japan.
Christmas Eve, 1914.

You have not forgotten the "G. O. P." of the Angola, Indiana, church, have you?

For eighteen years (almost) I have had fellowship with you in this work which grows dearer to me with the passing years. "Once I was young, but now I—" am not so young, but life is sweet and *so well worth living.*

The Father hears the petitions of such as you and I have faith to believe that some day "The earth shall be *full* of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters that cover the sea." Continue to pray with us for this day!

BERTHA CLAWSON.

The projectors of the Edinburgh conference in 1910 excluded all consideration of Latin America as a field for Protestant missions in deference to leaders of the Anglican church who insisted that since Roman Catholicism was the state religion of most of the Latin American republics and the prevailing faith of all of them, it would be a violation of comity to undertake missionary work there.

As most of the Protestant churches took an altogether different view of the situation, they felt that a special conference should be held in behalf of Latin America. Out of this conviction finally grew the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, held at Panama, February 10-20, 1916. In this conference sat not only representatives of all the Protestant missionary societies working in the Latin American republics, but officers, missionaries and other interested representatives of the several churches, and also prominent citizens of the countries concerned who were not directly identified with the missionary enter-

prise. Having missionaries in Mexico, Argentina and Porto Rico under the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, the Disciples of Christ were deeply interested in the congress. The fact that Samuel Guy Inman, missionary of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in Mexico, was serving as executive secretary of the congress naturally deepened this interest. The delegation of fifteen persons, one of the strongest in the congress, represented not merely the Christian Woman's Board of Missions but the Disciples of Christ as a whole. Mr. McLean was in this group and the others gave him a prominent place in its work. As was his habit in such gatherings he took little part in the proceedings. The devotional periods occupied a large place in each day of the congress. The hour that he led and his address on prayer had a profound influence in the congress. His report of the congress in *The Christian-Evangelist* was a striking example of his skill at presenting a great mass of information in small compass, getting at the very heart and soul of any gathering which he attended. In the course of this report he said:

> One note that was sounded more often than any other was that of cooperation. It was said by a hundred speakers that no single communion can evangelize Latin America. There must be cooperation in education, in literature, in all forms of benevolent work, in evangelism; there must be cooperation on the largest scale if the work is to be done. A divided Protestantism is unequal to the task. It was said that if the nations of Europe can unite to kill and to destroy, if scientific men can unite to exterminate the rat, the housefly and the mosquito, Christian people should be able to unite for the evangelization of the world. Nearly every speaker voiced this thought. Alexander Campbell never pleaded more earnestly for a united church in order to a redeemed race than did the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America plead for the union of all the forces at work in that part of the great world field. One speaker said, "We have come

into an atmosphere in which men loathe to differ and are determined to understand one another."

In 1911 the missionaries in China became possessed of the conviction that the work there must be greatly enlarged to meet the multiplied opportunities and responsibilities opening before them on every hand. When they presented the matter to Mr. Rains who was visiting the field just then, he recognized the force of all they said but reminded them that the same sort of a harvest time had come in Tibet, Japan, the Philippine Islands, Africa and India. Unabashed, the missionaries said, "Then make the call for $600,000 and enlarge the work in all the fields!" With this in view the mission sent home A. E. Cory, who had gone out to China in 1901, to present the matter to the churches. After he reached Cincinnati the executive committee decided to place the amount to be raised in the campaign at half a million dollars. But the first business men interviewed, George B. Vandervort and Benjamin L. Rand of North Tonawanda, New York, and G. M. Kirby of Buffalo, protested that the amount was too small either to accomplish what was desired or to challenge the liberality of the churches. A questionnaire sent out to representative laymen throughout the country brought the same verdict. Then there was another conference in Cincinnati and the executive committee decided to place the goal at $1,000,000 to be secured in pledges of not less than $500 each, payable in five years.

Scarcely a year had passed before the goal was in sight, and W. F. Holt of Southern California, proposed that the effort be repeated. While this was being talked over in a tentative way, Mrs. M. E. Harlan, secretary of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, proposed that the new campaign be for home missions as well as foreign, and that the three boards,

A. McLEAN'S FELLOW OFFICERS IN THE FOREIGN SOCIETY

1. Bert Wilson, 2. S. J. Corey, 3. C. W. Plopper, 4. F. M. Rains, 5. C. M. Yocum, 6. A. E. Cory, 7. R. A. Doan.

the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Christian Woman's Board of Missions and American Christian Missionary Society join in an effort to raise two million dollars. With this practically agreed upon, the convention of 1912 met in Louisville, Kentucky. There, in a prayer meeting devoted to the new campaign, someone prayed, "Lord, save us from thinking too much of money. Help us to realize that it is only through consecrated lives that thy kingdom can be advanced. Lord, give us a thousand new workers for the fields at home and abroad." This immediately became the burden of all hearts.

Then there was another enlargement of the plans to include the Board of Ministerial Relief, the Board of Church Extension and the National Benevolent Association, making the financial goal $2,400,000. At the convention of 1913, in Toronto, Canada, R. A. Long of Kansas City urged that the necessities of the church colleges be made a part of the campaign. This proposal eventuated within a few weeks in his pledging $1,000,000 on condition that a total of $6,300,000 be secured, $3,500,000 of which should go to the colleges. Before the promoters began the campaign they realized that to increase the funds through the five-year period and then allow the support of the work to fall back to the old standard would be disastrous, and so they decided to introduce the every-member canvass for weekly giving for missions, benevolence and education, as well as for local church support. This defined the threefold aim of what they had decided to call the Men and Millions Movement: one thousand workers for home and foreign fields; $6,300,000 for missions, benevolence and education; the every-member canvass for the enlistment of the whole church in support of the whole task.

The representatives of the cooperating agencies

incorporated the movement under the laws of Ohio, with headquarters in Cincinnati, and elected Mr. McLean chairman of its executive committee and A. E. Cory and R. H. Miller secretaries to conduct the campaign. With them were associated all the secretaries of the participating boards and the presidents of all cooperating colleges. Out of the experience of the Million Dollar Campaign standardized and efficient methods of presenting the work had been evolved. Three teams of five persons each inaugurated the campaign in the spring of 1914 in Texas. In each section all the members of the three teams participated in a "set-up" meeting to which they invited representatives of all the churches. Then the separate teams went to the stronger churches and presented the objectives of the campaign in a public meeting at which no money was solicited. Following this public presentation they sought individual subscriptions of $500 or more each, payable in five years, as in the Million Dollar Campaign.

The leaders continued after this method until the spring of 1918 when, with about five million dollars subscribed, such a crisis arose in every department of the work on account of the World War that they undertook an emergency drive in all the churches of the brotherhood, both for the larger five-year pledges and for smaller amounts down to five dollars each, payable in ninety days. In this drive the members of four thousand churches subscribed over two million dollars and passed the total goal of the movement.

Mr. McLean not only continued as chairman of the executive committee of the movement throughout its course, but exerted all the while a profound influence in advancing the spiritual and educational standards and methods of the campaign. Not a single executive committee meeting took place without his presence.

No matter how crowded was the agenda of any meeting, by the unanimous and insistent demand of the committee, the chairman led the thirty-minute period of devotion. The continued illness of Mr. Rains and his absence from the office much of the time, made it necessary for Mr. McLean to remain in Cincinnati almost constantly, but he attended a few of the nearby set-up meetings and delivered inspiring addresses. After the meeting in Memphis, Tennessee, one man said that he had come to the meeting expecting to pledge five hundred dollars, but after hearing A. McLean's plea for home missions as well as foreign, he was going to give a thousand.

Before the completion of the Men and Millions Movement other Protestant communions of America began to plan similar undertakings, some of which went far beyond the amounts secured by the Disciples. When some one congratulated the leaders of the Centenary Movement on the splendid success of the Methodist campaign they answered, "But we would not have dared undertake what we did if the Men and Millions Movement had not gone before." It should be said also that the war had completely revolutionized and vastly advanced the standards of giving for unselfish purposes in America, before these later movements were inaugurated.

In each of the places visited by the teams of the Men and Millions Movement a special meeting was held with young people from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Eight thousand, four hundred and twelve of these signed cards declaring their intention: first, to study the world fields; second, to study their own capabilities; third, to secure the best possible training, preferably in a Christian college, for whatever life-work it seemed they should undertake. In each church there was a conference also with the of-

ficial board to encourage the undertaking of the every-member canvass. Completion of the financial campaign in the emergency drive made it impossible to round out the efforts for the realization of the other two aims or to follow up adequately the results that had been attained. But there was an immediate increase in college attendance and a decided advance in general giving that could not have been realized without the Men and Millions Movement.

With all that was accomplished, Mr. McLean insisted that only a beginning had been made and that before many years had passed the churches would be giving each year more than they subscribed in the entire campaign. The validity of his expectation is realized when it is noted that 2,342 persons made the five-year pledges, while there are a million and a quarter to participate in the support of the work year after year.

The Men and Millions Movement was essentially not a money-raising campaign but an educational undertaking. This was so not only in the time and attention given to the meetings with the young people and official boards of the churches, but also in the public presentation of the work and the private solicitation of pledges. The team visited scores of churches where it was well understood that the chance of securing pledges of $500 or more was very slight. They canvassed hundreds of individuals with equally small expectations. The purpose was to inform the people as to the needs of the fields and the opportunities of the gospel, with the purpose of securing sympathy and prayer as well as money. The appeal for money was kept on the highest possible plane. The motto displayed most conspicuously in every meeting was, "We seek not yours but you." In all this the Men and Millions Movement was of a piece with Mr. McLean's life-long methods

and efforts, and its results, like the fruitage of his individual work, are to be found not so much in immediate returns as in the progress of the long years.

Regarding the essential character of the movement he said as an introduction to its report in 1919:

The Men and Millions Movement is a spiritual enterprise. Its aim is the glorification of Christ through the promotion of the interests of his kingdom. The money raised and pledged is for three great causes: missions, education and benevolence—three causes that lie close to the heart of our living Lord. His parting charge to his disciples was this, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." His last words spoken in this hearing were these, "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you, and you shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." The enlistment of life is a necessary part of His program. The fields call for evangelists, physicians, teachers and nurses. The gospel cannot fill the earth as the waters fill the sea unless qualified men and women in sufficient numbers are provided. In order that the men and women needed may be qualified for the service, schools must be maintained. The aged and dependent must be fed and clothed and housed and cared for as their needs require. What is done to the least of these is considered as done to Him.

Because the Men and Millions Movement is a spiritual movement, it was begun and continued in the spirit of prayer. There has been no meeting of the executive committee and no set-up meeting and no meeting of the soliciting teams in which prayer has not had a large place. The continued guidance and blessing of God were invoked. It is confidently believed that the success of the movement is God's direct answer to the believing prayer of his people.

The leaders realized that the task proposed was too great for them unless they were aided with power from on high. They reminded themselves of the words of the Lord Jesus, "Apart from me ye can do nothing." They recalled, too, his gracious promises, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"; and, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything

that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." On telling the Twelve that the harvest truly was plenteous while the laborers were few, the Master said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Prayer is the divine method suggested for securing the laborers needed.

In all our efforts to advance the frontiers of the kingdom, we are authorized to commandeer all the resources of the universe. Our Lord has said, "Concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands, command ye me."

CHAPTER XIX

CROWNING THE YEARS

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION—LOVING SELF FOR THE SAKE OF GOD—MC LEAN FUND—QUOTATIONS FROM SPEECHES AND LETTERS—HIS ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WHEN the thirty-fifth anniversary of Mr. McLean's service with the Foreign Society approached, his comrades in the work decided that the length, originality and self-sacrificing character of his labors, as well as their results, required that the occasion should receive more than passing recognition. They arranged therefore for a celebration in the Central Church at Cincinnati, on March 4, 1917. His friends and admirers from far and near gathered in the historic and cathedral-like old church in an assemblage impressive both in numbers and in representative character. Those best qualified to present the various phases of his life and service were the spokesmen of the event. The chief voice was that of F. M. Rains who had served longest with him. Telegrams and letters came in large numbers from those who could not attend. Even those who knew him best were surprised at the variety, the extent and the success of his labors; but beyond all admiration of his work and of his character was love of the man expressed or clearly implied in every address, letter and telegram and by the presence of every person in the church.

Especially striking was the frank but detached delight which Mr. McLean took in the proceedings.

There was a time in his career when he would not have permitted such a demonstration. That he not only tolerated but enjoyed it was due partly to his feeling that it was a tribute to his Lord rather than to himself, and a recognition of the work to which he had given his life rather than of his own personal place in it. But this was not all. A further explanation is to be found in a memorable statement of Bernard of Clairvaux.

> First, then, a man loves his own self for self's sake, since he is flesh, and he cannot have any taste except for things in relation with him; but when he sees that he is not able to subsist by himself, that God is, as it were, necessary to him, he begins to inquire and to love God by faith. Thus he loves God in the second place, but because of his own interest, and not for the sake of God himself. But when, on account of his own necessity, he has begun to worship him and to approach him by meditation, by reading, by prayer, by obedience, he comes little by little to know God with a certain familiarity, and in consequence to find him sweet and kind; and thus having tasted how sweet the Lord is, he passes to the third stage, and thus loves God no longer on account of his own interest, but for the sake of God himself. Once arrived there, he remains stationary, and I know not if in this life man is truly able to rise to the fourth degree, which is, no longer to love himself except for the sake of God. Those who have made trial of this (if there be any) may assert it to be attainable; to me, I confess it appears impossible.

That which the celebrated abbot considered impossible was achieved by Archibald McLean. This detached attitude toward himself was manifested also in his modification of the asceticism of his earlier ministry. Then he delighted in mortifying the flesh, in denying himself sleep, missing his meals, spending nights of travel on a day-coach, and in every way showing contempt for the mortal body in which he dwelt. Finally he recognized the inconsistency between his urging the ministers and missionaries and

Mr. Rains to take care of their health and the course he himself was pursuing. Seeing his duty in this, as in everything else, meant acting upon it consistently and faithfully. He changed his habits of daily life as promptly and thoroughly as he had altered his penmanship when he realized how illegible his writing was.

As a part of the anniversary celebration and before the day arrived, Mr. Rains wrote to a number of friends suggesting the creation of a McLean Fund of $10,000, the interest on which, at the salary rate then prevailing, would support a missionary forever. The people took pleasure in contributing to the fund and innumerable tributes of gratitude and affection accompanied the remittances.

On the day of the celebration his associates presented him with a handsomely bound book containing the addresses of that occasion and many of the letters. Later they added other letters and telegrams, and the book became one of his most prized possessions. He kept it in his desk until a short time before his death when he sent it on to one of his sisters with the request that after examining it herself she pass it around to other members of the family. A few typical and informing expressions from this collection follow here. They represent hundreds of others from national, state and provincial secretaries, ministers and missionaries and men and women of the churches all over North America. Every one had some special reason for loving A. McLean.

John H. Booth, Church Extension secretary.—As a student in Drake your life and message reached the secret chambers of my heart. They sent me from the meeting thoughtfully and reverently to seek the quiet of my room to think matters over with my God, and there came a feeling to me that I would be willing to go anywhere God called me and give my life in service to him.

Milton B. Madden, missionary, Japan.—I first came under your influence when I entered Bethany College, where you were president, twenty-four years ago. * * * Your influence in our lives and the lives of our children has been very precious. Our little daughter, Grace, who never knew a grandparent, stuck close to you at the Oregon state convention last year at Turner. She said, "I love Brother McLean and wish he was my grandpa."

W. E. Crabtree, minister, San Diego, California.—He led me out of the wilderness of non-missions. I heard him first in Morrison Chapel, Lexington, Kentucky, twenty-seven years ago. Of course I was first struck with his odd mannerisms. When he began to speak I forgot his jerky gestures and stood with him beside Livingstone's grave in Westminster Abbey. A new world was discovered unto me that night. He has continued an inspiration to me. His unwillingness to be less than a master of his subject, his abandonment to his task, his piety and his refusal to yield to obstacles—these and personal friendship have spurred me on. We count the thirty-fifth not the last milestone, not the one in the forum-heart of Rome, but the one at Apii Forum, where still on the journey, the brethren meet, "thank God and take courage."

Charles P. Hedges, missionary, Bolenge, Congo, Africa.—Because I have known you I am a better man and a missionary. You have been an inspiration to me. My father died sixteen years ago, and many times when you have laid your hand on my shoulder and said, "How are you, Charlie?" I have called you in my heart, "Father."

G. W. Muckley, veteran secretary of Church Extension.—A. McLean's first friendly act to me was when I was a sophomore in Bethany College. He was giving a series of addresses at Bethany on the far fields of the world, and at the close of these I borrowed ten dollars from President Pendleton and gave it to Mr. McLean for world evangelization. I paid back that ten dollars to President Pendleton, and it resulted in my entering the ministry.

Dr. E. I. Osgood, missionary, China.—Twenty-four years ago you stood in the chapel at Hiram and I for the first time heard your message. It was "Go—*Go*—GO!" It was said to the body of students, but later I made the decision to go. The next time I came in personal touch with you was at the Student Volunteer Convention, 1898, in Cleveland, and you

personally asked *me* if I would go—to China. That call of yours defined the work of my life. A little later you met me at the station in Cincinnati and took my suitcase. It seems as if you have been carrying it for me ever since. Many are the loads you have borne for me—especially on the wings of prayer to the throne of God.

I traveled with you a month this winter. It was a joy to work with you and be guided by your directions. I cannot be with you very long without realizing what a father and mother you seek to be, and are, to us missionaries. I shall go back to my work many times stronger because of the privilege of having listened day after day to the morning devotions you led at the rallies. You bring us back to the great fundamentals. You teach us anew to pray and to study the Word.

David Rioch, missionary, India.—As Joshua was a savior of his people, so has been A. McLean, in that he has saved the Disciples of Christ from pettiness by revealing to them the whole program of the Christ. By the power of a saintly life he has led the Disciples of Christ out, out into India, China, Japan, Africa and the islands of the sea.

By none has the power of his personality been so appreciated as by the missionaries. Said one missionary, and this can be said by all, "No man's life has had such an influence on me as has A. McLean's." None of us will ever forget the wonderful seasons of prayer, the heart talks, the deep spiritual lessons, the world-wide vision he has given us. These have gone with us out in the lonely places of the remotest parts of the world. Sometimes when disheartened and discouraged, the thought of A. McLean and what he has endured for our sakes and his daily pleading for us before the throne of grace, has put heart into us and has stood with us in all our discouragements, illnesses and sorrows. He has entered into our homes, so that our children love him and think there is no other man living who equals Brother McLean, for he has often found time in his busy life to write to them.

With us he has borne all things, has of us believed only good things, has hoped in us, and his love has never failed, for he is our friend, yea more than a friend, for his love has been greater even than that of a brother.

F. M. Rains.—He has been the first at the office in the morning and the last to close his door at night. In season, out of season, he has toiled day and night—stormy days, Sundays and holidays. His labor has been unremitting. He has always been ready and most willing to do the humblest task. Never "fussy," always efficient, he moves with steadiness and strength.

When the work of the day is over in the office, he is ready for a long evening of toil in his room, writing articles or leaflets or books. Or, it may be he goes over a voluminous correspondence fresh from one of the mission fields. He has rendered more service while others slept than many have accomplished when awake. Not a drop of lazy blood courses in his veins. No germs of indifference or idleness find culture in his busy life. Many of the best editorials you have read in the religious papers were written by his versatile pen. One of the strongest missionary books written in this or any other age, was penned by his tireless hand. *Where the Book Speaks* is a missionary classic and will remain so for a hundred years. *Thomas and Alexander Campbell* is the best interpretation of their lives and work that has been written. A. McLean has become a great author by snatching scraps of time from an overcrowded life of administrative duties.

James L. Barton, secretary American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational).—I am almost overwhelmed with a sense of the significance of these thirty-five years of active service. * * * Under your eye and in no small measure under your guiding hand, Christianity has been planted in the hearts of multitudes of the people of Africa and the East. * * * You have seen your own society come into prominence. * * * It has always been an inspiration to meet you face to face, and to share with you in counsels affecting cooperative work, both at home and abroad. Your spirit of devotion and consecration and breadth of vision has been a help and inspiration to us all.

Robert E. Speer, secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.—Ever since we first met our hearts have been as brothers' hearts. And as I look back over the years I rejoice in all our fellowship, and in the unbroken intimacy and confidence of our service together. God has given you a great opportunity, and with it the grace and wisdom and unselfishness which have made your loyal ministry a joy and

inspiration to thousands. What you have said and written and done as an educator and as a missionary leader has been a great blessing and power, but what you have been has given you an even deeper and more tender place in our hearts. Jesus Christ has been first with you, and therefore you have been able to win for him a larger place in other lives. Your own heart has been pure, and that has made other hearts happier and more free as you have touched them.

John R. Mott, secretary International Y. M. C. A., chairman Student Volunteer Movement and Edinburgh Missionary Conference.—Your large vision, your constructive plans, your undiscouragable enthusiasm, your contagious faith, your rare spirit of humility, and your unfailing emphasis on the spiritual, have made your life and your work the source of inspiration to me through all the years since we first met in a far away part of the world. I have valued your friendship more than I can express.

R. P. Mackay, secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Canada.—How little you can know of all the help and comfort and inspiration you have been distributing throughout the world in all these years! Even if you tried to reckon it, your valuation would be too low, because the Master credits more generously than we would dare to do; and also because your influence has traveled far beyond the limits of your own section of the church.

Mr. McLean indicated his unaffected enjoyment of the thirty-fifth anniversary celebration and his appreciation of his friends' affection in letters like this to Miss Martha Kilgour and in the "Card" that appeared in the *Missionary Intelligencer* of April, 1917.

My dear Miss Martha:

The flowers added much to the joy of the day. They were beautiful, and were greatly admired by all who saw them. I am deeply grateful for your kind remembrance of the day and for your contribution to its enjoyment. The Lord reward you; all I can do is to thank you, and I do that with all my heart and soul.

The service at the church was perfect. Dr. Kilgour and Miss Annie were present. I was never in such a service and may never be in another like it, or approaching it. The

friends were more than kind. There is only one way to show my appreciation and gratitude, and that is to be in some measure worthy of the confidence and good will of the people I serve. God bless them every one. May he deal well with you and repay all your kindness and goodness.

Most truly yours,
A. McLean.

A Card

In my absence and without my knowledge, my associates and other friends arranged to celebrate the completion of thirty-five years of service for the society. Never before in our history has there been such a celebration as was held in the Central Christian Church in Cincinnati, on the 4th day of March. I trust it was a harbinger of a better day, a day in which public servants will be honored in their own country and by their own people and in their own lifetime. To my associates in office, to the friends who sent their congratulations by mail and by wire, to the men and women who came from other cities and other states, to the representatives of all our organized missionary and benevolent and educational and temperance work, and to the leaders of the Men and Millions Movement, who made it a point to be present and assist, all I can say is this: "I thank you, and may God reward you, for I can make no suitable return for the evidence of your confidence and affection." Wordsworth said what I feel:

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

I am amazed at the numerous expressions of kindness and good will that have come from men and women and churches in all parts of the country.

To each and all who helped to make the celebration a delightful episode in a long and busy life, I say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you every one." A. McLean.

PART IV

AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE

CHAPTER XX

STEADFAST THROUGH STORM AND STRESS

DIFFERENCES AMONG THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST—DIVISION—COLOSSAL DIMENSIONS OF MC LEAN'S TASK—SUCCESS ENGENDERS PERENNIAL OPPOSITION —FIRM FOR PRINCIPLES—CONCILIATORY ON METHODS—CINCINNATI CONVENTION OF 1919—ST. LOUIS 1920—DECLARATION OF FAITH.

ON some subjects the Disciples of Christ have been unanimous but missions was never one of these subjects. The very organization of the missionary societies aroused such opposition in some quarters that churches and even families were hopelessly divided. Many of his friends denounced Alexander Campbell for favoring the organization of the American Christian Missionary Society and for becoming its first president. Even prior to this they assailed county, district and state cooperative efforts as unwarranted by the Scriptures. They insisted that the local church itself was the only permissible religious organization. To be consistent many of these severe literalists condemned Sunday schools as vigorously as they did missionary societies. Everywhere they opposed the employment of instrumental music in worship, because the New Testament makes no mention of its use in the early church. On the same account they refused to pay their ministers definite salaries. Finally the cleavage became so complete that a considerable number of churches refused to be listed in the United States Census reports with the main body of the Disciples of Christ. For a number of years they have stood apart as "Churches of Christ."

The inevitable division induced by this controversy did not result in a clear-cut separation between congregations. There was scarcely a congregation that was unanimous one way or the other. In some cases there was a minority of missionary spirits in an anti-missionary congregation. In other places there were a few anti-missionary souls in churches that were at least tolerant of organized missionary endeavor. In many cases the division was so pronounced that one party or the other formed a new church.

The leaders of the extreme conservatives always insisted that they were not opposed to missions but simply to missionary societies. As a matter of fact a few missionaries have gone out from their ranks and have been supported by irregular contributions. Generally the papers that have voiced the convictions of these churches have served as clearing houses for missionary offerings to enterprises of their own choosing. Virtually the papers have become missionary societies. All the while, of course, there was no more warrant in the Scriptures for the paper itself than there was for the missionary society, the church organ, the Sunday school or the minister's salary.

This controversy was at its height when Mr. McLean became secretary of the Foreign Society. Against the society were arrayed many of the ablest and most respected leaders of that day. Only a few men of reputation advocated missions earnestly. The rest were absorbed in their immediate tasks and gave little thought to the question. Every argument for missions involves an appeal for money, and the few who enjoy giving always have so many objects for their generosity that they shrink from new demands almost as painfully as the majority who count all giving a hardship. The missionary call also runs squarely against

race prejudice and fixed habits. On these and other accounts, the preacher who spoke out for missions among the Disciples of Christ fifty years ago took his ministerial life in his hands, while the most specious argument against missions could win applause from our very human fathers. To overcome such powerful adversaries, such stubborn opposition and such solid inertia, Providence appointed an unknown stripling of a preacher who little suspected, when he consented to become secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society along with his village pastorate, how great were the labors and sufferings before him. Step by step he got deeper into the work until, ten years after his first election, he was wholly and forever committed to the missionary enterprise.

It has been said that one's enemies are always more active than his friends. This truth was illustrated throughout Mr. McLean's life—for instance: in the controversy which raged during his first eighteen years with the society, one party was positively and even violently opposed to instrumental music, ministerial salaries, missionary societies and everything else which they considered an innovation; the other insisted only upon the liberty to utilize these means for the advancement of the cause of Christ, if individually and locally they saw fit to do so. As a matter of fact the taste which required an organ advanced much faster than the conscience which compelled the support of preachers at home and missionaries abroad.

Many of the non-missionary people fought the organization bitterly, impugning the motives and reviling the characters of its officers. In 1891, one of them wrote Mr. McLean, "We believe little or nothing of what you or any other missionary boss says. We look upon the whole scheme as a swindle and a fraud. We go nothing on the Christianity and but little on the

honesty of the manipulators of this whole society work. It is not of God but of men. The heathen are not calling on you nor me for the gospel. They can have the gospel printed in their own tongue if they desire it. * * * The whole thing is a humbug and a pretense to fill the pockets of bad men and worse women." The same year another wrote him, "The missionary societies and Sunday schools of today are the devil's property, and every man converted thereto is the devil's man."

The natural inclination of any man of the "Fighting McLeans," or even of more pacific blood, would have been to denounce the essential infidelity of such attacks upon those who were striving to do God's will. He restrained his wrath, preached the Word with mighty emphasis upon its missionary imperative and spirit, told the facts of the society's work and challenged his hearers to follow their Lord and his apostles. The few missionaries who were supported independently of the societies he considered God's servants, even as the others; remembered them in his prayers, visited them in his travels, and rejoiced in their successes.

One of the favorite charges against the societies has always been that "it takes ninety cents to get a dime to the mission fields." In support of this contention the *Gospel Advocate* of January 12, 1922, published an article in which there appeared these statements: "When A. McLean was president of the society I understood some years ago that his salary was $7,500 a year. I presume it was not less than $10,000 at the time of his death." Possibly the writer did not know that the society publishes every year a detailed and audited statement of its receipts and expenditures. But the editor could have learned without difficulty that A. McLean never received more than $2,400 a

year. As this paper's readers are largely rural and not familiar with the enormous cost of living in the large cities, this one erroneous rumor (and Mr. McLean would not have called such a report by a worse name) would furnish a sufficient basis for anything anyone might care to say about selfishness, luxury, extravagance and misuse of funds. Moreover, the falsehood and all deductions from it would be repeated and magnified by hundreds and thousands of persons year after year.

The dawn of the twentieth century among the churches that were not hopelessly bound by inflexible legalism found the missionary enterprise completely vindicated. No man of any influence among the Disciples of Christ longer questioned the liberty of individual Christians to cooperate in any good work which they felt called upon to do. Some still insisted that while individuals might thus cooperate, churches could not, but few people paid any attention to this distinction. Yet the churches could not be called missionary. Scarcely a third of them were contributing anything to missions and less than a third of the members of those that did contribute had any share in the offerings. It rested largely with the minister as to whether they gave anything or not. If he presented the matter, some of those who happened to be present when he made the appeal would contribute what they felt they could spare, and then feel absolved for the remainder of the year. If the Sunday school superintendent or others arranged for the observance of Children's Day they could secure an offering. But if the minister and Sunday school leaders neglected the matter, most churches were quite willing to let the year pass without doing anything. Wherever there was a woman's society it made contributions to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and gradually developed

a missionary conscience, in the entire congregation as well as among its own members.

When the agitation and promotion of missions became more vigorous and systematic, when missionaries right from the fields began to visit the churches and homes of the people, when the society put additional secretaries into the field and held missionary rallies, it became increasingly difficult to ignore the call. Then new varieties of opposition developed. But the most the critics could do was to supply the penurious an excuse for not giving and to suggest to the generous new objects to which they could divert their offerings; no more pains being taken to discover the worthiness of these objects than were taken to ascertain the truth of the charges against the society. Much of the latter half of Mr. McLean's public service was hampered by successive waves of such opposition. A sad book could be written of the independent missionary ventures, fostered by the opposition, which ended in disaster.

A severe test of Archibald McLean's fidelity to principle came in 1907. The society was rapidly gaining favor among the churches and the missionaries were winning converts on the fields. In recognition of the humanitarian and educational, as well as evangelistic work that the missionaries were doing, John D. Rockefeller had given the society $5,000 in 1905, $10,000 in 1906 and $10,000 in 1907. It happened just then that among the Disciples of Christ, Thomas W. Phillips, an honored layman of Pennsylvania, was making larger contributions than any other man to educational and missionary work, and at the same time was leading the fight against the Standard Oil Company. In the 1907 convention at Norfolk he urged that the $25,000 should be returned to its donor. He argued that the society, in accepting money from Mr. Rockefeller, gave its

sanction to all the economic crimes alleged against the Standard Oil Company. It was no easier to stand out against this greatest layman in the brotherhood than it had been to meet some of the most influential preachers twenty years before. Undoubtedly, for the moment, it would have increased the funds as well as the peace of the society to yield, but Mr. McLean felt that a fundamental principle was involved and stood fast. The convention, after the manner of popular bodies, kept the money but instructed the officers of the society not to ask for more in the same place. In recent years the colleges of the brotherhood have been receiving large sums from the General Education Board, founded and financed by Mr. Rockefeller. No protests are now heard against such actions.

There was heated controversy over the appointment of certain speakers on the Centennial program at Pittsburgh. In naming the speakers, the committee, of which both Mr. McLean and Mr. Phillips were members, conscientiously sought to represent the entire brotherhood. It even made earnest efforts to secure one of the leaders of the anti-society brethren. After it had published the list of speakers protests were made against the appearance of one or two of the men named, on the ground that they were so liberal in their position as to be outside the pale of the brotherhood. The committee, by a majority vote refused to recall its unanimous appointments.

When the Foreign Society joined with other foreign mission boards in the establishment of Nanking University in China, the perennial opposition condemned the society for "compromising with the denominations." The explicit guarantees of the university's charter and of the contract signed by the several boards did not satisfy the objectors. Now the institution stands out both as an inspiring monument of mis-

sionary statesmanhip and as a practical exemplification of the Christian union plea of the Disciples of Christ. By helping to establish and maintain it in spite of continued opposition Mr. McLean paved the way for many other such enterprises of Christian cooperation and at the same time helped to keep alive the finer soul of his people.

Perhaps the bitterest and most prolonged attack upon Mr. McLean and the society grew out of the appointment of a certain missionary. The candidate's interviews with the executive committee and other reliable information fully satisfied that body as to his fitness in character, attainments, faith and consecration for the high calling which he had espoused. But when his appointment was announced, some who felt that he was not in sympathy with the common practice and teaching of the majority of the churches that were supporting the Foreign Society made vigorous protests, with the natural result that many people accepted all of their allegations at their face value and joined in the outcry. Mr. McLean and the executive committee, from their intimate knowledge of the candidate, stood fast in their confidence in him. Just as stoutly they maintained that the regular and responsible administration of the society must not give place to irregular and irresponsible clamor. A life, a great organization and an inviolable principle were at stake. They refused to swerve a hair's breadth.

Both those whose confidence in the society was unshaken and the opposition expected that the latter would develop much strength in the national convention at Portland, Oregon, in July, 1911. The churches in that region, many of whose members would naturally attend the convention, were known to be conservative in their interpretation of the Scriptures and steadfast in their adherence to their conception of the

historic position of the Disciples of Christ. But the anticipated storm never broke. When Mr. McLean appeared the convention gave him a tremendous ovation. When the nominating committee made its report the convention reelected him unanimously and emphasized its action with a spontaneous demonstration of confidence and affection. The report which Mr. Rains, fresh from his visit to China, Japan, India and the Philippine Islands, gave of the missions in all these lands was most reassuring, and the convention enthusiastically ratified the society's forward-looking program of enlargement.

Year after year each convention repeated the same process. The opposition raised a great hue and cry over some man or measure. Some people grew alarmed and went up to the assembly to help save the cause of New Testament Christianity. When the convention assembled, heard the reports, saw the missionaries, met the officers face to face and heard a full and authentic account of their stewardship, their fears and suspicions vanished. Three things stood out clearly before them: first, the vast and strategic need of the gospel everywhere; second, the cheering progress made toward meeting the need in spite of inadequate means; third, the loyalty, unselfishness and efficiency of the executive committee and the employed officers. Then practically all returned to their homes resolved to give more adequate support of life and means and prayer to the great missionary cause. And yet, however unfounded each successive charge might be, it was always hurtful to the society, first, because there was no way of reaching with the actual facts in the case more than a fraction of the people who had heard the charge, and second, because many men need to have only a slight suspicion aroused to stop their giving.

Without regard for consequences he resisted the contention that the Men and Millions Movement should set up a heresy court, or accept the findings of a self-constituted one, and cancel its contract with one of the colleges. No more could he be frightened out of participation in the establishment of the United Christian Missionary Society.

The genuinely Christian spirit of Archibald McLean's steadfastness saved it from degenerating into mere stubbornness. He did not worship his own habits or opinions or the precedents of his society. Where no moral or religious principle was involved he was always ready to go the second mile. Several illustrations of this fact appear elsewhere in this volume. Innumerable others could be added. He vigorously opposed the effort to put the international convention on a delegate basis, but when the issue was decided against him sincerely sought to carry out the provisions of the constitution. In an important committee meeting one day A. E. Cory said that he hesitated to express an opinion in opposition to Mr. McLean's pronounced judgment. Instantly Mr. McLean interrupted him to declare, "Why should you? I've been opposed all my life." Instead of resenting fair opposition he welcomed it, believing that, "In the multitude of counselors there is safety."

In the organization of the United Christian Missionary Society Mr. McLean took a leading part in so framing the constitution that it should be perfectly responsive to the will of the people supporting it. The constitution provides that the annual convention shall be composed of all present who have given either moral or financial support to the work. The board of managers consists of sixty men and sixty women, so that all of the States and Canada can be adequately represented. This board of managers chooses out of

its own number an executive committee of ten men and ten women. To remove all possibility of "secretarial domination" the constitution provides that no paid officer of the society shall serve either on the board of managers or on the executive committee.

For months prior to the Cincinnati convention of 1919 the opposition waged an aggressive campaign throughout the country, to assemble for the two days previous to the convention the largest possible number of men and women who felt, or could be made to suspect, that the faith of our fathers was in danger or that any officer or agent of any society or college was incompetent or unworthy. This campaign was the culminating effort of years of diligent, widespread and ingenious propaganda, thickly sowing and thoroughly cultivating the seeds of suspicion.

When one remembers that the Disciples then had nine national boards and twenty-seven colleges; that even the wisest and most devoted men and women are liable to err; that people are easily mistaken in regard to facts and especially beliefs and motives; that misunderstandings, rumors and grievances grow and multiply with time and repetition, it is easy to see how natural it was that hundreds of people should respond to the call and come to Cincinnati for a pre-convention congress.

After the active participants in the congress had spent two days in public and private discussion of their suspicions and injuries, and had lashed one another into a frenzy of hostility toward all the work and workers of the boards and all their plans and proposals, they moved into the convention at Music Hall with the well advertised and carefully organized purpose of upsetting everything.

They chose for their attack the session of the American Christian Missionary Society, over which Presi-

dent F. W. Burnham was presiding. The board's recommendation that the society join with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Christian Woman's Board of Missions, National Benevolent Association and Board of Ministerial Relief to form the United Christian Missionary Society was the signal for the offensive. The air was electrical with the impending storm. Leaders of the opposition broke forth with charges of autocratic methods, unscriptural teachings and luxurious extravagance against all the officers of all the boards. The purport of it all was that, both those who had grown gray in the service and those who had been called but recently from responsible pastorates, were engaged in a secret and sinister conspiracy to deliver the churches of Christ over to German rationalism, all for the enrichment and glorification, in some mysterious way, of the conspirators.

According to the prosecutors Mr. McLean was one of the chief tyrants and traitors, but his accusers were not at all partial. The super-heated indictments were comprehensive enough to include every officer of every board. The critics were shown every courtesy and allowed to express themselves without reserve. This in itself was a clear refutation of one of their gravest charges. When an accusation against the chairman became definite enough for a categorical denial he promptly made it and challenged the accuser to produce his evidence. This immediately faded into a report of a repetition of a five-year-old conversation of entirely different import. Other charges were manifestly twenty years old and concerned former administrations. Some of the most violent were aimed at F. M. Rains, a hero of Christ's service who was known to be on his deathbed at that moment, twenty years before his time because of his abundant labors. With quiet self-control the officers allowed the storm to

UNITED SOCIETY OFFICERS NOT FROM THE FOREIGN SOCIETY

1. F. W. Burnham, 2. G. K. Lewis, 3. R. M. Hopkins, 4. W. F. Turner, 5. Anna R. Atwater, 6. Effie L. Cunningham, 7. Susanne Moffett, 8. Josephine M. Stearns, 9. Ellie K. Payne, 10. Affra B. Anderson, 11. Daisy June Trout, 12. Esther Treudley Johnson, 13. John H. Booth, 14. G. W. Muckley, 15. M. H. Gray, 16. J. H. Mohorter, 17. F. E. Smith, 18. W. R. Warren.

break its fury upon its own violence. Even the opposition paid high tribute to the forbearance and fairness with which they were heard. Most of those present recognized the plain marks of strength and courage, integrity and unselfishness in all of the official group. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of organizing the United Christian Missionary Society as proposed, and later for all other recommendations of the boards.

The severest trial both of A. McLean's firmness and of his fairness came in his last convention, that of St. Louis in 1920. Here, as at Cincinnati in 1919, a preconvention congress was held for the express purpose of so organizing and energizing the opposition that it might control the convention. Mr. McLean and other officers of the societies attended the congress, took the platform and answered conclusively every charge brought against them. He claimed no immunity for himself on account of his years of service and his known sacrifices. He gave each accuser credit for being sincere, even when the charges were most preposterous and patently vengeful. Equally illuminating with his bearing in the congress are the notes which he wrote, evidently for his own interest alone. In these he commended the fairness and promptness of all the decisions of the president of the congress, except when he ruled that no one should vote who was not in accord with the purpose of the congress. Even that he recognized as in harmony with the undemocratic character of the meeting. He praised the few constructive utterances of the speakers while regretting the general negative and destructive nature of the program. He mentioned by name many of the leading participants and characterized each of them sententiously and sympathetically. There is a brotherly smile in all of these personal references. The conven-

tion itself finally and fully vindicated his administration of the sacred trust which he had carried for thirty-nine years, but men whom he had loved and honored in each of the theological extremes of the brotherhood, came to amazing agreement in charging the straight-dealing president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society with duplicity. And even under such reviling there was a man of Clan McLean who reviled not again!

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Near the time of the St. Louis convention, a prominent minister wrote the following letter to Mr. McLean. Hundreds of conversions like this occurred every year of the thirty-nine that he served the society.

> There is a bit of personal matter that I want to write you about. Some years ago while a beginning student at Drake, I was guilty of writing you some very impudent letters. Out of my own ignorance and urged on by men who should have, and perhaps did know better, but sought to embarrass you, I said many things for which I have been for a long time very sorry. I know that you have forgotten the whole affair, for you doubtless receive many such letters from immature, thoughtless and sometimes wilful men, but I have not. Your kindliness at the time ought to have been sufficient proof of my error, but ignorance is seldom able to recognize so great a virtue. Maturity, knowledge and the ability to evaluate properly men and affairs have wrought a very great change in my thinking. I have longed to say these things to you personally, but have lacked opportunity. I trust however, belated as this may be, that it may receive the seal of your forgiveness.

In the heart of Archibald McLean there was always faith in the eternal power of the truth; reliance upon

the final good sense and fairness of the people of God; confidence that, since God lives, his benign sway shall yet extend "from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth." Both the integrity of his own faith and this assurance of the ultimate complete triumph of the truth he expressed in the following words in answer to an attack in 1907:

I believe in the deity of Jesus Christ; that he was God manifested in the flesh; that on his head are many diadems; that in his hand there is the scepter of universal dominion; that on his vesture and on his thigh there is the inscription "King of kings and Lord of lords," that to him every knee shall bow; and that he shall fill and control all things. My constant desire is to know him and to be like him in heart, in thought and in character. My ambition is to serve him every day and to the fullest. Some day I trust I shall have a place among those who shall cast upon the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold and say, "Thou art worthy to receive the power and riches and wisdom and might and glory and blessing." I accept the New Testament as an all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. I hold that it is worth more than all the other books that have been written since the world began. It is inspired of God and is able to make us wise unto salvation. I believe in the Christianity of Christ and his apostles, in the evangelism of the book of Acts and in the theology of the New Testament. I exalt Jesus the Christ as the Savior and Lord of all; I magnify the Book and urge all to obey its precepts and to exemplify its spirit.

CHAPTER XXI

ARCHIBALD McLEAN AND THE MINISTRY

LOYALTY TO HIS OWN PASTOR—EFFORTS TO ENLIST MINISTERS—"DOUBLING THE PREACHER'S POWER"—QUOTATIONS—LECTURES TO PREACHERS—CONCERN FOR ENTIRE LIFE AND ALL RELATIONS—QUOTATIONS FROM "THE PREACHER'S WIFE"—ADVICE ON MUCKLEY'S PASTORATE AND MARRIAGE—MINISTERS' CHILDREN—LONELINESS CONFESSED IN LETTERS—ALWAYS A PREACHER HIMSELF.

MR. McLEAN accounted the ministry of the gospel the greatest calling among men and he considered the ministers whom he knew the best and most useful men in the world. He delighted in their company. He remembered them in his prayers. He relied upon their counsel. He tried in every way possible to assist them in their work. There is material for a volume in the record of his relation to the successive ministers of his own home church, first Mt. Healthy, then Central, Cincinnati, and finally Union Avenue, St. Louis. All that he urged others to do in support of the preacher he did and far more. If in the city he was always present at every Sunday and midweek service. He sat near the front and listened so earnestly that he called forth the preacher's best message. In public and in private, to the minister himself and to all others, he spoke only in praise of his pastor, who responded by extending himself until he justified Mr. McLean's encomiums, if he had not before. His loyalty to his local minister magnified his regard for every other minister.

Probably no man in America, and certainly none among the Disciples of Christ, knew personally more

ministers than Mr. McLean. This acquaintance was not of a casual, perfunctory sort, but was intimate and vital. It involved concern for the preacher's health, his family, his work, his reading, his spiritual growth. He neglected no opportunity for meeting and talking with the ministers, whether at conventions and rallies, in his own office or when passing through the towns in which they lived. The time between trains which ordinary travelers occupy with newspapers or magazines or casual conversation, he utilized in looking up local ministers.

Few other men of his day realized as did Mr. McLean the whole world's need of ministers and missionaries, and it was characteristic of the childlike faith with which he followed his Savior that he sought to meet the need in the way the Savior himself prescribed, by praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest. Then with practical common sense he strove to assist in answering his own prayers. Wherever he found a young man of capacity and promise who seemed inclined toward the ministry he gave him every encouragement and assistance to develop and realize that purpose. He spoke to him on the subject with sympathy and understanding. He gave him books that he thought would prove helpful, wrote him letters of counsel and encouragement and remembered him by name in his prayers.

The following letter to Frederick Spragens was the result of a conversation with his father, Stanley Spragens, who for many years audited the books of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 2, 1920.

Dear Fred:

Yesterday your father told me that you had it in your heart to become a medical missionary. I rejoice in that fact. If I were your age that is just what I would like to do. I can

think of no life so satisfying and so fruitful of good as that of the man who goes out to some Christless land to heal the sick and to give the people a knowledge of Christ and of his saving grace and power.

I am sending you a book and hope that you will read it. I am sure that you will find it more interesting than any novel. And there is this in its favor: it is true, every word of it. Let your father and mother read it and then talk to them about the men and women who have served as medical missionaries. Talk with them about the need of such men and women right now.

Dear Fred, let nothing turn you aside from your purpose. It is very likely that the good Lord planted that purpose in your heart and life. If so, you will do the best for yourself and for the world by adhering steadfastly to it. Get the best preparation you can get in the best schools in the world. And when you have the preparation necessary, go out into the field and spend your life there under the loving and wise leadership of Jesus Christ the Lord and Savior of mankind. Tell me from time to time how you are getting on; perhaps I can help you in some ways. God bless you, my boy, and all who love you and all whom you love.

Affectionately yours,
A. McLean.

Mr. McLean was continually amazed and distressed by the opposition of Christian parents to their children entering the ministry or becoming missionaries. Speaking of this on the way to the office one morning a few days before he left for Battle Creek the last time, he said, "————'s father was bitterly opposed to his son's becoming a missionary. Afterwards he was not only reconciled but proud of his work. For two years he refused to write to him. If he had gone to the penitentiary he would have written to him every week."

His tract on *Doubling the Preacher's Power,* mentioned in an earlier chapter, was addressed to the membership of the churches and contained the following suggestions which he amplified and enforced

so effectively that the leaflet is still being widely circulated.

1. By making it a matter of conscience to attend all the public services. Empty pews take the heart out of a speaker. The members will do well to fill the front seats first. If there are any vacant ones let them be in the wings or at the rear. Eloquence is like gravitation. Its effect is inversely as the square of the distance. The farther the hearer is from the speaker, the less good he receives.

2. By listening with attention and sympathy. Professor B. A. Hinsdale held that audiences should endeavor to manifest interest even if they did not feel it at first. As they listen they will generate interest and at the same time will aid the speaker.

3. By speaking well of him and his work. Let the community know the esteem in which he is held by those closest to him. Spurgeon said that he owed his success largely to the fact that his people talked about him. They talked him up and not down. They expatiated on his good qualities and were dumb about his defects.

4. By allowing him ample time for study and communion with God. No wise church will make an errand boy or a floorwalker of the man whose office is that of a prophet of the Lord. How is a man to meet his people with his face shining with the glory of the Lord and a message that will stir their hearts and consciences after a week frittered away looking after the machinery of a great parish?

5. By letting him know and feel that so long as he does good work he will not be obliged to seek another field.

Another way of doubling the preacher's power is by generous treatment, by paying him what his services are worth and what the church is well able to pay. It should be said that the generous support of the ministers is in harmony with the will of God. What a minister receives is not salary; it is not an equivalent for the services he renders. He is supported, he is not paid in full for value received. Those who think that a minister should be paid no more than a clerk or a mechanic should know that a minister must give away more in a year than a clerk or a mechanic receives. The best interests of a church require this.

No man understood more clearly than Mr. McLean that it rested with the preacher himself to more than double his power. He delivered several different lectures and addresses looking in this direction, such as *The Qualifications of the Christian Ministry*, *Preaching to the Conscience*, and *Alexander Campbell as a Preacher*. He knew the manifold temptations that beset the minister. Delicately but unfailingly he was ever seeking to strengthen their hands and hearts. One of the first questions he would ask of any minister he met was, "What have you been reading lately?" He wanted to discover the best things to read himself, and he wanted to suggest tactfully to the preacher that he must continue to read, that his education was not completed in college.

His concern was not merely for the public service of the minister but for his entire human life. He did not think of the ministry as a profession but as a calling, and he made a profound difference between the two terms. Each individual minister was to him not merely a fellow worker in the Kingdom of God but a personal friend; everything that concerned him was a matter of interest to Mr. McLean. When he met a preacher at a convention and inquired by name about the several members of his family, it was not mere politeness but genuine interest that prompted the questions. His regard was not limited to the ministers and their families but extended to all the people of his acquaintance. It was especially strong for ministers and their households both because he had more and better opportunities for knowing them and because of their complete engrossment in the affairs of the kingdom.

Because of his extensive acquaintance both with ministers and with churches and their representative members, he was consulted almost daily by churches

that were seeking pastors and by ministers who were considering a change of location. He was careful and conscientious to the last degree in giving advice on this as on other matters. If he erred it was in expecting more of a particular preacher than he was able to do. His love for his fellow ministers made him "believe all things; hope all things," and yet did not blind him to their manifest limitations. The churches that accepted his recommendations were seldom disappointed. On the contrary he was continually discovering in undeveloped young men powers and possibilities that their nearest friends, and even they themselves, had not recognized.

His intimate knowledge of the problems of the local minister and even of his wife and children surprised his friends. We have observed the astonishment with which people heard and read his address on *The Preacher's Wife.* That masterpiece of sympathetic understanding was published in the *Christian Standard* in 1898. In the course of it he said:

> I have been the guest of these gracious women in all parts of this land and all around the globe. * * * I was hungry and they fed me; I was thirsty and they gave me drink; I was a stranger and they took me in; I was sick and they ministered to me. If I forget their kindness and beneficence let my right hand forget its cunning. What I know of women of this class has raised my estimation of the race as a whole.
>
> The typical preacher's wife is a many-sided woman. She is an accomplished cook. Her dishes are palatable and digestible. She knows that the surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. She is a financier. It has been said that preachers have no business sense. If they have not, it is evident someone in the family has. On very modest incomes preachers' families are well fed and clothed; the children are sent to school and to the university. A preacher's wife can make money go farther than any wizard of Wall

Street. She trains her children for lives of usefulness and nobleness.

* * * * *

The preacher's wife is diligent in all good works. She teaches in the Sunday school, sings in the choir, and leads in the aid and missionary societies. In time of revival she speaks to the halting and the perplexed. If any have gone astray she seeks to bring them back to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. She is an example to all in patience, in faith, in love, in purity. She allures to brighter worlds and leads the way. If there is strife or alienation she is a reconciler. She is her husband's wisest critic and counselor and his most efficient assistant. She helps him in the preparation of his sermons and sees that they are neither too long nor too thin. * * * In addition to all these other graces she is a capital listener. * * * She never fails to find much to commend. If the preacher is discouraged she makes him believe in himself. She causes him not to "bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer right onward." The preacher's wife is the good angel of the community. She is a helper and a friend of mankind.

He gives a number of striking examples, some from his own acquaintance, some historical, like the wives of Spurgeon, Chalmers, Dean Stanley and Bishop Reginald Heber. From Spurgeon, he quotes a letter in verse which the great preacher wrote his wife.

Over the space that parts us, my wife,
I will cast my bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen, but strong.
And as every drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.
All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
That God hath kindled shall death out-brave.
And in heaven itself shall burn.

* * * * *

Do not think that I hold all preacher's wives are of this sort. There is another side to the picture. One, so it is said, reads Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer and Schleiermacher, and leaves her husband to wash and dress the babies and keep their noses nice. Another spent most of the week making fun of her husband's sermons and prayers. When he went to the midweek service, she went to the opera. When he preached, she flirted with the boys in the choir.

* * * * *

It is because once in a while a preacher marries a sloven or a tartar that these bright and accomplished young preachers linger, shivering on the brink and fear to launch away. They prefer to bear the ills they have than to fly to others they know not of. They should take heed to the sage advice: Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

* * * * *

There are exceptions, but they are few. John T. Johnson, that princely gentleman, used to say that when he got to heaven if there was only one crown left he would ask that it might be put on his wife's head. Our pioneers went out and preached and turned the world upside down. Their wives remained at home and managed the farms and brought up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; they made success possible.

* * * * *

These women deserve all possible honor and admiration. Friends, let us not keep all our flowers for their dead fingers and all our words of affection and appreciation till they lie beneath the turf with daisies pied. Let them know while they live what we think of them and the services they are rendering the church and the world. When the sweet Christmas season comes let us not forget them.

Mr. McLean always took a deep interest in young ministers and many of them turned to him with confidence for advice. Just before his graduation from Bethany College in 1886, George W. Muckley, since celebrated as secretary of the Board of Church Extension, told Mr. McLean of two calls that he had received, one from the Fergus Street Church in Cin-

cinnati, now North Side, at $600, and the other from the Broad Street Church of Columbus, at $1,200. He explained how he was considerably in debt for his education and was naturally anxious to repay these loans as soon as possible. After he had stated the case and made it clear that he was strongly inclined to accept the Columbus call, Mr. McLean exclaimed, "Oh, you are looking for a *loud* call! You wanted a *loud* call, didn't you?" The implication was not lost on the young preacher and he went to the harder field at the smaller salary. The sacrifice of the moment fully justified itself in the splendid growth of the Fergus Street or Cumminsville Church, and especially in the fellowship the location allowed its young minister to enjoy with Archibald McLean, Isaac Errett and other leaders of that day.

When Muckley had paid his college debts, he confided to Mr. McLean that he was expecting to marry soon. Mr. McLean was acquainted with Miss Daisy Hartman of Independence, Pennsylvania, just across the state line from Bethany. She also was a graduate of Bethany College, and Mr. McLean had been aware of the engagement for some time. There was one difficulty in connection with the proposed marriage. There ought to be a wedding trip but Muckley had no money to bear the expenses of such a luxury. Should he delay the wedding or deny the bride this highly deserved testimonial of his devotion? Mr. McLean promptly answered, "Neither. Take the trip and I will lend you the money." The plans for the wedding went through promptly and included the traditional wedding journey through the Great Lakes and to Niagara Falls. Not until after he had fully repaid the cost of the journey did the young man permit his bride to know that they had traveled on borrowed funds. Mr. McLean was austere only with himself. He wanted

others to have all of the best that life afforded, though as indicated in his implied advice on the choice of a pastorate, he fully realized that the ministry necessarily involves self-sacrifice.

He was a lover of all children, but between him and the boys and girls of ministers and missionaries there was a particularly strong bond. Stopping one day at the home of J. Randall Farris, minister at that time of the church at Union City, Tennessee, he had a delightful evening with the family. When the time came for the children to retire they refused to go to bed unless Mr. McLean would go in and hear them say their prayers. This he cheerfully agreed to do. When they were ready he kneeled with them by the side of their little bed and listened reverently to their evening prayers.

Mr. McLean's letters helped many a minister over times of crisis and bereavement in his life. They were brief and not overloaded with advice, but they were freighted with quiet confidence, unhesitating faith and unbounded affection. They came at the right moment and they showed a weird appreciation of the fact that even in the midst of devoted friends the minister dwells alone; his intimate friends must be outside his own congregation; in its circle all must be alike to him.

An example of the way his solicitude followed the children of the manse whose growth he had watched in many instances from infancy, appears in his letters to the sons of ministers who enlisted in the World War. The marriages of his young friends were also matters of moment with him. He sent them gifts and wrote them letters that showed an eager satisfaction in their happiness. Three of these letters follow.

Cincinnati, Ohio, November 26, 1918.

Cadet David M. Rioch,
Long Branch, Ontario, Canada.

My dear David:

Your mother has given us your address and I am writing you this line this morning. I am wondering what you are going to do now that the war is over. Are you going right on and after you complete your training go abroad or are you going to be released so that you can return to Indianapolis and complete your work in Butler College?

I feel that you did well in volunteering as you did. I believe you will always look back upon your willingness to serve with satisfaction. You dedicated your life to a great cause. You were not permitted to go overseas with your comrades but you did what you were able to do. I congratulate you on the decision made and on the course that you have pursued.

I trust things are going well with you day by day. May the good Lord abundantly bless you and bring you back to your dear ones in good health and in the best of spirits, and pledged as never before to the service of our Lord.

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 18, 1919.

Midshipman A. E. Gray,
Annapolis, Maryland.

My dear Archibald:

I have heard through Professor and Mrs. Gray that you have entered the navy. This was a genuine surprise to me. I had thought that perhaps you would enter some other calling more like that to which your father has devoted his life, but it may be that the choice you have made will prove to be the very best possible. No doubt for a time you will feel lonely, as you will be separated from those that you know and love, but the homesickness will wear off in time and you will feel at home in the Academy. You will make friends rapidly and will be happy in the work in which you are engaged. I believe the teaching and the discipline will do you a world of good. My hope is that you will prove to be a good man wherever your lot may be cast and that you will always stand for the best things even as your parents stand

and have stood for them. I feel sure that all who know you will be proud of you as the years come and go. We all believe that you will make a good record in the Academy and on board ship, if you decide to continue permanently in the navy.

This day I am sending you a little book.* I trust that you will read it some every day. It is so small that you can carry it in your pocket and dip into it in odd moments of leisure. It will help to make a man of you. It will do you as much good as any of the textbooks in the institution, and more, if read and followed. The good Lord deal well with you. May he protect you against every evil. May he bless you with his wondrous grace. If you should feel like dropping me a line from time to time, I would be thankful.

Wishing you every good thing, I remain,

Yours very truly,
A. McLean.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 11, 1920.

Mr. Sheldon Medbury,
Kansas City, Missouri.
My dear Sheldon:

This day I am sending you a little book entitled *The Daily Altar*. I am sending it to you as a gift in honor of your recent marriage. I trust that you and Mrs. Medbury will find it convenient to read one page in this book at your breakfast table or at some other time every day in the year. I believe you will find this book most interesting and most helpful. The day will be brighter and more joyous if you will comply with this request.

Let me congratulate you both most heartily on your marriage and express the wish that your lives may be more full of joy and happiness than ever before. The good Lord abundantly bless you and use you in his service to his glory.

Yours very truly,
A. McLean.

Of course there were times of great loneliness for Mr. McLean, though he seldom mentioned the fact even to his nearest friends. After the Grays left Mt. Healthy some of his letters to them revealed his feelings. September 12, 1905, he wrote:

*New Testament.

I do not wonder that Archibald (named for Mr. McLean) wanted to come back to his own home. I was out on Sunday and tried to speak to the people. The place is not the same. The manse is dark and uninviting. Doors and windows were closed. The day was rainy and the audience was small. The room was somewhat dark. I found no inspiration in trying to speak. The Doctor (Kilgour) and his people were not there. I have not felt so strange in a long time.

I am pleased to know that you have secured such a pleasant place to live in. I am sure you will like Ann Arbor after you are there a little while. It is a beautiful place. It is the most interesting place in Michigan. Grace and Archibald and the Doctor will like it more and more. But the Mt. Healthy people are like sheep without a shepherd. Mr. Runyan declined the call. Where am I to go when I go out? I can always find an open door and abundant provisions. But one household will not be there. You and the Doctor will not come over to the Eden to see me and tell me about books and other things. But such is life. It will not pay to cry over spilt milk. The past is secure. We have many pleasant memories; these will feed the heart and will do in lieu of what we once enjoyed. The good Lord be gracious to you all.

October 25, he said:

We miss you down this way. I need not tell you that. No one ever calls now except the washerwoman, and she calls for her hire and for no other purpose. She is as black as night.

Even after four years, when the Grays had moved to Eureka, he wrote:

On Sunday I spoke twice in Mt. Healthy. Mr. Kempher was absent and I did my best to supply his place. On Sunday night I spoke on *The Religious Significance of the Discovery of the North Pole.* The subject might sound a trifle sensational; but the subject matter was not. Since then Peary has discovered the Pole again. I do not know what I shall do next time. The people appeared interested. Aunt Lizzie told me I was getting smarter all the time. She thought you could preach all around me and all over me. But

she was quite complimentary on Sunday. She was out twice on my account.

Mr. McLean never ceased to be himself a preacher of the gospel. There was no possible suggestion of clericalism or cant about him, but in a wholesome way he lived up to the injunction of Phillips Brooks that a minister should never forget that he is a minister. His being a missionary propagandist and executive was included in his ministry. It enhanced rather than detracted from his original consecration. The eagerness with which state conventions listened, in his last year, to his presentation of the great spiritual themes of the Christian religion, is a most eloquent testimony to the success with which he had maintained his own religious life and magnified his supreme calling as a minister, through all the distractions and exactions of his busy life. By constant study, wide reading, close observation of life and unfailing prayer, his power as a preacher of essential Christianity was kept growing to the last. His joy and satisfaction in the ministry also increased to the end.

CHAPTER XXII

INTERCHURCH RELATIONS

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS INSEPARABLE—RECENT ORIGIN OF UNITED MOVEMENTS—LONDON MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF 1888—NEW YORK, 1900—EDINBURGH, 1910—ANNUAL FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA—FRATERNAL SPIRIT PREVALENT TODAY—UNION ENTERPRISES OF THE UNITED SOCIETY—THREE ERAS OF MISSIONS—INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT—PREPARATORY CONFERENCES—FAILURE OF THE CANVASS AND PAYMENT OF UNDERWRITINGS.

CHRISTIAN unity and Christian missions were inseparably connected in the mind of Archibald McLean. Sectarianism at home was an unconscious but efficient ally of heathenism abroad. As indicated in earlier chapters, he did not leave his missionary interest behind when he left the church of his father; nor did he feel that the church of his adoption was undertaking an untried experiment when the Foreign Christian Missionary Society was organized in 1875. On the contrary he considered missions an essential activity of every church and all the achievements of missions a common inheritance of all Christians, like the hymns of faith and the triumphs of the martyrs.

His election as secretary of the Foreign Society was a recognition not only of his ability and capacity for leadership, but also of his missionary knowledge and enthusiasm. Immediately after he accepted the responsibility for promoting missions among the Disciples of Christ he entered upon the systematic and comprehensive study of all that had been and was being done for the evangelization of the world. This study he continued with unabated zeal and thorough-

ness to the end of his days. By his addresses and writings he sought to bring his constituency into the same fellowship and inheritance of missions which he himself enjoyed. He ardently hoped that the Disciples would eventually make a substantial contribution to the universal missionary movement, both directly and through their plea for unity.

Cooperation among Christians is so general and manifold today that it is difficult to realize that Archibald McLean came into public life early enough to have a hand in most of its developments. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in 1874, the very year he began his ministry; the international and interchurch Sunday school lessons were inaugurated only two years earlier; the first Christian Endeavor society was not established until 1881, the year before he became a missionary secretary; and most of the other larger union enterprises came later. The Student Volunteer Missionary Movement originated in 1886 and counted Archibald McLean among its most enthusiastic supporters from the first. He attended all of its conventions, except possibly the one at Rochester in 1910, where Mr. Rains was an able proxy; he contributed regularly and generously to its expenses; he magnified its relation to the colleges of the brotherhood on his annual visits to them. Mention has been made of his deeply interested attendance upon the three ecumenical missionary conferences: London, 1888; New York, 1900; Edinburgh, 1910. We can easily imagine what great events these meetings were in his life when we note the names of some of the men and women who took part in the proceedings. Previously there had been only the meeting at New York in 1854, when Alexander Duff visited the United States; the British conference at Liverpool in 1860, attended by 126 delegates; and an-

other at London in 1878, when a few visitors from America and Continental Europe sat with the English, Scotch and Irish delegates, making a total membership of 158.

The societies which sent 1,494 representatives to London in 1888 were supporting between five and six thousand missionaries and five times as many native workers with an annual outlay of ten million dollars. Among those who participated in the conference Mr. McLean saw and heard Sir George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association; Henry Drummond, whose book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* published in 1883, had made him famous; J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission; Gustav Warneck, of the University of Halle, Germany, author of a *History of Protestant Missions* and many other important books; H. Grattan Guinness, founder of the Congo Balolo mission; John Murdoch, noted for the Christian literature in the vernacular which he prepared for India; Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, traveler and author; Arthur T. Pierson, the eloquent missionary advocate; and most of the leading administrative officers of nearly all the principal missionary societies of the world. There were famous converts like Bishop Crowther of the Niger, eminent scholars like Professor William Garden Blaikie of Edinburgh, distinguished pioneer missionaries like John F. Gulick of Japan, and devoted laymen like Sir Monier Monier-Williams. It seems impossibly strange now that the missionary leaders of that generation in America had never met together until they assembled with their brethren of Great Britain and Europe in this London conference.

The conference of 1900 in New York enrolled twenty-three hundred delegates, reported fifteen thousand missionaries and seventy-three thousand native work-

ers, a million and a third converts with three million more adherents and a total annual expenditure of fifteen million dollars. There was a unique situation in the opening session when a former president of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, presided, President William McKinley gave one of the addresses of welcome and a future president, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, put a vigorous missionary message into the speech which he made on behalf of the state and city of New York. The place of honor in the conference was given to the veterans from the front: John G. Paton of the New Hebrides Islands, Cyrus Hamlin and George W. Wood of Turkey, Jacob Chamberlain and Bishop Thoburn of India, William Ashmore and J. Hudson Taylor of China, Dr. and Mrs. James C. Hepburn of Japan, Bishop Ridley of Caledonia, Robert Laws of Africa, and their compeers. Young men of manifest promise and power, like John R. Mott of the Student Volunteer Movement and the International Y. M. C. A., and Robert E. Speer of the Presbyterian Board, U. S. A., appeared in the conference. Tried leaders, such as Eugene Stock of the Church Missionary Society, R. Wardlaw Thompson of the London Missionary Society, Judson Smith and James L. Barton of the American Board (Congregational), F. F. Ellinwood, Presbyterian; A. B. Leonard, Methodist Episcopal; H. C. Mabie, Baptist, and W. R. Lambuth, Methodist Episcopal South, with representative missionaries from all the fields and prominent ministers and laymen from all the participating churches, gave the best of their wisdom and prayers to solving together the problems of Christ's advancing kingdom. Mr. McLean served on the general committee of the conference and did his utmost, both for its immediate success and for the extension of its influence,

both on the mission fields and among the home churches.

The Edinburgh conference of 1910 brought together 1,196 representatives of all Christian bodies except the Greek and Roman Catholic churches. Each of the 159 societies was allotted a definite quota proportionate to its annual outlay, and all seats were filled. The large number of interested visitors brought the daily attendance up to six thousand. The number of communicants in mission fields had now reached 1,925,205 with 19,280 missionaries and 98,388 native workers looking after the further extension of the kingdom. The whole number of adherents, including members, was 5,281,871. The total annual outlay was $24,676,-580. New leaders in places of responsibility included John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, previously mentioned; S. M. Zwemer, since then editor of *The Moslem World;* George Sherwood Eddy, of the Y. M. C. A.; A. W. Halsey, Presbyterian secretary; Charles R. Watson, United Presbyterian secretary; Bishop Logan H. Roots, of China; and Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Philippines. Bishop J. W. Bashford, of China; James L. Barton, of the American Board; and George Robson, of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, were among the notable intermediate group that connects the older days with the new. Bishop H. H. Montgomery and other men of distinction represented the ancient English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which had sent no delegates to the previous conferences. Among the few who shared with Archibald McLean the honor of having been delegates to all three of the world conferences were Eugene Stock and R. Wardlaw Thompson. Men of international fame in business, education, literature, statecraft and religion sat as ordinary delegates. The conference was not so much an exchange of enthusiams

as "an international school of mission study and counsel" looking toward the complete winning of the world to Christ, and yet it never lost its soul in the consideration of mere methods. The fundamental principles of Christian life and service held every session to a high plane.

As the first century of modern missions came to its close and various societies and churches began to plan their centennial celebrations, Mr. McLean and many others felt the need of more constant and intimate meetings and cooperation. This conviction led to the organization in 1893 of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America to meet annually. He attended the first meeting and as many as possible thereafter. When, in 1911, the constitution was adopted providing for the Committee of Reference and Counsel to act on matters which arise between sessions, Mr. McLean was among those first chosen to serve. He was reelected the one time permitted by the constitution. After an interval he was elected again, but died before he had completed his sixth year of service.

Henry Martyn, hero of the Church of England, drew his chief human inspiration from the nonconformist American missionary, David Brainerd, and no one worked harder for Dr. A. L. Shelton's liberation from Chinese bandits in the winter of 1920, than Claude Bailly, a French Catholic missionary. This brotherliness has prevailed throughout the period of modern missions. Fraternal associations in India, China and other mission lands preceded both the occasional and the regular conferences at home. In the same way the success of the missionaries in uniting to maintain schools, printing establishments and other joint activities was eventually emulated at home in such union enterprises as the Missionary Education Movement. In all of these cooperative undertakings,

at home and abroad, Mr. McLean assisted with eager and efficient helpfulness, both by his counsel in projecting their organization and plans and by his influence in leading the Disciples to give them full and hearty support. In the case of Nanking University, referred to above, he was one of the prime movers at home, as his friend F. E. Meigs was in China.

The variety and extent of this cooperation on the field is only partially indicated by the following list from the published report of the United Christian Missionary Society for 1922. (A few verbal corrections have been made and one omission supplied.)

Translation of the New Testament in the Lonkundo tongue, Africa.
Union Mission House (and shipping agency), Africa.
Union steamer shop, Africa.
Joint industrial educational survey of Central Africa.
United Congo Conference.
Joint Christian literature publication, Congo.
Training School for Women, Argentina.
Union Seminary, Argentina.
Colegio Americano y Instituto Comercial Ward, Argentina.
Union Bible Seminary, Montevideo, South America. (In prospect.)
Union Evangelical Seminary, Porto Rico.
Puerto Rico Evangelico (Newspaper), Porto Rico.
Mission Press, Mexico City.
Theological Seminary, Mexico City.
School for Missionaries' Children, India.
Union High School for Girls, India.
Union Bible Training School, Manila, P. I.
Union Christian High School, Manila, P. I.
Woman's Christian College of Japan, Tokyo.
Christian Orphanage, Sendai, Japan.
Christian Literature Society, Japan.
School for Missionaries' Children, Japan.
University of Nanking, China.
Nanking Theological Seminary, China.
Bible Teachers' Training School for Women, Nanking, China.

University of Nanking Union Hospital, China.
Ginling College (for women), Nanking, China.
Shanghai American School (for missionaries' children).
Wuhu Academy.
Joint Tibetan literature publication.
The National Christian Council (of China).

There have been three eras in each society and in the missionary movement as a whole. In the first the missionary abroad and his friend at home bore for Christ's sake the reproach of being fanatics; in the second the work of missions was recognized as a necessary but secondary part of the church's task; in the third we are beginning to see that Christianity is essentially, necessarily and predominantly missionary. Only the courage and ability of such men as Andrew Fuller in England and Samuel John Mills in America supported the forlorn hope of the missionaries during the first half of the nineteenth century. Then came secretaries like Rufus Anderson here and Henry Venn there to put the cause on a permanent footing both at home and abroad. Venn's masterly advocacy won to the Church Missionary Society the recognition and support of the Church of England. At the same time he led the society to enunciate its policy of faith: that it would send to the front every clearly called and qualified candidate regardless of the state of its treasury. It is worth remarking in passing that it has languished or flourished as it has forgotten or adhered to this policy, which is the logical converse of the society's motto, tacit or explicit from the date of its organization: "Spiritual men for spiritual work." In 1855 Rufus Anderson signalized the advance from the old idea of "plucking a few brands from the burning," by declaring for "a self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating church" on each mission field.

The present era began with the twentieth century. It proposes nothing less than that "the whole church must give the whole gospel to the whole world." This conception of missions differs from that which prevailed before, much as the World War differed from previous wars. "Then," it has been said, "armies went to war, now nations wage war." It was for just this sort of unanimous effort that McLean pleaded from 1882 to 1920. How his heart rejoiced when the United Presbyterians moved forward as if to relieve the Moravians of their loneliness in living by such principles. What eager expectations filled his soul when J. Campbell White and the Laymen's Missionary Movement sought to give these principles practical expression through the every-member canvass and weekly contributions for missions, instead of annual collections. How steadfastly he supported A. E. Cory and his associates as they sought, through the Million Dollar Campaign and the Men and Millions Movement, to bring the contributions of the Disciples, both in money and in life, up to an adequate measure. And how passionately he threw himself into the Interchurch World Movement of thirty American religious bodies!

Following the war there was a widespread feeling that the unity which had been attained while the war was in progress must not be lost, and especially that the Protestant churches that had cooperated wholeheartedly and unselfishly in every form of national and humanitarian service, should not relapse into their pre-war disconnected and competitive programs. There was an overwhelming conviction with many leaders in all the churches that the church of Christ must take the lead both in repairing the moral and spiritual injuries of the war and in reconstructing the world on a war-preventing basis. The war had

brought a humiliating realization of the incomplete Christianity of Christendom and a general conviction that the evangelization of the non-Christian lands was not only the paramount duty of the church but an immediate necessity. Before these two tasks of Christian reconstruction and world-wide Christianization it was felt that the program of the churches for missions, benevolence and education must be not only unified and coordinated but vastly enlarged.

An informal conference held shortly after the armistice was signed showed how general and uniform these convictions were in the minds of outstanding representatives of all the churches. This group called a larger and more thoroughly representative meeting which formed a tentative organization and launched the Interchurch World Movement. Its purpose was to make a thorough survey of the fields at home and abroad and the total immediate task of the whole church in missions, benevolence and education, and to conduct a united canvass not only of church members but of all interested citizens for sufficient funds to meet the necessities of the hour.

The project made a twofold appeal to Mr. McLean because the twofold passion of his life was expressed in the Savior's prayer, "that they may all be one, that the world may believe." It was a Christian union enterprise and it was a missionary enterprise. The Disciples of Christ in general felt much as Mr. McLean did and took a vigorous part in every step of the movement's development and progress.

Like his brethren again, he was keenly disappointed when the Atlantic City conference of some seventeen hundred representatives from forty-two communions in January, 1920, determined to prosecute the canvass for funds on denominational lines and not as a united enterprise, such as the united war-work campaign of

the previous year, whose aims a willing people had oversubscribed. In spite of this disappointment he felt that the movement would prove a blessing, and he threw the whole weight of his influence, time and strength into the undertaking.

One of the chief steps in the development of the Interchurch Movement was a series of preparatory conferences of workers. Teams made up of experts from the different participating boards conducted these conferences, each of which lasted three days. Mr. McLean spoke in the conferences at Topeka, Lincoln, Des Moines, Sioux Falls, Minneapolis and Fargo, between December 1 and 19, 1919. His subject was foreign missions and he spoke with his usual power. He put more stress upon Christian union as a necessity in foreign missions than some of the ministers present were willing to endorse. In speaking to his own brethren he had never taken pains to say the popular thing; no more would he compromise the truth to please men of other communions. Mr. Burnham was the leader of this team. The other members were: Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, Indianapolis; C. H. Ward, president of the Methodist Protestant college in Kansas City; W. S. Abernethy, of the First Baptist Church, Kansas City, now President Harding's pastor in Washington City; Dr. Powell, an Episcopal minister of New York; W. A. Brown of the International Sunday School Association, Chicago.

Leading the opening devotional service in one of the conferences Mr. McLean began, as his habit was, in a low tone of voice. Immediately some one on a back seat shouted "Louder!" Mr. McLean looked up quickly from his pocket Testament and inquired, "Who said 'louder'?" The man who had shouted raised his hand. Mr. McLean quietly walked back,

took him by the arm and led him up to a front seat. Then he resumed his reading as before.

Mrs. Atwater was the only woman on the team and Mr. McLean was especially thoughtful of her. He always insisted on carrying her suitcase, though he had a heavy one of his own. After vainly remonstrating with him one day, she said she supposed he followed the generally accepted notion that one balanced the other. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "There never was a prettier fiction." Her subject was stewardship. Repeatedly after the sessions in which she had spoken, he would go to her and taking her hand in both of his in his earnest way would declare, "Yours is the best message of the conference."

These conferences were under the general direction of A. E. Cory, as the head of the field department of the Interchurch Movement. After ten years as a missionary in China he had been the leader of both the Million Dollar Campaign of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and of the Men and Millions Movement. Early in the series of Interchurch conferences Mr. McLean wrote him the following personal note:

December 6, 1919.

Dear Dean:*

We have had two great conferences, far greater than I had expected, one in Topeka and one in Lincoln. The attendance was large, the interest fine and the men remained with us the three full days. The attendance and loyalty helped mightily. Their interest and loyalty showed they are getting something worth while. The team is a strong one. F. W. B. is an admirable leader. When he has to go forward Dr. Ward takes his place as leader and he does very well. Mrs. Atwater is on our team and she has made a great impression. Her discussion of stewardship is one of the most interesting and profitable parts of the entire program of the three days.

*The title is reminiscent of Mr. Cory's leadership in establishing and conducting the Bible College at Nanking, which was later merged in the union Nanking School of Theology.

We are all in the best of health and spirits. We are having a glorious time. I am grateful for the privilege of serving on the team.

This afternoon we go on to Des Moines. The coal situation affects the conferences. But they are great in spite of the coal shortage. I trust it is well with you and yours.

Affectionately,
A. McLEAN.

In the canvass which was made in the spring of 1920 the denominations that were most thoroughly organized attained their goals, but the movement itself realized only about three million dollars for the common fund to pay its expenses to the amount of nine million dollars. New York banks had loaned this money on underwritings supplied by the participating boards of the various churches. The failure to secure this general fund threw back upon the boards the altogether unexpected necessity of paying the whole of their underwritings, totaling six million dollars.

This was an especially grievous blow to the Disciples of Christ, whose boards had underwritten $626,532.55. The short time that had elapsed since the Men and Millions Movement and the limited period for preparation for the Interchurch canvass, together with the opposition to the entire movement in many congregations, limited the results. Many of the churches in all parts of the country and most of those in certain limited and intensively organized areas secured splendid amounts, but the collapse of the general campaign prevented other congregations following their example and even interfered with the payment of many of the pledges made. The boards not only had to pay the underwritings, but most of them lacked the funds with which to pay. Of course Mr. McLean insisted that the obligations must be met promptly and fully. The Foreign Society went to the bank and borrowed

enough to make the payments as they were called. The Board of Education, which had underwritten $300,000, being without funds, and the funds of all the boards being held strictly for other purposes, it became necessary to call for special subscriptions to pay the total underwritings. This was ordered by the St. Louis convention.

The special committee sent out the call for this money as a request for one day's income from every member of every church. Mr. McLean felt the necessity for meeting the obligations so keenly that he not only used every effort to enlist others but personally turned in, as one of his last acts before he went to Battle Creek, his entire month's salary. The period of the call was set for December 5 to 12, 1920. He never heard the disappointing news that only a little more than ten per cent of the amount needed was realized. However, in the spring of 1921 a thoroughgoing campaign secured the attention and the cooperation of the churches so fully that churches and individuals gave the entire amount needed, not only to pay the obligation at the banks, but also to repay the participating boards most of what they had advanced on their underwritings obligations.

Mr. McLean felt much regret but no remorse over the financial failure of the Interchurch Movement. He considered the results obtained in other objectives of the movement: as in its surveys of the needs in missions, education and benevolence at home and abroad; in the widespread publicity given to world-wide conditions and to the gospel as the only means of setting them right; in the remarkable fellowship of the ministerial conferences; in the large measure of unity discovered in city, state and nation; and in the demonstrated futility and sin of denominationalism, fully justified all the expenditure of time and money. He

was proud of the part taken in the effort by members of his own communion both in places of leadership and in rank-and-file support. He was confident that some day the dream of the Interchurch World Movement would come true—such ideas never die—and that in the meantime we were all better Christians for having seen the vision and for having sought to realize it.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INITIAL CORRESPONDENCE—NEED OF UNIFICATION—PRELIMINARY STEPS IN UNION—PROPOSAL TO CONVENTION IN 1917—AGREEMENT ADOPTED IN 1919—LETTER TO BURNHAM REGARDING PRESIDENCY—HEADQUARTERS—REMOVAL TO ST. LOUIS—HOME AND CHURCH—HIS LAST CANADIAN CONVENTION.

THE American Christian Missionary Society, organized in 1849 with Alexander Campbell as its president, was intended to carry the gospel into both home and foreign fields. In practice, however, it came to be exclusively a home missionary society. This led to the organization of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to cultivate the fields abroad. Of course the two societies represented the same constituency. All the while there were many who felt that the task was one and inseparable. As early as 1910 such persons began to contemplate union seriously and to feel that it should include the Christian Woman's Board of Missions as well as the home and foreign societies. That thought took definite shape in a conversation between the presidents of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, of which the former, Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, gives the following account:

In September, 1912, Mr. McLean was in my office at Indianapolis. We had a long talk about the work of our societies and the relationships between them. He remarked that our societies ought to be one. I replied that it was impossible, because the Christian Woman's Board of Missions had been born independent and through the years our organiza-

tion had been self-determining, and that we could not become auxiliary to another board to be directed by it. With characteristic promptness and brevity, he said: "You ought not to be. You do not need to be. We must have a society with equal representation of men and women in its conduct and management." I expressed doubt that such a thing could be, but he insisted that this was right, and if right, it certainly could be. The following week this letter came from him, and was answered as below:

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 1, 1912.

Dear Sister Atwater:

When the rush is over please read the article in the latest issue of the *International Review of Missions,* by Miss Gollock on "Woman's Share in the Administration of Missions." You said the same thing in our conference a week ago. I have been saying that for several years. It was a mistake to divide the work on sex lines; the societies and boards will not do their best work for the kingdom till that mistake is corrected. At least that is my firm conviction. There may be legal obstacles in the way of bringing this about now; but I believe these and all other obstacles will be overcome sooner or later. I may never see it, but others will. I venture to make this prediction.

Very truly yours,

A. McLEAN.

Indianapolis, Indiana, October 7, 1912.

Dear Brother McLean:

I thank you for calling my attention to the article on "Woman's Share in the Administration of Missions." I have read it with keenest interest. It meets my approval almost wholly. I believe if some of us should really get in earnest about this matter that legal difficulties could be removed. I realize that we must move slowly in our plans of cooperation so that we may not become separated from the large majority of the constituency of the various boards. But some time, I do believe the work of extending the kingdom will be a joint work for all the forces of our people. We ought to make it a matter of careful study and investigation.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA R. ATWATER.

If there had been only these three organizations in the field, the union might have been delayed indefinitely, but following them had come in succession the National Benevolent Association of the Christian Church, the Board of Church Extension of the American Christian Missionary Society, the Board of Ministerial Relief of the Church of Christ, the Board of Education of the Disciples of Christ, the Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity, and the Board of Temperance and Social Welfare. For a time there was also the National Board of Christian Endeavor of the Disciples of Christ. In addition to these national organizations each state and province had its missionary society and the larger cities their local cooperations. Each of these had sprung up in answer to an obvious need that no existing organization was meeting. Many felt that the process of specialization had gone far enough; that indeed it should be reversed. There were at least eight annual appeals to the churches for offerings, four appeals to the Sunday schools and three or four to the Christian Endeavor societies. This meant that some church members, in addition to weekly contributions to the local church, the Sunday school and the Christian Endeavor society, and monthly dues to the woman's missionary society and ladies' aid society, might have sixteen chances a year to contribute to general causes, even if the Anti-Saloon League, the Red Cross and other interdenominational and undenominational bodies neglected them. Giving to all these causes would have been a wholesome means of grace, but learning about all of them so as to give intelligently was too much of an undertaking for the average individual.

While the need of unification was thus becoming manifest among the Disciples of Christ, as also in other religious bodies, practical steps toward unity

were being taken. First came the united Centennial campaign, then the calendar committee, the committee on unification, the National and State Secretaries' Association, the International Convention, the Men and Millions Movement, the joint apportionment (a suggestion to each congregation of the amount it should give to each of the agencies), and finally the united magazine, *World Call*, taking the place of the five magazines previously published by national boards, and giving a voice to those that had been without an organ.

This uniting of the five magazines was an important event in Mr. McLean's life. He had put a vast amount of time and energy into building up the *Missionary Intelligencer*. He appreciated its vital service to the Foreign Society and to the cause of missions in general. He took great pride in it as a publication. He was naturally conservative and slow to venture upon experiments, but with his customary faithfulness and constructive ability he served on the committee that formulated the plans finally adopted for the joint magazine, the fifth committee that had wrestled with the problems involved. When the boards had determined finally upon the uniting of the magazines, looking back over the thirty-one volumes of the *Missionary Intelligencer*, he said, "I shall wear crepe on my heart for many a day for the *Missionary Intelligencer*." And then he entered with unbounded interest and even enthusiasm into every effort looking toward the success of *World Call*. With the first number of the new magazine, larger both in page size and in number of pages than its predecessors, of a higher mechanical excellence both in paper and profuseness of illustrations, comprehensive in the complete unifying of its contents and in its full presentation of the whole task of the whole church in the whole world, Mr. McLean

was greatly delighted. Each succeeding issue he generously pronounced better than the previous number, and always he insisted that the standard should never be lowered in any regard. He was always ready both with counsel and with contributions, not only to maintain the character of the magazine, but to improve it from month to month, and to make it not merely a publication which the societies wished to have read but one which the people would be eager to read.

Of course Mr. McLean understood that all these things were hastening the union of the societies and his heart rejoiced in the prospect. At the same time he was torn with regrets for the passing of the old order into which he had poured all the abundance of his life energies. It would scarcely be possible to imagine a more complete demonstration of utter unselfishness than the leading of his fellow officers in the presentation of the following statement and recommendations to the international convention at Kansas City in 1917.

The years immediately before us are to test the church and will prove whether or not it can meet the needs of a tired and sinful world. A divided church cannot do it. There is to be such a demand for a united church with a divine program for suffering men and women that no Christian dare ignore it. The Disciples of Christ would render an invaluable service by giving demonstration to the Christian world of the practicability of their program in further unifying their own forces.

During these momentous years the Disciples of Christ will be weighed in the balance. If we are to be a united people, it can only be through a tremendous common task, in the doing of which we shall forget everything else. The taking of the gospel to the waiting people of the earth presents the necessity for our own unification.

The Christian Woman's Board of Missions and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society have been drawn together in facing stupendous tasks across the earth, which neither could undertake alone. Their first missionaries, a company of eight,

were sent out jointly to India. There has been cooperation in the field for thirty-five years, and in recent years there has been one advisory committee on the field, one treasurer, and one annual convention in India.

Nearly a year ago the two societies adopted a plan by which they are to work together jointly in the great field of Nantungchow, China. This plan contemplates union direction of the work by committees here in America, as well as on the field. A few months ago practically the same plan was indorsed for the whole field of Africa, by which the societies will share equally in the work there. More and more this cooperation has proven a joy to the missionaries on the field and a source of satisfaction to the boards and constituency at home.

Not only has this cooperation between the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and the Foreign Society been found necessary, but like problems of cooperation and administration are constantly arising in the home field; furthermore the boards are finding that the whole task of missionary promotion demands cooperation.

We propose, therefore, that a joint committee consisting of representatives of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and the American Christian Missionary Society be constituted by the respective boards, which committee shall unitedly plan for and advise the said boards in their promotional missionary work, and as far as possible shall also supervise and unify the administration of the mission work in those fields which are common to two or more of these societies.

We propose also that this joint committee, following the leading of the Spirit and the lessons of experience, submit plans to the respective boards and their constituencies in annual convention which shall look toward the complete unification of our home and foreign missionary work. In harmony with the trend of present day thought and action, and in view of the success which has attended the labors of our women, both in missionary administration and in service, we would suggest that whatever unified organization may in the future result, include equal representation of men and women.

Such unification of our home and foreign work, if accomplished, will thrill our churches, bring new life to our mis-

sionaries, reduce the number of our problems at home and abroad, increase our receipts and add to our efficiency.

The managing boards of the three societies passed these recommendations heartily and then the convention unanimously approved them. In the meetings of the joint committee on unification appointed by the Kansas City convention, Mr. McLean took the liveliest sort of interest. He was a member of the small subcommittee on constitution and organization and in that capacity wrote a large part of the constitution of the United Christian Missionary Society. Soon after the committee was constituted the Board of Ministerial Relief asked to be included. While the committee did not have authority between conventions to grant this request, it asked a representative of that board to sit with it, and subsequently invited the National Benevolent Association also to send a representative to the meetings of the committee. When the committee reported and presented the constitution of the United Society, it included these two boards with the four that the action of the Kansas City convention had covered.

Just as the convention of 1918 was assembling in St. Louis, the health officers of the city issued an order forbidding all public assemblies, on account of the influenza epidemic. This left over to the Cincinnati convention of 1919 the final adoption of the agreement among the five boards, the Board of Church Extension being included with the American Christian Missionary Society, to form the United Christian Missionary Society and to turn over to it as fully and as promptly as possible all their functions and property, while still maintaining the legal existence of the old boards to handle their permanent funds and accept such bequests and other trusts as might be coming to them from time to time.

On account of the recognized leadership of Mr.

McLean in developing the missionary conscience of the Disciples of Christ, the natural first impulse of the convention was to make him president of the new organization. The nominating committee fully shared this feeling and told the convention so. Sober second thought, however, recognized the wisdom of placing at the head of the new organization a younger man, although Mr. McLean seemed to be in the full vigor not only of physical and mental strength but of spirit, vision and enterprise. They were not conferring an honor so much as assigning a most laborious and exacting task. The nominating committee named Frederick W. Burnham, for six years president of the American Christian Missionary Society, president; Archibald McLean, first vice-president; Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, for twelve years president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, second vice-president. When the committee presented its report Mr. McLean made an earnest plea that the convention reverse the order of vice-presidents in the interest of the principle of equality between men and women in the organization. Mrs. Atwater insisted as strongly that the committee's recommendation should stand, and the convention elected its nominees unanimously.

Immediately after the Cincinnati convention Mr. Burnham wrote to Mr. McLean expressing his conviction that their places in the new organization should have been reversed. To this letter Mr. McLean sent the following answer:

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 30, 1919.

Dear Brother Burnham:

When you said that you were not worthy to untie my shoestrings you made a statement to which I could not subscribe. I am not your superior in any respect except in length of service. I was preaching about the time or before the time you were born. You have gifts that I do not have. You

have had advantages greater than mine. You can do things that I cannot do.

Ever since I made your acquaintance I have had for you admiration and affection. The admiration and affection have increased with the years and as I have come to know you better. I feel sure we shall be able to work together in perfect harmony. We have been friends for many years, and by God's grace we shall be friends until the end of the day. I shall hold myself in readiness for any service you may desire and I can render.

I did not wish to be either president or vice-president of the United Society. The nominating committee did right in naming you as president, and the convention did right in electing you and in making the election unanimous. J. D. Armistead's proposed amendment annoyed and embarrassed me. I felt then and I feel now that Mrs. Atwater should have been elected first vice-president. That would be carrying out the policy of having the offices divided among men and women as nearly equal as possible. I believe the women throughout the country would like that. My wish did not prevail, and I shall not complain.

A committee of the American Board (Congregational) recommended that at the age of sixty-eight all ministers and all missionary agents be retired. Our people may ordain something of the kind next year or the year following. I am well and strong now, but I know that I shall not always be so. But while I have health and strength I want to be about the Master's business. I desire some place in the service. I do not wish to be idle, and there is nothing else that I can do. No college and no church would want me in any capacity. However, when the brethren wish me to step aside, I trust I shall be able to do that as cheerfully as I took up the work at their call thirty-eight years ago.

The good Lord be with you and guide you and energize you and prosper you in the great office to which his people have called you.

Affectionately and truly yours,

A. McLean.

One of the most perplexing problems in connection with the organization of the United Society was the location of its headquarters. Five cities: St. Louis,

Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago and New York, urged their respective advantages. Cleveland and Kansas City also asked for consideration. The committee on unification, composed of all the officers of the old societies, discussed the question from time to time but never reached an agreement. A subcommittee made a thorough canvass of the possibilities of each of the five cities and reported its findings to the larger committee without recommendation. When the executive committee of the United Society met, the question came before it with an impartial statement of the advantages of each place. On the first ballot St. Louis had so many more votes than any other city that the second ballot gave it a large majority and the action was immediately made unanimous.

Mr. McLean favored New York because of the international scope of the society's work and because nearly all the missionary boards of the other Protestant churches are located in that city and there is constant and increasing necessity for consultation and cooperation with them. At the same time he recognized the present inconvenience of New York as headquarters for the society, since the great body of the membership of the churches supporting it is in the upper Mississippi valley and farther west and southwest. On this account he was quite willing that the offices should be in the Middle West, though he felt that in ten years the wisdom of the metropolitan location would appear. Under present conditions his choice was Cincinnati because it was already the headquarters of two of the older boards, and because of its historical place in the development of the Disciples of Christ. When the executive committee decided the question he accepted their decision without question, though it meant leaving the city which had been his home for forty-six years, the entire period of his active life. Something

of his feeling regarding the change he indicated in the following letter to Mrs. Cusson, at whose place he had taken his meals for twenty-two years.

St. Louis, Missouri, September 19, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Cusson:

The Round Robin came here when I was in California. It warmed my heart to be remembered by you and all the good friends who make their home with you. I cannot think of anything that could give me greater or more lasting pleasure. I am going to have it framed and hung on the wall of my new home, when I have a new home.

I wish you would tell all the good friends that I shall cherish the memory of their gracious kindness. Blessings on each and all.

I am still at the Melville Hotel, not having been able to find a suitable apartment. The city is full. There are more people than houses. Rents are two or three times as high here as in Cincinnati. Mary Anderson and Little Pal and Mrs. Bowden were here for two days. Colonel Bowden is on the Pacific Coast. Some of our girls are in the hotel.

I am comfortable enough, but this is not home, and will not be till I get a place of my own. The table is good, but Aunt Fanny is not here to make the ice cream on Sunday and to superintend the Sunday dinner and the other meals. But I fare very well.

In California I saw the Coopers and spent a night in their mansion. They say they are coming East later in the season.

With best wishes for yourself and every member of your family, I remain,

Yours most cordially,

A. McLean.

The work continued under the old boards until the close of the missionary year, September 30, 1920, but the societies moved their offices to St. Louis in August and established headquarters on the sixth floor of the Missouri State Life Building, the northwest corner of Fifteenth and Locust Streets.

The acute shortage of houses made it extremely difficult for the personnel of the society to get satis-

factory homes. Mr. McLean, with a number of others, found temporary accommodations in The Melville, a residential hotel at 5338 Bartmer Avenue. Being disappointed in his effort to find a small apartment without paying an extravagant rental, he finally combined with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Warren in taking apartment C, the second floor east, of Washington Hall at 535 Clara Avenue, which was conveniently divided so as to give him three comfortable rooms. Immediately following the St. Louis convention he took possession of his new home, unpacked his beloved books and resumed the regular order of his life.

The hotel and the apartment were each about ten minutes' walk from the Union Avenue Church. Mr. McLean was already intimately acquainted with many of the members of this congregation both through his visits to St. Louis and their regular attendance upon the national conventions. The pastor, George A. Campbell, he had known from the beginning of Mr. Campbell's ministry. He had represented the Foreign Society on convention programs and Mr. McLean esteemed him highly both as a personal friend and as a minister of the gospel, so he felt doubly at home in this church. Yet his preference was to locate near the First Church, farther downtown, because he felt that he was more needed there. He found it impossible, however, to secure a home in that section and entered at once into the work and life of the Union Avenue Church, just as his custom had been in the Central Church at Cincinnati.

After he changed his residence from Mt. Healthy to Cincinnati in 1896, he placed his membership in the old Central Church downtown, although his apartment was not far from the Walnut Hills Church. At great personal inconvenience he went back and forth to all its Sunday and midweek services and even to the

nightly meetings of its revivals and to the official board meetings and every sort of special service. Many of the former members had moved away from the downtown church and gone into the churches nearest their homes. Having no family he felt freer than others to go and come. Thus he threw all of his strength and influence into the place of greatest need and largest opportunity for service. His decision to attend a church near his home in St. Louis was a tacit recognition of his age and of the increasing difficulty he felt in getting about, especially at night. When waiting at a corner for automobiles to pass one evening, he remarked to a friend, "I fully expect to be killed by one of those things yet."

One Wednesday evening at prayer meeting the topic was expressed in unusual words of six syllables. The leader asked Mr. McLean to define the terms. Protesting modestly that he was no dictionary, he gave the required explanation. After the meeting some one remarked to him, "They put you in the limelight, Mr. McLean." Instantly he countered, "They put me in the hole!"

At the new headquarters only the president and the two vice-presidents had private offices. These were located at the southeast corner of the floor and were both convenient and comfortable. He quickly adjusted himself to the new location and seemed thoroughly happy both in his home and in his office, except that he had not been able to make satisfactory arrangements for his evening meal. Following his lifelong custom he arose at five o'clock every morning, wrote a while at home and then came down to the office ahead of the morning rush on the street cars, and took his breakfast at the Young Women's Christian Association, just a few doors from the office on Locust Street. Here he usually had his luncheon also.

The following note indicates something of the regard

in which the entire organization in St. Louis held Mr. McLean and the profound influence that he wielded there, especially in the devotional service of ten minutes at the beginning of every day.

My dear Bishop:

I wanted to write this word about the fine devotional talk you made Monday morning. You keyed the whole bunch up in a wonderful way with the vision and breadth of your message. A number have spoken to me about it. As for myself, nothing has so stirred me to the depths in many a day. You always put something into me by your messages, which stays with me for days. You do me good and I wish I could hear you oftener. I just wanted to tell you how much I love you for it.

BERT WILSON.

Far different than he had dreamed in his youth he had become a teacher, the beloved schoolmaster of a million souls. All of the officers of the society and the entire office force heard his every word with eager appreciation and felt his presence as a continued benediction. Churches and conventions all over the continent besought him constantly to come and instruct them in the Book of God. The combining of six interests of the brotherhood in the United Society and its close cooperation with the colleges through the Board of Education removed all barriers to his free service to all the people. His exemption from administrative responsibilities gave him liberty to magnify his teaching function. Thus the successful inauguration of the United Christian Missionary Society gave him great personal satisfaction while it filled his soul with confidence in more rapid progress toward the redemption of the race.

Mr. McLean had attended regularly each year as many of the state and provincial conventions as he could reach. He had probably sat through more missionary conventions and listened to a greater num-

ber of religious addresses than any other man on the continent. Responding in kind his brethren had heard him gladly. One convention he rarely missed, that of Ontario. The national fellow-feeling of Canadians and the spiritual affinity of Christians had so grown through thirty-nine years that his presence in the Ontario June meeting was like Paul's conference with the elders of the church at Ephesus. Against his wish and habit he was compelled to leave the Ontario convention of 1920 in the midst of one of the sessions, to catch a train for another convention. The president stopped him and asked for a parting word. As he paused the convention arose and stood while he quoted Ephesians 3:14-19: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God." Then he went out amid a great hush, and they never looked upon his face again, but they remembered the words he spoke while he was yet with them, not his own words but the words of God.

In like manner a company returning home from one of the Indiana conventions on an interurban car will always remember a characteristic act. The College of Missions quartet was on the car and sang many songs, some grave, some gay. Finally they began with reverent voices, *Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.* Instantly Mr. McLean's hat came off and his face unconsciously showed that the hymn was his prayer; and his prayer the ruling passion of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV

A PARTNERSHIP OF CONSECRATION

TEAMWORK OF MC LEAN AND RAINS—LETTERS WHICH STRENGTHENED THE BOND—LAST WORDS—FUNERAL SERMON—LETTERS TO FRIENDS—LIFE-AND-DEATH UNION.

FROM September, 1893, when Francis Marion Rains became associate secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, to the 24th of October, 1919, when death released him from his abundant labors, Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains were intimate partners in God's service. Their loyalty to each other was surpassed only by their consecration to their Lord.

Before the expression teamwork was invented they gave one of the finest demonstrations of its meaning that America has ever seen. One sowed and the other reaped; one educated and the other gathered the fruits of the instruction. In every way Mr. Rains justified for more than a quarter of a century Mr. McLean's forecast in the *Annual Report* of 1893: "In the coming year the work will be kept before the public as never before. It will be his duty to devise and execute plans looking to the increase of the offerings for foreign missions. He will make it a point to secure bequests. Before long every church will feel the power of his unquenchable enthusiasm.

Of this partnership, Stephen J. Corey, who became a member of the firm in 1905, says:

> One of the finest things in the lives of Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains was their supplementing of each other in every way. They were as opposite in temperament and disposition as any

two men could be, but their lives dovetailed into each other in a wonderful way for the good of the cause. Mr. McLean was a prophet—Mr. Rains was a promoter. The first lived a studious, thought-constructive life, the latter was extremely practical and dealt in matters that could be seen. Mr. McLean was a teacher of our brotherhood on the subject of missions—Mr. Rains applied this teaching and put it into dollars and cents for the support of the work. Mr. McLean was the writer, the defender, the expositor of Christ's plan for the conquest of the world—Mr. Rains undergirded this program with the financial support of the brotherhood and capitalized on the doctrine of missions with the organized maintenance of missions. Mr. McLean awakened the thought and conscience of our brotherhood as to our world obligations. Mr. Rains backed this up with such organization and financial plan as were necessary. The two men often differed, but in the final test they agreed, and when they agreed they stood together without reference to former differences of conviction. Each honored the other and each leaned upon the other. They were as David and Jonathan and their love for each other knew no bounds.

Intensive cultivation of the home base began when Mr. Rains came into the work in 1893. Nearly every Sunday he dedicated a church building. Congregations thus served paid not only his expenses but most of his salary also, and at the same time gave him opportunities to present foreign missions to larger audiences than he could have reached otherwise. The coming of Mr. Rains more than doubled the number of district and state conventions attended, since one or the other could remain in the field for long periods.

Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains made a balanced and efficient partnership. Inexhaustible energy and untiring industry distinguished both of them. Neither thought of taking a vacation or even a weekly rest day. Each entertained the highest admiration for the ability and devotion of the other, and their comradeship in the work grew rapidly into an absorbing affection. Each had a strong personality. Naturally their

opinions on the questions that came before them were sometimes diametrically opposite. But after thorough discussion with each other, with the executive committee and with other advisers, they would reach a decision that was final for both. Then the one whose judgment had not prevailed was as earnest an advocate of the measure as if he had been its original author.

The year 1900 brought a summary warning that Mr. Rains was seriously overworking by putting in a full week at the office and then dedicating a church nearly every Sunday. In February of that year he had an attack of facial paralysis which compelled him to rest for a while. Complete recovery came in the fall through ten weeks at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Previous to this he had resumed much of his work and had gone to New York to attend the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. Finding this too severe a tax, however, he yielded to the insistence of Mr. McLean that he should go to Battle Creek for thorough treatment, and left the conference for that purpose. With the urgent demands in every direction, it was hard to remember that there was a limit to human strength, and so from time to time he felt that he would have to give up the work entirely. While Mr. McLean was out in the rallies in 1907, Mr. Rains wrote him to this effect and received the following letter in reply:

Valparaiso, Indiana, December 11, 1907.

Dear Brother Rains:

Your note about giving up the work startled and terrified me. I have not slept much since reading it. In case you go out what is to become of the work? No one can take your place. No man can push things as you do. Someone else might sit at your desk but no man known to me can bring things to pass as you can.

You have been overworked. It was a mistake for Brother

Corey and me to leave you alone in the Rooms. You have too much to do and to think about. It is a relief to anyone to have an associate about to confer with. You are bearing the burden alone. That should not be so. If we had a field man or two that would not be necessary.

In my opinion it would be a fatal mistake to go out this year or to intimate that you are thinking of going out. With the Centennial in sight, I feel you should dismiss all thought of giving up the work. I have always hoped that you and I might continue in the harness together for some years, till we reach a million a year. If you give up, I might as well go too, I could not do much in your absence.

The thing to do is to make it easier for you for the present. After the Centennial you should visit the fields. The society should grant you a year for the purpose. That would build you up and prepare you for a decade or score of years of the best service you have ever done. That will complete and crown your career.

I do not know of any two or three men who could do your work. You are a mighty man. There is no living man to whom our people owe as much as they do to you. You have been the leader in all our forward missionary movements. Your voice has called the churches to advance. If you should give up now, I greatly fear we would go backwards.

I shall be home on Thursday night. We can talk about matters before I leave on Saturday.

The calendar was received. Those who have seen it admire it very much. I left it with Mrs. Dye. I wish your face and name were on it instead of mine. The December *Intelligencer* is a good number. I have heard several speak very highly of it.

We are having splendid rallies. They are better attended than ever before and are more profitable. Dye and Weaver are a glorious team. I wish they were both going with me to the end.

God bless you with health and strength.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

Rest on Sundays. That will pay better than dedicating churches.

This settled for several years the question of Mr. Rains' continuing with the society. When he returned from the Orient in 1911 with seriously impaired health he brought the matter up again, but Mr. McLean and all others in the society felt that F. M. Rains could accomplish more in three hours a day than a new man could in ten. It was not possible, however, for Mr. Rains to restrict considerably his working hours. His habit and his enthusiasm both held him to the task from dawn to dusk. Even when he went to Florida or to Texas for a vacation, churches and conventions in the regions where he was sojourning kept him speaking constantly. Mr. McLean did everything in his power to lighten his partner's load and to cheer his heart. He was particularly faithful in writing to him when they were separated. The two letters which follow are typical of many others which he wrote with his own hand; the second while he was in the field helping the Men and Millions Movement.

March 2, 1915.

Dear Doctor:

Wherever I go I find the people greatly interested in you. You have a large place in the hearts of the people, and you deserve it. No man has ever rendered our cause a better service than you have. E. B. Barnes was speaking about you when I saw him last. He said he never saw your equal in energy and enthusiasm and "pep." Tens of thousands feel the same. The hope of all who know you is that you will so recruit your strength in the months you are absent from the Rooms that you will be able to take your place in the work before the end of the year. I do not know how we are going to go on and grow without your presence and help. The prayer of your associates in the Rooms is for your complete recovery, and that speedily. God bless you and Mrs. Rains and all dear to you.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

November 17, 1917.

My dear Doctor:

Yours of the 6th reached me in Nashville. I am now in Memphis. We are having good meetings. Yesterday's set-up was wonderful. I think I was never in a better service. Miller (R. H.) made a profound impression. He is an orator. Abe (Cory) does too, though he is not a bit like Miller. Our people—Madden, Hagin, Dye and Dr. McGavran stir the people. No one stirs them more deeply than Dr. McGavran. All the speakers do well, and are heard with deepest interest.

We did not get much money in Nashville. The Y. M. C. A. was trying to raise money at the same time. The claims of the war come first. Men say, "We must win the war." Till the war is won they do not propose to give for any other cause.

We have not begun to solicit here in Memphis. We shall do better here than we did in Nashville.

I was not mistaken about Paul's (Mr. Rains' son) speech. He did remarkably well. I was proud of him and happy on your account and on his account.

Smith of North Carolina told me of your great address at Wilson. He said you carried the convention by storm. He was greatly impressed and greatly pleased.

You speak about being well. I trust you will take good care of yourself. Be sure to get plenty of sleep. Don't overwork. Let Mrs. Rains have her way with you.

I am a poor solicitor. Abe knows that. I am sent with an experienced man. All I am expected to do is to reenforce my mate with my presence and some few words now and then. I help with the maps and charts and speak when there is opportunity.

Abe has not been with us much. Rafe (Miller) is in full command most of the time. We are a happy family.

We are due in Cincinnati the night before Thanksgiving. The Georgia campaign has been called off for the present. Billy Sunday is in Atlanta; that is the reason.

I am well and enjoy this new experience. I wish for you and Mrs. Rains all the best things in life.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

Those who were most intimately associated with Mr. McLean were frequently surprised by the range of his interest and knowledge. By some accident that kept the head of the family away from the table, Mrs. Rains discovered on some holiday occasion when Mr. McLean was the guest of honor, that he was skillful at carving a fowl. After the secret became known Mr. and Mrs. Rains always assigned him this task when he was dining with them. Whether it was turkey or chicken, goose or duck, he did the carving quickly and neatly. The clue as to how he came by this skill is possibly furnished by a clipping from some newspaper that he had preserved. This not only gives elaborate directions but sets forth the successive stages of the process with four drawings in detail.

Mr. Rains had been looking forward to the Cincinnati (1919) convention, hoping that he would be able to attend a part of it, but shortly before it he suffered a relapse which not only made this impossible but rendered him unable to see his friends. One day during the convention when he seemed better than usual, Mrs. Rains asked whether he would not like to see Mr. McLean. He answered, "Yes. Send for Brother McLean. Send for Brother McLean." Mr. McLean came out immediately. Conversation was impossible for either of them. Mr. McLean took his hand, knelt by his bed and prayed. Mr. Rains said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I love the brethren." Then after Mr. McLean had stepped back from the bed, addressing Mrs. Rains, he continued, "I loved him with an unceasing love. We differed but——." His voice faltered and he could say no more. He clearly referred to the convention and to the comrade of twenty-six years.

For weeks prior to the convention it had been Mr. McLean's custom to spend each Thursday evening

with Mr. Rains, talking over matters of mutual interest, including especially the constitution and organization of the United Christian Missionary Society and the probable action of the convention on that and other important questions that would come before it. Each of course knew that their separation was impending, but probably neither realized that it was so near.

Difficult as it was for Mr. McLean to speak at his friend's funeral there was, of course, no one so well qualified to tell the story of his life and give an interpretation of his character and an estimate of the great service he had rendered the cause of Christ. Many of the things which Mr. McLean said in this address have already found a place in this record, but the following passages do not duplicate what appears elsewhere and deserve to be preserved to honor both their subject and their author.

"And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house." 2 Chronicles 24:16.

As secretary of the society Mr. Rains spoke much before churches and conventions. He visited all parts of the continent where we have churches; he visited the Orient twice, and Europe and Australia each once. He spoke everywhere and always with marvelous power. His voice was as clear as a bell and rang out like a trumpet. The largest audiences heard every word with perfect ease. God gave him wit and humor as well as pathos and passion, and the people drank in his messages as the thirsty land drinks in water. What is more, they remembered and acted upon what he said. The churches in Australia said that they never heard such missionary appeals as fell from his lips.

Mr. Rains knew the value of the printed page and made large use of literature in his propaganda. He assisted in editing the *Intelligencer* and the *Voice* and the *March Offering Manual* and the *Children's Day Manual,* and other publications. On his foreign tours he reported what he saw and heard. He wrote much and he wrote well. Luke Luther's, his

words were half battles; they were living things with hands and feet. He knew by instinct what the people wanted and he gave them that. He insisted that every circular, every leaflet, every booklet, and every magazine that left the mission rooms should not only be instructive as regards substance, but attractive in appearance as well, good paper, good ink, good presswork, and good illustrations.

While the work of the society had the first claim upon him, Mr. Rains was interested in every department of the work of the kingdom. He was an advocate of every political and every social and every moral reform. He was an advocate of nation-wide and world-wide Prohibition, of Universal Suffrage, and of every other cause that had as its objective the welfare of humanity and the glory of Christ. In increasing the receipts of the Foreign Society he made it easier for every other society to increase its receipts. The methods he invented were borrowed by others and with good results. Years ago President McGarvey asked him to become a trustee of the College of the Bible. His hands were full and he was unwilling to assume any additional obligations; but his former teacher and friend pressed the matter upon him, saying that he needed his counsel and assistance. He accepted the trust and served the institution faithfully and helpfully.

Mr. Rains was "given to hospitality." And what a genial and gracious host he was! He was never happier than when he had his friends under his roof and at his table. Most of the missionaries of the society and missionaries of other societies were entertained by him and Mrs. Rains. He wanted to know the missionaries more intimately, to learn of their problems and needs, and what the society could do to meet their needs and increase their influence. To missionaries on furlough and to missionary candidates a visit in his home was like rivers of water in a dry place, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And because of his hospitality there are men and women in the fields who were refreshed and heartened by him in his home who will mourn with us when they hear of his departure to be with the Lord.

No one saw Mr. Rains at his best who did not see him in his home. It was there that all the gentleness and tenderness and chivalry of his nature found expression. He loved his wife and children with a surpassing love. When he crossed his own threshold the cares and perplexities and an-

noyances of the mission rooms were left behind. Canon Kingsley used to say that there was more laughter in his home than in any other home in England. It is safe to say that there were few homes in America in which there was more contagious laughter and more riotous mirth than in the home of our friend. There a guest found what Milton called "Jest and youthful jollity." Mr. Rains was a boy to the last and it was in his home that the boy-side of his nature was seen to the best advantage. But there was another side; his life was not all mirth and gayety. There was a serious element and that was in evidence also. On the breakfast table there was the New Testament. Before partaking of food the Word of God was read and prayer was offered. When the *Daily Altar* was published he procured a copy and was delighted with it. He used it as long as he was able to go to the table. More than that, he spoke to his friends and visitors of this book and urged them to use it in their family worship. Not only so, but he went before his children in the way of holiness and said to them, "This is the way, walk you in it."

It should be said, and said with emphasis, that Mr. Rains was a genuinely religious man. He was educated by Robert Graham, Isaiah B. Grubbs and John W. McGarvey, and was by them instructed in the fundamentals of our holy religion, and from these fundamentals he never departed by so much as a hair's breadth. He held the sovereignty of God, the deity and saviorhood and lordship of Christ, the agency of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification, the inspiration and all-sufficiency of the Scriptures, the observance of the ordinances as given to us, the church as God's instrument to bring in the kingdom. His reading and experiences broadened his horizon and modified some of his early opinions and views, but they did not affect the fundamentals. He kept his mind open to truth from all sources; he was a forward-looking man; in the best sense he was a modern man; but he was as loyal to the faith once for all delivered to the saints as any of his illustrious teachers in the College of the Bible. As the end approached he could make Paul's words his own, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith."

Mr. Rains loved the Lord and the Lord's house and the Lord's people and the Lord's day. He loved the church, he

honored the church, he supported the church. As long as he was able he attended the morning service, the evening service and the midweek service. He was ever the staunch and loyal friend of the minister in charge. Mr. Rains was a man of faith and prayer. He read the Bible and guided his life and conduct by its teaching. One of the last things that he asked for was his Bible. Because of the "mortal mist" that covered his eyes he could not read a word of it, but it was a satisfaction to handle the Book of God, the Book whose teachings had made him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, the Book he had read and preached for so many years, the Book whose precepts were more precious to him than gold, yea, than much fine gold, that were sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. He fondled and caressed the Holy Book as lovingly as he did his little grandchild a few days before.

Honor and love and the good repute that follows faithful service as its fruit, were his portion. He was loved and he loved in return. He was proud of the religious people of which he was a member. He rejoiced in the principles for which they stood, and believed in their ultimate triumph. A week before his translation, when speaking was difficult, he kept murmuring the phrase, "I love the brethren," and after a pause, he added, "with an unceasing love." That was his thought as the splendors of eternity fell upon him thick and fast and he caught glimpses of the King in his beauty. He loved the missionaries and wore himself out in his efforts to provide them the equipment they needed for the most successful prosecution of their work. All through his life he loved our ministers and maintained that they constituted the finest body of preachers in the world. He had been in hundreds of their homes and he spoke what he believed to be God's truth concerning them.

Measured by the calendar Mr. Rains was comparatively a young man; measured by his achievements he lived longer than the oldest of the Patriarchs. He was eager to live on and to assist in the work of the society; at the same time he realized that he was in God's hands and that God knew what is best. At noon on Friday, October 24, 1919, God called him, and like Valiant-for-truth in Bunyan's immortal allegory, he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

If among the Disciples of Christ there was a Westminster

Abbey or a Pantheon or a Hall of Fame, undoubtedly Francis Marion Rains would be assigned a place of highest honor in it, a place among the kings. We have no royal sepulchers. How then can we show our regard for this heroic servant of the King, this mighty missionary leader? We shall deposit his wasted form in beautiful Spring Grove Cemetery beside those whom he loved long since and lost a while; and we shall enshrine him in our hearts and keep him there till the walls thereof shall moulder and crumble to dust away, because he did good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house.

Regarding Mr. Rains' death Mr. McLean wrote to many friends. These seven letters are typical of all.

A. C. Gray, Eureka, Illinois—You lament with us the loss of Mr. Rains. He was a true man and genial soul. We miss him and will continue to miss him more and more as time goes on. He was completely worn out. He died not from any disease but from sheer exhaustion. His work was done and well done, and he has gone to his reward. No man of his time served the kingdom better than he did. His whole heart and soul were in the work. Had he spared himself he might have lived longer, but perhaps would not have accomplished more in the long run.

E. B. Barnes, Cleveland, Ohio—The rain poured down in torrents all forenoon. About noon the rain ceased. The afternoon was clear and bright. At the time of the interment the sun was shining. The brightness of the hour reminded me of the brightness of the spirit of the man whose body was laid to rest.

Finis Idleman, New York—We buried Mr. Rains on Monday. He was not here much of late, but we knew he was not far away. Now he is gone for good, and we will be lonely without him. It will be a long time before we see his equal in his own field.

Garnet Alcorn, Fulton, Missouri.—Your suggestion with respect to Mr. Rains is one that will be carefully considered. I very much wish that what you suggest might be done, and that a perpetual memorial may be established, thus keeping his memory green for time to come.

Peter Ainslie, Baltimore, Maryland—Brother Rains has

gone from us and we are lonely without him. He did a great work for our people and his memory should be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance.

Mrs. Ella G. Morrison, Monterey, California—With respect to Mr. Rains, he thought he was improving, but he was mistaken. He was going down gradually and imperceptibly. He did not suffer pain, but he was weak. He had no disease. He died from sheer exhaustion. He wore himself out in the service of the society. We miss him here very much. We are lonely without him. He was always so cheerful and jubilant and hopeful. The world is different since he left us.

G. W. Brown, Lexington, Kentucky—I thank you for the sympathy which you and Mrs. Brown express. Mr. Rains was a true man and a true yokefellow. Of course we shall miss him. It will be a long time before we shall see his equal. We are lonely without him.

The following letter is of twofold interest. He was honoring two departed comrades, but his face was toward the future and his hands were full of work.

St. Louis, Missouri, November 12, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Rains:

Please tell me what books by Isaac Errett you have in your library. I have been looking for his book entitled *Linsey-Woolsey and Other Addresses.* The Standard Publishing Company say the work is out of print. If you have it, would you sell it or loan it to me? Please tell me what other missionary books you have, aside from the *Intelligencer.*

When I called at your home before leaving Cincinnati it was to express my gratitude to you for all your hospitality and kindness. You and Mr. Rains were more to me than any other two people in Cincinnati. Your home was the only home I visited regularly. The world is different to you since Mr. Rains answered the home-call. The world is different to me too. On his account and on your account I shall always be interested in you, and shall always wish you all the best things in life. If I had had an opportunity I would have told you this while you were in St. Louis.

God love you and prosper you always and in all things.

Very truly yours,

A. McLean.

Mere association in any work for twenty-six years would bind together any two sincere men. But here were two extraordinary personalities consecrated with unmeasured devotion to what each of them considered the supreme task of the ages. At the same time each saw in the other from their first acquaintance, and increasingly through the years, talents which he was conscious of lacking himself but which he knew to be indispensable in their joint enterprise. Not only so, but that each possessed these individual powers in a greater degree than any other man of their wide acquaintance, was a continual, gratifying and endearing revelation to his partner. Furthermore, theirs was a human and divine work; they were under God's orders and directions and they were dealing constantly with men and women. Inevitably many of those whose cooperation they sought not only withheld their help but opposed the enterprise. Again and again, from first to last, one or the other or both, had to endure the grossest misrepresentation. Always they suffered together. On the other hand every day brought its reports of victory both in the addition of converts to Christ on the distant fields and in the multiplication of the society's friends in the homeland. They wept together when fellow workers in their world-wide fellowship died at their posts; they rejoiced together when increasing numbers of the finest young men and women of the churches accepted in full the Savior's great commission. Thus the partnership of consecration which knit these two strong men together not only blessed their lives and advanced the Kingdom of God, but also enriched the souls of all who had the chance to know and the grace to understand their life-and-death union.

CHAPTER XXV

COMRADES OF THE WAY

OFFICERS OF THE FOREIGN SOCIETY—LETTER TO S. J. COREY—QUOTATION FROM COREY—WILSON'S REMINISCENCES—JEWELS AND AUCTIONS—LUCY KING DEMOSS—KAMPE, COLSHER AND THE OFFICE—DR. KILGOUR—DR. EARNEST—LETTER TO PRESIDENT PAUL—LETTER TO MUCKLEY—FELLOWSHIP WITH THE OFFICERS OF ALL THE BOARDS—YOCUM'S RECOLLECTIONS—LETTER TO A. E. CORY—TO MRS. CORY—TO R. A. DOAN—S. M. COOPER—B. L. SMITH—EFFECTS OF CLOSE ASSOCIATION.

NOT only in the preceding chapter but several times elsewhere this narrative has dwelt upon the intimate fellowship in which Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains worked for twenty-six years, but it has mentioned only casually their younger comrades in the service. These the older men chose carefully because of their demonstrated fitness for the work, and then trusted and loved with the finest brotherliness. Each brought a new element of strength into the organization and his seniors gave him every opportunity to exercise his gift to the fullest. This is true not only of those who were in the work to the end, but applies also to several men who were associated with them for shorter periods: E. W. Allen, who was secretary in 1909 and 1910; B. F. Clay and H. D. Smith, each of whom was western secretary with headquarters at Kansas City for a period; and Justin N. Green, who was associate secretary for a while and then, in connection with his pastorate, recorder without salary for ten years. The business men: W. S. Dickinson, S. M. Cooper and M. Y. Cooper, who each served as treasurer, were a part of the fellowship. Dr. P. T. Kilgour who had charge of the office during Mr. McLean's absence as president

of Bethany College, and who later served as medical examiner, was of the inner circle. During the World War, J. B. Earnest and Rodney L. McQuary came into the work, but each enlisted as a chaplain, one in the navy and the other in the army, when the United States entered the conflict.

Of the men who remained in the work to the last, C. W. Plopper came in 1900 as bookkeeper. The society recognized his unusual ability, fidelity and industry by laying additional responsibility upon him until in 1910 he became its treasurer. In addition to his work as treasurer, for a number of years he conducted the correspondence with the Christian Endeavor societies, whose offerings increased until they finally amounted to $21,144.08 per year. In the United Society the position of treasurer came naturally to him.

Stephen J. Corey came to the Foreign Society in 1905 after demonstrating his secretarial ability with the New York Christian Missionary Society. He grew rapidly in the esteem of the brotherhood as well as of his associates and was soon recognized as a leader in international and interdenominational councils, as well as among his own people. After the death of Mr. McLean he succeeded him as vice-president of the United Society.

A. E. Cory's fellow missionaries in China sent him to Cincinnati to lead what became the Million Dollar Campaign. Before that was completed the Men and Millions Movement developed and claimed him as its secretary. Later he was head of the field department of the Interchurch World Movement, and then a secretary of the United Society. He resigned in 1922 to become pastor of the church at Kinston, North Carolina.

R. A. Doan is a brick manufacturer of Nelsonville, Ohio, whose teaching of a great men's Bible class

grew so upon his hands and his heart that he finally decided to turn the conduct of his business interests over to other hands and give his entire time, without pay, to the work of the kingdom. After the larger part of a year spent with Mrs. Doan and their son Austin, visiting the oriental mission fields, he accepted a secretaryship in 1915. This he resigned at the end of 1921. He is now in the Orient helping in a thorough survey of the United Society's fields.

Bert Wilson did conspicuous work in connection with the Men and Religion Forward Movement in Nebraska. His first work with the society was as western secretary at Kansas City. He came to the Cincinnati office in 1917. In the United Society he was made chairman of the promotional division.

C. M. Yocum, with whom Mr. McLean had become intimately acquainted while he was pastor of the Central Church in Cincinnati in 1909-1911, succeeded Bert Wilson in Kansas City in 1917 and followed him to Cincinnati in 1918. In the United Society he has been claimed by three departments, the foreign finally prevailing.

Mr. McLean's relationship with these comrades, the high esteem in which he held them and the great affection that he entertained for them, are best revealed by some of his letters to them. It will be noted that Mr. McLean speaks of the Foreign Society's offices as "the Rooms." He had his own title also for each of his comrades. They in turn called him "Bishop."

(To S. J. Corey in Europe after visiting the Congo field in Africa.)

Cincinnati, Ohio, September 12, 1912.

My dear Brother Corey:

We shall be pleased to see your good face when you return to the Rooms. We are lonely without you. We need you. You must not go away again soon and stay so long.

We are pegging away; but we need your wisdom and energy and enthusiasm.

God is good and is doing good. Abram feels sure that he has secured more than half the amount he is after. His trip to the (Pacific) Coast was a great triumph. He accomplished far more than he or we had dared to expect. He will have a marvelous story to tell at Louisville.

Mr. Rains and the Professor (Mr. Plopper) are in great spirits today. The first twelve days of the month yielded nearly three times as much as the same period last year. If we can keep on at this rate, or even do as well the days of the month that remain as we did last year, we shall have a modern miracle to rejoice over. It was never so easy before for me to believe in miracles.

Hopkins has been hurt and has been in bed for two or three weeks. He was thrown from a buggy and over a barbed wire fence and torn more or less. He expected to be in the office today; I have not heard of his arrival.

We have things in pretty good shape for the convention (at Louisville, Kentucky). The report is being printed. The bulk of the work on it has been done. Mr. Rains is working at the churches, and I am at work on the report.

I presume you are going to Russia to see the brethren there. If so you will not be at home quite as soon as you had anticipated. You are expected in Russia.

Your report of the work at Bolenge has been read with the greatest interest. It is a wonderful story. God is doing great things today as he did in the olden time and far greater things, as it seems to me.

The Lord prosper you and bring you home in peace and safety. I wish you every good thing.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

Of course much of the information in this volume has come from these intimate associates of Mr. McLean. No attempt has been made to indicate the source of most of this material. At this point, however, it seems worth while to add the following direct quotations from Stephen J. Corey:

Mr. McLean was a very broad-minded man. I do not mean by that that he was radical in his theological belief. Indeed, he was one whom you might call an open-minded conservative. His breadth was in his sympathy both towards men who disagreed with him and towards ideas which he could not himself quite accept. He included in his census of his brethren all who love Christ. He believed that God has a place for both liberal and conservative. He honored both. One kept us from going too slow, the other kept us from going too fast. His mind was always open to the thinking of any conscientious man and he had far more sympathy for a sincere Socrates than for an insincere Christian leader who proclaimed his loyalty abroad.

One of the most tender and helpful contacts with Mr. McLean was through his little personal letters written by his own hand. He never wore his heart on his sleeve and it was difficult for him to give a strong compliment to a friend in any way personally except with a look or a kindly pat on the shoulder. However, his personal letters were beautiful in their expression of affection. He always wrote these with his own hand and usually when away on some journey. These tender little missives of love and appreciation are cherished with reverence by his associates to whom he confided in this gentle way his deep regard and friendship.

Mr. McLean was a spiritual stabilizer for all of his associates. There was always a sense of spiritual security and poise when he was near. He was very human, very humorous and had many personal peculiarities, but he lived in tune with the Infinite. His quiet life of prayer and deep thought and meditation brought to all of his associates a real sense of the realities of religion.

Out of Mr. Wilson's great fund of recollections these will be read with interest:

When a student at college, I preached on Sundays at Humboldt, Nebraska. Ever since I had known Mr. McLean it had been my earnest desire to have him spend a Sunday in Humboldt, that the people might hear his great messages and catch his wonderful spirit. He did not want to go to such a small church, but "because of my importunity" he finally came. In announcing his coming, I told the church that if it were a choice between President A. McLean of the Foreign

Society and President Roosevelt of the United States, my choice would be for President McLean to come. It was a cold, snowy day in January and the roads had thawed and frozen up again, so that they were very rough. People drove in for six miles to hear him. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity and Mr. McLean stirred my own heart and the whole church as they had never been stirred before.

Mr. McLean held two or three missionary rallies at Cotner during my college days. On one occasion we invited him to eat dinner in our home only a block away from the church. My nephew, a boy about sixteen, was taking work in college and Mr. McLean talked to him and asked him all about what he expected to do in the future. Years afterwards, Mr. McLean inquired how "Ray" was getting along, "who lived with you out at Cotner."

While Mr. McLean was a very busy man he sometimes got very lonesome. Many times he worked in the mission rooms on Saturday afternoon when everybody else was gone. On one occasion I was working also, when he came into my room and requested that I go shopping with him. I went, and what was my surprise to find that all he was to buy was a lamp globe. Mr. McLean always used a kerosene lamp by which he studied. There was electricity in the building in which he lived, but he never had his rooms connected. He seemed to prefer to read by a large lamp. We went to one shop and found that a twenty-five-cent globe was the cheapest they had. He walked out and went to another shop nearby where he found the kind of globe he wanted and got it for ten cents. I told him that the twenty-five-cent globe was the non-breakable kind and would last three times as long as the ten-cent one. He replied in his characteristic way, "Not if I don't break the ten-cent one."

Mrs. Wilson and our eight girls were always greatly pleased to have Mr. McLean come to our house. He often played croquet with the girls and was a pretty good shot at that. He loved to talk with the children.

I always got inspiration and help from Mr. McLean when I went into his room to talk over my problems with him. Now and then some difficult problem would come up and when I went in to see him we did not always talk about the thing I had gone in to talk about, but his great outlook on life, his supreme optimism, his unbounded faith and his Christian

integrity and sterling manhood, always seemed to give me the answer that I needed.

One by one Mr. McLean's associates discovered that he was a lover of gems, jewels and ornaments. Of course he would not be so extravagant as to purchase anything of the sort for himself, nor would he use or wear them, but he found delight in presenting them to his friends. Those he purchased in his travels abroad and brought home as souvenirs promptly found their way into the hands and homes of his ever-widening circle of intimates.

An interesting touch of his humanness appeared in the fact that auctions seemed to hold an irresistible attraction for him. It was as hard for him to pass a store where an auction flag was displayed, as it was to refuse to give something to a beggar on the street. That he did not attend the auction as a mere curious spectator is evidenced by the promiscuous purchases which he made. Many of the pieces of cut glass and silverware and various other gifts that went to his friends he had captured in the exciting contests of the auction room. Maybe the primitive instinct of the Highlander for the chase, being denied its normal expression, asserted itself in this way.

One of the most efficient and indispensable members of the organization was Miss Lucy King De Moss. She compiled the Children's Day exercises, represented the society in the joint preparation of mission-study courses for the Sunday schools, and prepared missionary pageants. One duty after another attached itself to her until finally she had the general oversight of all the society's publications. Every November she helped Mr. McLean select Christmas presents for the friends all around the world whom he wished to remember, and especially for the children. The last year

they had made these purchases before he went to Battle Creek. He had dispatched the packages for the foreign field and held the rest at the office to send out just before Christmas. He expected to be back in time to attend to this personally, but several times before he left he cautioned Mr. Colsher, who with other duties was superintending the shipping department, to be sure that they got off on time. His instructions were faithfully carried out and his friends received the gifts with double appreciation.

The number of people in the Foreign Society's office had finally come to be about twenty, with special responsibilities resting upon E. C. Kampe and William H. Colsher. Mr. McLean looked upon them all as forming a sort of family group. Just before noon each day they assembled for a brief devotional service of Scripture and prayer and song. When he returned from a trip he showed his personal interest in each one and his pleasure at being home again by going around and shaking hands with everybody.

The two letters which follow from two former stenographers illustrate the statements above.

Dolgeville, New York, October, 1919.

Dear Brother McLean:

I want to tell you again, Mr. McLean, of the pleasure which I found in my work with you. I know that my association with you has greatly enriched my life, and has strengthened me in my efforts to live in accordance with the wishes of Christ. I have failed so often to measure up to the perfect life but I am striving to improve, and feel that I am now being led by the Father in the right direction. I have had your blessing; may I not have your prayers, too?

MINNA ECKERT.

Los Angeles, California, September 12, 1921.

It was always a marvel to me how Brother McLean remembered so many hundreds of people, even carrying in his mind the name of every little child of his acquaintance. The first

time he met me in Los Angeles after my marriage he instantly called me by my new name and asked if I was now taking or giving dictation.

When I first came to Los Angeles I found to my surprise that he had written to several of his friends here about me, and as a result a good position was awaiting me and some warm friends who helped me to tide over the first homesickness.

He never came to Los Angeles without looking me up. The very last trip he made here I had told him that I would be at a certain church on Sunday morning to hear him speak, but found it inconvenient to do so on account of my work in our local Sunday school. I told him of this as I bade him goodby at the convention on Saturday. "That is right, child, stay on the job," he said. Those were his last words to me.

In all my years in the business world I never worked for another man who took such a deep personal interest in me and my affairs, and when you realize that he was just as deeply interested in everyone with whom he came in contact it was truly wonderful.

Every Christmas up until I married, brought some token of remembrance from him, generally one of his recent books.

LOU LOU COOMBS MURRAY.

Following the death of Dr. Kilgour, Mr. McLean wrote several letters to the doctor's sisters, Misses Annie and Mary Martha. Let us preface one with this quotation from a letter of Miss Mary Martha written from Baltimore, Maryland, May 18, 1921.

What can we say? Beautiful and true things have been said of Mr. McLean, yet the half has not been told of this spiritual and intellectual giant, with the reserve and heart of a child. We were privileged to know the great man, chiefly through our brother, Dr. P. T. Kilgour, whose home was our home from August, 1893, until his sudden death April 24, 1918.

During the years Mr. McLean was a frequent and honored guest in our home. Never was there such a guest. Never a dull moment from his entrance; his silences were eloquent. Often he seemed weighed down by the cares of his great enterprise, but how quick he was to respond to the gayety

of the home and the fun of the little boys. Such a punctilious gentleman in the home that everyone came under the charm of his personality. His wit, his love of nature and all that was fine in literature, added to his ardor for the salvation of the world, made one marvel at his many-sidedness.

Although well concealed, we felt he was a true Highlander, so shy, proud and loyal, with the fire and fervor and prophetic vision that belongs to the Celtic race.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 27, 1918.

My dear Miss Martha:

I should have acknowledged the receipt of your gracious letter long ago. When it came, I was preparing for the convention. Since the time for the convention, I have been at work on the annual report. The preparation of the report always falls to me. That and many other duties engrossed my time and energy.

I cannot write about Dr. Kilgour as I feel. He was a prince among men, and a friend whose friendship was above all price. He was very dear to me, and I loved him as a brother. I owed him much for his care of me when ailing, and most of all for keeping me well and strong for the day's work. He read me as he read a printed page. He knew at once what was wrong and how I should act so as to avoid pain or weakness. I shall never find his equal in that regard. He cheered me many times when I was in trouble. He believed in me and made me believe in myself, and that was a mighty help. He did more for me than I did for him. I shall always feel myself his debtor.

You and Miss Annie and the children give me more honor than I deserve. If the Doctor had been in my place and I in his, he would have done all I did, and more. If what I said and did brought you and your dear ones any comfort and strength, I am pleased and thankful.

The world is different since the good Doctor left us. It will never be the same again. College Hill and the Mt. Healthy Church will not be the same. What hospitality he and Miss Annie dispensed! How they ministered to a weary visitor and sent him on his way refreshed and rejoicing! I have never been in a more delightful home.

Mr. Armstrong told you we had no convention. I saw him and Dr. Ainslie for a few minutes. We have had no church

service this month. The (influenza) epidemic is less severe than it was, but there are yet many deaths. John Koenig died at home after an illness of three days. He was buried in khaki. I was at the funeral and had a part in it. The Westwood Methodist Episcopal minister was in charge.

Thus far no one in the Mission Rooms has been taken. Mr. S. J. Corey was sick a week or two, but is well again and at work.

Please remember me kindly to Miss Annie. The good Lord bless you both with his wondrous grace. I wish you both and all dear ones all the best things in life.

Very truly yours,

A. McLean.

This letter he wrote to the young secretary who had become a chaplain in the navy.

Cincinnati, Ohio, December 7, 1918.

Lieutenant J. B. Earnest, Ph.D.,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

My dear Dr. Earnest:

Your favor of the 9th of November was duly received. I trust that by this time your arms have recovered from the effect of the vaccination and that both are serviceable.

It seems to me that in going from man to man talking to each one as you are doing, you are doing a most Christ-like work. These young men need sympathy and counsel, and you are able to give both. You cannot touch any life except for good. Your influence is always helpful. Your presence among these young boys is a great blessing to them, and while helping them you are deepening your own spiritual life and getting a firmer grasp upon the fundamentals of our holy religion. I feel that the experiences that you are getting these days will be invaluable to you in all your after life. You are getting a knowledge of some phases of human life that you would not get in any university or in any missionary society, or anywhere else in the world. You are face to face with life.

Much of your work may not appear to be religious in the technical sense of the word, but it is religious nevertheless. All work done for Christ and in the spirit of Christ is religious. You are seeking to help these young men, and this is the kind of work that Christ did while he was here in flesh.

You are remembered here in the office. Our thoughts go out to you and to Mrs. Earnest and to Katherine French. Prayer is offered for you and for them. We ask that you may be guided and kept and prospered in the great work to which the Lord has called you.

On yesterday the chaplain of the Mississippi called to see me. His ship is now at Hampton Roads. He has been off duty for a few days. He is one of our brethren and has preached in Oklahoma. You may meet him some day. His name is Lash. He told me many things about his position as chaplain. He told me that he had heard of you, but had not had the pleasure of meeting you as yet. Perhaps some day you will meet him. You will find him a very pleasant gentleman.

May the good Lord deal well with you and your dear ones.

With every good wish, I remain,

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

The next letter followed the appearance of a little book that set forth graphically the need of missionaries in all the foreign fields occupied by the Disciples of Christ.

Cincinnati, Ohio, November 26, 1919.

President Charles T. Paul,
College of Missions Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

My dear Brother Paul:

Somewhere in all the World has just been handed me by Alexander Paul.

I consider this work the most perfect work of its kind that I have ever seen. The good Lord be praised for putting it into your power to produce such a work as this. It contains a world of information, and just the kind of information that would be most illuminating and helpful to missionary candidates.

I cannot thank you enough for what you have done. The good Lord deal well with you and your dear ones everywhere.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

He expressed fellowship both in missionary service and in patriotic devotion in this letter to the Church Extension secretary.

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 23, 1918.

George W. Muckley,
Macatawa, Michigan.
My dear Brother Muckley:

I see that your three boys have entered the war service. It shows the stuff of which they are made. I trust they will come back to you alive and ennobled by their experiences as soldiers.

A nephew of mine died on the Western Front on the 10th of this month. He was captain in one of the Canadian regiments. He was a university graduate and a fine fellow.

I should be glad to know that you are improving in health from day to day. I trust that the September offering may yield you a larger amount than any previous offering in the history of the work in which you have been such a successful leader for so many years.

May the Lord deal well with you and all your dear ones.

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

Even before the organization of the United Christian Missionary Society the cooperation of the several boards had become so intimate and constant, their officers were thrown together so frequently in state and national conventions and otherwise that the sense of comradeship with Mr. McLean went beyond the Foreign Society and included the officers of all the other boards. The entire group frequently attended the meetings of the Men and Millions Movement, and especially the conferences preceding and following the organization of the United Society. Each was a leader and an expert in his own field and the peer of every other. Here Mr. McLean was at his best; wise in counsel, positive in conviction, encyclopaedic in memory, instantaneous and incisive in repartee. Frequently his

Scots wit struck fire on the Irish wit of Abe Cory in a succession of brilliant passes which the rest of us admired, as spectators do the flashes of a tennis ball back and forth between contenders for a championship. These passages were always good natured and illuminated the subject under discussion as much as they refreshed the bystanders.

As his years increased, his great affection for his comrades overcame his native reticence and led him to express his love more directly and fully than he had in the earlier periods. His habit of rising at five o'clock in the morning naturally made him wake at that hour when he was on the train. Occasionally when one of the other men was occupying a berth in the same car, he would climb out of his own upper berth (he always insisted that the upper berth was more comfortable as well as more economical than the lower) and get into bed with his fellow traveler. At such times he would speak frankly of his love for his comrade, which otherwise he would tell only in writing or by implication.

Several sorts of revelation are contained in this story told by Mr. Yocum.

An all-day meeting of the committee on unification had been held in Indianapolis. The underlying principles of the unification of the six missionary and benevolent organizations had been wrought out previously, and at this particular meeting the entire day had been spent in considering details. Everybody had worked hard but little seemed to be accomplished. It was a long, tedious, tiresome day. The meeting closed just in time for the Cincinnati contingent to catch the last train home.

Mr. McLean and I had a message to deliver and a short conference to hold with Mrs. David Rioch who, with her little family, was sojourning in Indianapolis near Butler College. This duty made it impossible for us to return home that night. Mr. McLean was greatly disappointed. He was well worn and was anxious to get back to Cincinnati.

After a most pleasant visit with Mrs. Rioch we left the house and walked leisurely toward the car line. The sun was just slipping below the horizon and the sky was aglow with the glorious coloring of evening. Everything was suggestive of home and rest. Imitating the voice and manner of a little child, Mr. McLean said, "I want to go home. I'm homesick. I want my mamma."

We slept together that night in the Hotel Edward. Long before day I awakened to find him on his knees at the bedside in prayer. I did not stir, not caring to disturb him. For a long time he continued in prayer and the hour I spent there silently sharing his devotions was a holy hour. More sacred far than any hour spent in cloistered temple was that hour with a man of God in communion with his Father.

The three letters which follow are characteristic of the way he expressed his appreciation of his associates and their devoted service.

(To A. E. Cory regarding the Million Dollar Campaign.)

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1913.

My dear Brother Cory:

You may remember that you asked me to write a note of thanks to H. O. Pritchard and others for the great interest they manifested in the Million Dollar Campaign when you and the team were in Lincoln. Brother Pritchard writes in reply this: "I want to say that the workers blessed us much more than we were able to give in return. While Lincoln did fairly well, she received much more than she gave. I feel our churches were never so much blessed as by the recent visit of the team." Some days before, I received the same statement about your visit to Elliott, Iowa. This statement was written by Morton L. Rose.

Wherever you go the impression is the same. All feel that the visit of the team has been a great blessing and a great uplift to the church. This must be a matter of profound satisfaction to you. You are doing a work that no one else has ever done among our people and a work, I think, that no one else could do so effectively. When the present program is completed you will have a place in the hearts of our people such as no other man, living or dead, has. The campaign in which you are engaged and the one to follow will

give a mighty impetus to every department of the work of the Disciples of Christ. Wherever I go men of other communions ask me about the campaign. They are watching it with profound interest. The work you are doing will help them in their work. You have abundant reason for knowing that you are not only helping the cause that our own people represent, but you are helping the cause of Christendom throughout North America. I think there is no man in our fellowship who has so much reason to rejoice these days as you have. There is no man among us who has before him a brighter future than you have. When you are here we are all busy and we have not time, or do not take time as perhaps we might, to tell you these things, to tell you how much we rejoice over what you are doing. But we do not forget you night or morning or at midday. We praise God for you and for your service. For myself, I never speak out all that I feel in the way of congratulation or commendation. The Scotchman does not wear his heart on his sleeve and the things that he feels deepest are the things that he is more apt to suppress than to speak. I am thankful that the letters that we are receiving give me this opportunity of writing you what I could not say to you face to face.

The Lord abundantly bless you and your family and the great work.

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

(To Mrs. A. E. Cory after the successful completion of the Men and Millions Movement. At the same time he wrote a similar letter to Mrs. R. H. Miller.)

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 15, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Cory:

At a joint meeting of the executive committee of the Men and Millions Movement and the college presidents held in St. Louis two weeks ago many kind things were said about you and your part in the enterprise. You have made no address in any set-up meeting; you have had no conspicuous part in the movement; but you have done your bit, and you are as deserving of honor and affection as your husband, the foremost leader in the movement. You have cared for the home and the children, and in doing that you have made it

possible for him to be away the greater part of the time for the past four years. You have heartened him while absent and have refreshed him in body and in spirit while at home.

It was said of one woman by our Lord that she did what she could. The same can be said of you. You have played a worthy part in the Men and Millions Movement. You have been a heroine in the years in which Mr. Cory has been endeavoring to raise the standard of giving among our people and to enlist a thousand new workers for the fields.

The world has heard nothing of you; your picture has not appeared in any paper; but God knows you and what you have done, and he will not forget your patience and devotion and self-sacrifice. Your reward is sure and it will be in proportion to your service. You have been faithful, and you will enter the joy of your Lord. There'll be stars in your crown.

I was instructed to write you and tell you that the men and women who are leading in the movement, and many besides, appreciate what you have done and are doing for the glory of our divine Redeemer. May his blessings in fullest measure rest on you and on your husband and children and on all whom you love the world over.

Most truly your brother in Christ's service,

A. McLEAN.

(To R. A. Doan, in Japan as oriental secretary of the Foreign Society.)

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 17, 1920.

My dear Robert:

Your gracious letter of the 21st of March reached me a few days ago. The Book says that good news from a far country is like cold water to a thirsty soul. Your letter did me good like medicine. It cheered and heartened me in a time when there are many things to try one's faith and patience. The Lord richly reward you for your kind thought and for your confidence and affection. Your friendship is a source of joy and courage and energy. It is much to have the good will of a man of your quality. I must try to deserve all that you have written concerning me.

This is Saturday afternoon and I am here alone in the Rooms.

* * * * *

Bert left India for home on the 14th. He asked permission (of the British authorities) to enter Egypt and Palestine. His wife thinks he has been granted permission. He hopes to cross Europe to London and from London come on home. I was out in Norwood two weeks ago. The girls and their mother are counting the days till they see Bert in the flesh. It is a question whether the baby will recognize him or not. The others all speak about him and will welcome him when he appears at the door.

This morning we had a cable from China saying that Dr. Shelton had left for America. You will have heard all about his experiences and condition before this reaches you. His boat is due in Vancouver on the 26th. Our hope is that he will reach America in good condition and in good spirits.

* * * * *

The Interchurch Financial Drive is slated for April 25 to May 2. We had a great meeting here this week in the interest of the drive. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and company were here. Earl Taylor and Abe (Cory) and a dozen or more were here. The dinner in the Gibson was very impressive. The night meeting was not so good. The team went out to Redland and saw the Reds wipe the earth with the Cubs, and they were tired when the night came. The main meeting at night was in the Central Church. Emery Hall and Music Hall were both engaged and the meetings were held in the churches.

I was out for six weeks in the campaign. I had a good time and believe I did some good. The other folk in the office were out also. Mr. Yocum and S. J. Corey and Alexander Paul and Miss DeMoss were out helping. Ample preparation has been made for the drive. What will be realized remains to be seen. There are many obstacles to be overcome.

* * * * *

No doubt Alec or someone else has informed you that the Reds won the first two games. Alec (Paul) and Cy (Yocum) have passes. You know what that means and how they feel in their inmost souls. Here is what Grant Lewis's boy said when he heard that St. Louis was chosen (for United Society headquarters). "O shoot, St. Louis has no baseball team." That is not bad. If that fact had been announced in advance St. Louis might not have been chosen.

By this time you are on your way to China. We are troubled about the last letters from China. The Holroyds and Miss Abbott have returned to Nanking and Nantungchow is bereft to that extent. Alexander Lee has resigned and gone into the government school. It is hard for us to understand the meaning of all this. It is fortunate for the work that you are to be at the convention. Wise counsel is needed and you are the man to give it.

We believe that the Japan mission will be greatly helped by your visit. You are in a position to speak as no member of the mission can speak. The missionaries believe in you and will listen to you and will be guided by your advice. We regard your visit as providential. We believe that great and lasting good will result from it.

We shall be delighted to have you and Mrs. Doan back again in our midst. We are lonely without you. You are a pillar of strength in the Mission Rooms. Your counsel is wise and is needed here now more than ever. Your life and bearing have endeared you to every member of the staff. All believe in you and honor you for what you are and for what you have done and are doing. The Lord love you and yours and keep you and yours now and always.

We are planning the conference with the missionaries and wish you could be with us. It begins on the 9th of June and continues till the 13th. We are counting on you to speak at the St. Louis convention, you and Bert. S. J. goes to Switzerland in June to attend a conference there. He will be gone about five weeks. Mr. Burnham goes to the same country later in the season in the interest of Christian union.

This week I gave two lectures in the College of Missions. One was on *Missions in the Old Testament* and the other on *Missions in the New Testament.* One occupied nearly two hours and the other about a half-hour less. I think the lectures were worth while. The students read more of the Bible that day than for some days previous, I am sure.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Doan and to the missionaries and the Christians, I remain, dear Robert,

Yours very affectionately,

A. McLean.

Blessings on you both and on Austin.

Intimately associated with Mr. McLean as financial agent of Bethany College when he was president, and later as treasurer of the Foreign Society when he was either secretary or president; living in the same city for twenty-two years; entertaining him in his home; meeting him often at luncheon; traveling with him to and from conventions; S. M. Cooper, now of Los Angeles, California, was always considered by Mr. McLean one of his comrades in the service. One of the highest evidences of this sense of comradeship appeared in this characteristic incident related by Mr. Cooper:

> He called me over the phone one evening, saying, "S. M., will you and Mrs. Cooper be home this evening?" I assured him that we would be delighted to see him and he at once came over. After greeting every member of the household most cordially and inquiring after the welfare of all, he discovered a new book of interest on the library table and spent the evening reading it, apparently oblivious of the presence of anyone. Then he arose, thanked us for a pleasant evening, and returned home. We could not but feel highly pleased that this truly great man had thus declared our home to be his.

Frequently Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains and Mr. Cooper took luncheon together. Sometimes the conversation turned to matters of great moment, affecting the welfare of the society, but oftener, meeting as they did after a forenoon spent in hard work, their table-talk was in lighter vein. While Mr. Rains and Mr. Cooper did most of the talking on such occasions, Mr. McLean nevertheless contributed an important part, not only by his appreciation of their stories and remarks, but also by relating apt incidents, telling short stories or making an original, pithy and humorous statement, always opportune.

One day Mr. Cooper took as his guest a local Theosophist who held the most extreme views of his cult. His apparently sincere pronouncements as to an

adept's ability to interpret one's character by the color of the atmosphere environing him, or his power while lying in a comatose state in Chicago to make a complete mental record of the proceedings of a San Francisco convention, prompted Mr. McLean to ask him some pointed and embarrassing questions. These evoked even more extravagant statements, always made in polysyllabic terms—unless shorter words were absolutely necessary. After the luncheon when they had bidden good-by to their guest, who like one of Dickens' friends was ever funny when he meant to be philosophical, Mr. McLean turned to Mr. Cooper and said, "S. M., if that man is sincere I do not think that he believes the nonsensical statements he made to us today but rather that you had him make them to witness their effect upon Rains and me." Then the three parted, all laughing immoderately.

Mr. Cooper made a number of trips with Mr. McLean in connection with missionary rallies. The introduction which he gave him at the first one was, "Brethren, I have brought with me S. M. Cooper, a business man of Cincinnati, who will now make a short talk on *The Layman's Relation to World-Wide Evangelization.* I do not know how much Mr. Cooper knows about missions, but I am sure that if he will attend as many of these rallies as he should, he will know more than he does now, and besides will give more money for the extension of the kingdom. So I have brought him along, not simply to help you, but hoping also to do him some good."

Even in the old days when there was some appearance of competition between the societies, Mr. McLean was ever a true comrade to the secretaries of the other societies. He would go to the limit of his power and influence to help them, but at the same time he was loyally careful that nothing should interfere with the Foreign Society's work. When B. L. Smith was

elected secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society in 1895 Mr. McLean was on his circuit of the globe, but wrote from Constantinople a letter of such stimulating and reassuring encouragement that it gave Mr. Smith heart for what seemed a forlorn hope. After Mr. Smith was well launched in his work a mutual friend told Mr. McLean that the A. C. M. S. was planning a series of home missionary rallies. "Home missionary rallies!" he exclaimed. Then after a moment's reflection, "Well, if you can't be a voice, be an echo."

Among Mr. Smith's many recollections of his senior comrade are these three.

Once when campaigning on the Pacific Coast, he giving his lecture on his trip around the world and I speaking on home missions, we happened to be in Eastern Oregon at the convention. Just before the evening service, he said to Mrs. Smith, "Mrs. Smith, I will give you a ticket to the theatre if you won't go and hear me tonight. You have heard that lecture so many times I know it must be a bore to you." There was no theatre within two hundred miles of us, but Mrs. Smith met him. "Why, Mr. McLean, I have to go to start the applause; I am the only one who knows when the jokes come in!"

"Say, Brother Smith, do you know we need one more society among us!" That was in the days when somebody advocated making "another day for we have already taken every day the Lord has made." So I wondered what McLean meant in suggesting another society among us, and got this answer. "We need a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Secretaries, to protect the various secretaries from one another's speeches—George Muckley's five-finger exercise for instance!"

Once we were discussing a good piece of work which he had done in connection with the Jubilee convention. I remarked that I feared he would not receive the credit due him for his part. "My friend, we are not doing this work on credit!" The unselfish McLean!

In reply to a letter of Mr. Smith's after the St. Louis convention, Mr. McLean wrote this last to him.

St. Louis, Missouri, November 16, 1920.

My dear Brother Smith:

Your gracious letter was duly received. I do not know how to thank you for it. All I can say is God bless and reward you. May he supply every need of yours out of his infinite fullness. I consider it a great thing to be loved and trusted by one who has known me as long as you have known me. We have worked together many years and have long known each other and in all these years we have trusted each other and loved each other.

One who fills a public office is bound to be misunderstood and misrepresented. There are those who prefer to believe evil about one rather than good—but there are great hosts of the other kind who do trust and will continue to trust one that they know is striving to serve the Lord. You are one of that number. Your life has been enriched by the confidence you have bestowed on others. I say again, may your life be blessed of God with his wondrous grace.

With all good wishes and warmest personal regards, I remain, Yours very truly,

A. McLean.

Thus appear not only the greatness and goodness of Archibald McLean but some hints and suggestions as to wherein lay his goodness and his greatness. The more closely men and women associated with him the more highly they honored him. For thirty-nine years they saw him standing out in the open, fighting covetousness, selfishness, bigotry, ignorance, caste, provincialism, ease, racial animosity and sectarian prejudice; all of the dear sins and vices of his own brethren; never compromising, never stooping. Every day they saw in his personal life more and more of the fruit of the Spirit. Tried by fire, tested by acid, they found him always unhesitatingly seeking first the Kingdom of God, and in that looking out for everyone else before himself. But ever he was human, natural, individual, most amazing in the simplicity to which he could reduce the greatest virtues.

CHAPTER XXVI

A COMPLETED TASK

PROPOSED TOUR OF MISSION FIELDS—ANNUAL VISIT TO BATTLE CREEK—SLIGHT SURGICAL OPERATION—LETTERS TO ST. LOUIS—FRIENDS OLD AND NEW—LETTER OF W. H. MILLER—"TWO MILLION FRIENDS"—THE SHOCK OF HIS GOING—FUNERAL IN ST. LOUIS AND CINCINNATI—RE-BURIAL AT BETHANY—BETTY MUCKLEY'S TRIBUTE—LETTERS AND CARDS TO THE BOWDEN CHILDREN—MRS. POUNDS' POEM—HIS WORK WAS DONE—THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION—HIS WORK GOES ON FOREVER.

FOR several years the missionaries in the different fields had been asking for a visit from Mr. McLean in which he should spend enough time with each mission and even each station, to enter fully into its problems and prospects and to counsel intimately with the workers that had been raised up on the fields, as well as with those who had gone out from the United States, Canada, England and Australia. After the organization of the United Christian Missionary Society both Mr. McLean and his associates felt that he should make such a journey, giving to it possibly eighteen months. The date for his departure from the homeland was tentatively set for the early summer, 1921, and he was making all of his plans with this journey in prospect.

From 1900 he had gone to Battle Creek, Michigan, almost every year for two or three weeks of rest and recuperation. Usually this came after the March offering and was necessitated by the long series of missionary rallies that had preceded it. Sometimes it was in the fall after the close of the missionary year and the national convention and before starting on the rallies.

Some two years prior to the St. Louis convention he

suffered a slight rupture for which he was wearing a truss. With his usual reticence he said nothing of this to his associates and went on with his regular work. But he evidently felt that before starting on such a long journey it would be well to have the injury corrected. In 1920 he decided to get surgical relief from his trouble during his annual sojourn at Battle Creek. Only two persons at headquarters knew that he contemplated the operation and he told only one or two others where he was going. The rest supposed that he was out in the interest of the Interchurch Underwritings as most of the officers of the United Society were at that time.

He left St. Louis Friday evening, November 26. That week he had seemed to be in the best of health and spirits. He was at his office regularly every day in accordance with his custom, and for longer hours than anyone else spent there. He attended church and prayer meeting as usual. At the morning service of his last Sunday in St. Louis he offered the principal prayer with all the uplifting power that he usually exercised when he led the devotions of a congregation. Thanksgiving Day, November 25, he attended the union service at the Pilgrim Congregational Church and then he and Mr. and Mrs. Warren took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Muckley and their family. At the table and in the home afterward he was at his genial best and devoted a large part of his attention to nine-year-old Betty Muckley.

He had not told Mr. and Mrs. Warren where he was going. As he was leaving home they told him good-by in a casual way, thinking he was going to Texas, as he had planned some weeks before, in the interest of the Underwritings campaign. At the door he hesitated, with his traveling bag in his hand, as though he had something more to say. Possibly he was debating

JUST AS HE LEFT IT

Mr. McLean's study at 535 Clara Avenue, St. Louis. His bedroom was at the right. All three rooms fronted north on a wide lawn and each had its quota of bookshelves.

whether he should tell them of his real destination. He had simply stated that he expected to be back before Christmas. Evidently he concluded that this was sufficient, for he merely said good-by and went on his way.

The examination at Battle Creek Sanitarium showed him in such perfect condition for the operation that he went to the hospital on December 1. His letters indicate how little importance he attached to the event. The dates and character of these letters are an index also to the freedom of his mind and the slight and temporary disturbance that his habits suffered from the operation. After it was done he mentioned the operation casually in letters to several of his friends.

(To George A. Campbell, Minister Union Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis.)

November 30, 1920.

My dear Brother Campbell:

I am here in Battle Creek for a slight surgical operation. I hope to be home before Christmas if all goes well. I do not wish anyone else to know of the reason for my absence.

There is one thing I wish to say to you. It is this: When you received me into the church and at other times you did me overmuch honor. I have done my share in the work, but no more than my share. The men in the Foreign Society have done teamwork, and I was one of the team. I was the president of the society, but as a matter of fact there was little presiding to do. Each member of the team had his place and his work, and each one did his part. No men could have been more loyal than F. M. Rains, and S. J. Corey, and C. W. Plopper, and Bert Wilson, and R. A. Doan, and C. M. Yocum. The Lord doesn't make better men than these. They are as true to all the work of the kingdom and to each other as the needle to the pole.

They shared equally with me in the work and they should share equally with me in the honor. This is my wish.

I trust it is well with you and your house and the church.

Affectionately and truly yours,

A. McLean.

December 7, 1920.

Dear Brother Campbell:

A week ago I had my operation. It was a simple affair. There were no complications. I am getting on well. I have no pain, and have had none. The surgeon says I can be at home by Christmas. All that is necessary is for the wound to heal. I am trying to assist nature in her gracious work.

I trust things are well in the church and with you and yours.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

December 4, 1920.

Mr. R. A. Doan,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Robert:

I wish very much that you may go to New York to attend the meeting of the trustees of the University of Nanking. The place is the Foreign Board rooms of the Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Avenue; the time is the 10th at two o'clock in the afternoon, New York time. That will be about noon of our time.

In case it will not be possible for you to go I wish you to ask Mr. Burnham or Mrs. Atwater to go.

This is the most important meeting of the year because the budget for the year is to be presented. We ought to be represented by all means.

I will ask Mr. Elliott to secure a pass for you if possible.

I trust things are going well in the office and with Mrs. Doan and yourself.

Yours very truly,

A. McLean.
By CCS

December 9, 1920.

Dear Brother Corey:

Your article in *World Call* on my new book gave me a world of pleasure. What a great soul you have! And how generous you are in all your estimates. The Lord be praised for so true and noble a friend.

I agree with you as to the address, *The Place of Missions in the Thought of God*, which is the heart of the book. There

are others not named by you upon which I spent much time. Some day I wish you would read them. The last one in the volume cost me more than any other. The ones entitled *Bed-Rock in Missions, Christ Entering into His Glory, An Offering Acceptable to God,* and *Christ Walking Amid the Seven Golden Candlesticks,* are worth reading, I think.

I am improving steadily. I have no pain, but must lie still. The days and nights are dreadfully long. I am anxious to see you all and be back at my desk. I am hoping to be home before Christmas.

I trust things are going well. I trust that we are to be represented at the (Nanking University) trustees' meeting in New York tomorrow.

Bert's work on the Underwritings deserves a great reward. If we can clear off the whole $600,000 it will be a great victory.

Blessings on you and yours and on us all, every one.

Affectionately,

A. McLean.

Let President Burnham know how I am faring.

December 13, 1920.

My dear Brother Corey:

All day yesterday (Sunday) I was thinking about the Underwritings and was wondering if the $600,000 was raised. The report that this amount was exceeded will bring relief and joy to many hearts.

I have been thinking that the South American Commission should consist of Mrs. Atwater, yourself and President Burnham. Three will be better than two. I believe that it will be a great thing for the work for all time if all three can go.

The doctors and nurses say I am doing famously well. The wound has healed. This is the 13th day. After five days more, if things go well, I can leave the bed and walk. I am counting on being home on Christmas. I am not sure about the 24th. Perhaps if I were at home then it would be well to keep quiet. I am eager to be with you all again. I am writing in bed and fear I am not writing very legibly. Perhaps you can read it.

Love to you and yours and to all.

Affectionately,

A. McLean.

Battle Creek, Michigan, December 13, 1920.

My dear Cyrus:

Thank you for your good letter. I rejoice with you over your prosperous visit to Texas. I wish I could have been with you. It is very pleasant to read the greetings from the Texas preachers. Blessings on you and on them.

I have been here a little over two weeks. I am planning to be in St. Louis by Christmas. As to the Rushville ham and eggs, I cannot aspire to rise to such fare all at once. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound." It should require a month or two to prepare my stomach for your royal fare. Please have patience with me. I fancy it took Nebuchadnezzar quite a time to rise from his diet of grass to ham and eggs.

If the $600,000 is raised and exceeded, I and many others will rejoice.

Blessings on you and Mrs. Yocum and Cy.

Affectionately,

A. McLEAN.

Battle Creek, Michigan, December 11, 1920.

My dear Brother Burnham:

Thank you for the letter from Boston. I congratulate you upon the profitable and delightful experiences of that visit to Boston and Plymouth. I wish I could have been with you.

It is eleven days since my operation. I have to lie still in bed for seven days more. I shall have to remain here for a few days after I get up. I am told that I can be at home for Christmas. You may rest assured that I shall go home as soon as I get permission. I regret that it is necessary for me to be away from the field of action. The work does not depend on any one servant. The work is the Lord's and he will see that it goes forward.

I wish I could be in the officers' council and at the meeting of the executive committee. I shall think of you all on these days.

Blessings on you and on Mrs. Burnham and upon the whole work of the kingdom.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLEAN.

In the sanitarium at Battle Creek were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shedd from China. Before her marriage

Mrs. Shedd was Miss Anna Louise Fillmore, daughter of J. H. Fillmore of Cincinnati, and a missionary of the Foreign Society in Nanking, China. Mr. McLean had known her intimately all her life and he greatly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing her and her husband where there was plenty of time to talk. In the room with him was W. H. Miller of Charlevoix, Michigan. They quickly became good friends, as Mr. Miller indicates in the following letter. The letter is valuable not only because of the information it gives but even more for its revelation of the impression which Mr. McLean made upon a stranger.

Charlevoix, Michigan, September 24, 1921.

Mr. McLean was moved into the room with me the second day after his operation and remained there until the time of his death, two weeks later. During all of those days of suffering he remained always cheerful and hopeful in his outlook on life and gentle and patient in his relations with patients and attendants. His mind was clear and his attention alert at all times and although he never mentioned himself or his own experiences, his conversation on general topics was very illuminating. He seemed especially pleased in gathering from the conversation of others and in entering in tender sympathy into the experiences of others. He enjoyed having his bed moved out on the veranda where he could listen to the conversation of the convalescent patients and although he rarely asserted himself to enter into the general conversation there, he often asked to have his bed moved near to the men who were good talkers and who were wholesome in their influence.

He was extremely modest and self-abnegative and it seemed difficult for him to let his needs be known, his desire being to make others as little trouble as possible. His love for children seemed one of his strong emotions and he manifested much interest in all children who came within his notice. My own little girl came with her mother regularly three times a day to see me and he grew to look forward to her visits with almost as much eagerness as I did myself. He talked with her kindly and accepted from her little favors which her

childish fancy prompted. She loved to adjust his pillows, bring him a cool drink or put fresh water on the flowers by his bedside. When the nurse made her a little nurse's costume he allowed her to take his temperature with a little paper thermometer and delighted her with his patient acceptance of her attentions. The friendship of these two individuals standing on the opposite thresholds of life was beautiful to see and I am sure it is a memory which my little Gwendolen will carry with her through life.

He had reached within four days of the time set for him to be up and, although the doctors regarded him as a very sick man, he did not seem to suffer much pain and looked forward confidently to his recovery. He had bidden goodnight to his visitors in the evening in a cheerful mood and went to sleep easily and naturally. Although I was awake many times during the night I noticed no uneasiness on his part. About five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a change in his breathing and called an attendant who responded very promptly. All was done that human power could but he never regained consciousness and died within a half-hour.

W. H. Miller.

T. S. Cleaver, minister of the Battle Creek Christian Church, had been known to Mr. McLean for many years. Mrs. Cleaver is a daughter of C. J. Tannar, an early successor of Mr. McLean in the pastorate of the Mt. Healthy Church. He had known her from infancy. Mr. Cleaver saw him within a few hours after the operation. The next time he called they had moved him to another room where there were three other beds. He had given no information regarding himself except what was required for the records at the office and this of course was held confidential. Some of the staff remarked to Mr. Cleaver that he was a wonderful gentleman and must have good connections. Then they asked, "Has he no friends?" He replied, "Only about two million." They answered at once, "We knew he must be a great man and a good man."

As he gained strength after the operation he read, wrote letters, talked with his friends and completed the manuscript of the lecture which he was preparing to deliver on Isaac Errett, which was published in the June and July numbers of *World Call*, 1921. It was as clear and vigorous a piece of writing as he had ever done and was a splendid tribute to his senior comrade in the pioneering of the missionary cause among the Disciples of Christ.

On the evening of December 14, Mr. and Mrs. Shedd and Mr. Cleaver were in to see Mr. McLean and found him apparently at his best. Mr. Cleaver says:

He took my hand with a fatherly firmness and yet with a motherly tenderness and said, "I am glad you have come; where have you been, Brother Cleaver?" I had been to Detroit that week and this trip had caused my absence. "Sit down, Brother Cleaver," he said. I always took him our weekly publications and *World Call;* these he enjoyed very much. "Excuse me, will you, while I just look through these?" He rapidly glanced over the pages and then seemed somewhat satisfied. My! how that man did love the brotherhood. We talked about various topics of interest and after an hour and a quarter's visit I got up to go, thinking perhaps I was tiring him. Mr. McLean insisted that I remain longer as he said he loved to have his friends come. After a season of devotions, I asked him about the great masterpieces on prayer. He could tell them all by heart.

From the discussions on prayer, we turned to books. We always had a brief talk on books. "What are you reading off the press?" I told him I had received some satisfaction from Boreham's essays. "I have not read Boreham, bring me a volume the next time you come to see me." I was never privileged to take him that book. While talking of books, I told him that I received great help from *Epoch Makers of Modern Missions.* In his kind and thoughtful manner he said, "I am glad that book has helped you."

I told him one day what a magnificent life work he had accomplished. In a very humble tone he said it was very easy to build up a great work with such choice souls as S. J. Corey, Rains, Bert Wilson, Yocum, Doan and Plopper.

"There are no finer men made; it is a pleasure to work with them. If there is any praise these men should have it."

He asked me if I had any reports of how the December drive for the Underwritings had come out. The missionary pioneer of the Disciples was deeply interested in this effort. I had to tell him that it was too early to get such reports. "Ah well, our people will respond to the appeal grandly; they never fail us in an appeal of this kind."

Early on the morning of the 15th, Mr. Miller, who was in the bed next to Mr. McLean, noticed that he was breathing heavily and rang the bell for the nurse. She was just outside the door and came immediately. When she spoke to Mr. McLean he said that he had not slept well and that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. She summoned the doctor who came at once but found him unconscious and within a few minutes his breathing quietly ceased. Dr. J. H. Kellogg says: "The post-mortem examination showed large blood clots in the pulmonary area. We believe pulmonary embolism was the cause of his death."

On the table by his bedside were his Greek New Testament, a missionary book, the freshly completed manuscript of his lecture on Isaac Errett, and a copy of *Paradise Lost* from which he had quoted in describing Mr. Errett.

It would be impossible to imagine a greater shock than that which came to the headquarters staff at St. Louis, to Mr. McLean's brothers and sisters and to his friends throughout the world, with the report of his death. The following paragraph from a letter written by W. F. Turner, December 22, 1920, is typical of the feeling everywhere.

I was speaking in a missionary rally in the University Church, Seattle, when the messenger interrupted me with a telegram. I signed and laid it aside till I had concluded. While Brother Mitchell was introducing Mrs. Louise Kelly I opened it and read from Brother Burnham the strange, sad

news that Brother McLean had passed away. I was simply amazed, for I thought he was in perfect health. You can imagine our feelings as we can yours. I arose and read it and at once the audience was in tears. After a few moments we bowed for some time in silent prayer. Then I asked Brother Thrapp to voice our prayers which he did in a most wonderful way. But our afternoon was sadly disarranged. We could not regain our composure.

Stephen J. Corey took the next train for Battle Creek and brought the remains to St. Louis. Mrs. Catto, Mr. McLean's sister, came at once from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis. Sunday afternoon, December 19, we held a service in the Union Avenue Church, with a sermon by George Alexander Campbell, the minister, on *Why Did We Love Him So?* His text was: "I glorify my ministry," Romans 11:13. Mr. Campbell said:

No other one among the Disciples ever had so many friends, none so large a place in the hearts of the people. This conquest in the kingdom of affection, of the heart, is to me Mr. McLean's greatest accomplishment, greatest glory, greatest power.

Why did we love him so greatly? Why did so many thousands love him? To have made a few friends is an accomplishment not to be gainsaid. But to have won many thousands who not only admired but loved, and loved fervently, is so unusual that we are led to inquire the reason. The basis of this affection lies in six particulars: He glorified his ministry by a choice once for all made. He glorified his ministry by prayer. He glorified his ministry through love and friendship. He glorified his ministry by intellectual ability and fidelity. A. McLean glorified his ministry by stressing the heroic.

That night the officers of the society and others from St. Louis went with the remains to Cincinnati. Monday afternoon another such representative gathering assembled in Central Church as had filled the great old sanctuary for his thirty-fifth anniversary celebration.

On this occasion as on that many had come from a distance. Despite all the unfeigned sorrow and unpretentious solemnity of this occasion, the same note of triumph ran through this service as through that. The words of appreciation and affection spoken or unexpressed by those present and voiced by innumerable telegrams and letters from those who could not attend, were almost as frank and emphatic when his living ears heard them March 4, 1917, as on December 20, 1920, when the mass of flowers that hid the pulpit and casket gave no response to the voice of love.

Frederick W. Burnham, president of the United Christian Missionary Society, made a brief statement regarding Mr. McLean's last days and his departure, and read a few telegrams as representative of the great number received. W. R. Warren outlined the events of Mr. McLean's life. Charles J. Sebastian, Mr. McLean's last pastor in Cincinnati, who had also been associated with him in the office of the Foreign Society when just a boy, and by his influence committed to the ministry, spoke of his relation to the local church. O. J. Grainger, missionary to India, indicated the fatherly relationship of Mr. McLean to all the missionaries. Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, vice-president of the United Society, spoke of his steadfastness and his abounding in every good work. Stephen J. Corey gave the principal address of the day, defining the personality of Mr. McLean and setting forth the great service which he rendered in the cause of Christ. Justin N. Green, minister of the Evanston Church, Cincinnati, and J. W. Hagin, of the Madison Avenue Church, Covington, Kentucky, led our prayers. Miss Fred Fillmore, a daughter of J. H. Fillmore, and all her life a devoted friend of Mr. McLean, sang two of his favorite songs, *Crossing the Bar,* and *Day is Dying in the West.* The pallbearers were representatives of

five of the Foreign Society's six fields, Dr. Shelton of Tibet being on the Pacific Coast and unable to attend: O. J. Grainger of India, Alexander Paul of China, W. H. Erskine of Japan, Leslie Wolfe of the Philippines, H. C. Hobgood and W. H. Edwards of Africa. Then we took the body to the receiving vault in Spring Grove Cemetery and a few days later interred it a short distance from the grave of Mr. Rains.

Not only the funeral addresses but many letters and articles regarding Mr. McLean were published in *The Christian-Evangelist*, *World Call* and other church periodicals. On the first Sunday in March, the thirty-ninth anniversary of his service with the Foreign Society, churches throughout the brotherhood held memorial services. This had been a red-letter day with him throughout his ministry, since it was foreign missions day in the churches. The United Society sent out to each church a large photogravure reproduction of one of his most satisfactory photographs to frame and unveil in these memorial services.

The closing period of foreign missions day in the international convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 31, 1921, was a special memorial service with addresses by O. J. Grainger and W. F. Richardson, and a bust made by R. P. Bringhurst from the death mask and photographs was unveiled. S. M. Cooper of Los Angeles, and M. Y. Cooper of Cincinnati, bore the cost of this bronze sculpture.

At the time of the funeral the general feeling of those participating in the service was that the burial should be in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, since the forty-six years of his active ministry had been spent in that city, and since Mr. Rains was buried there. After the memorial services in March, M. M. Cochran of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, a college mate and lifelong friend, suggested that the most fitting

place for Mr. McLean's permanent interment was the Campbell Cemetery at Bethany, West Virginia. Mr. Cochran volunteered to bear the entire expense of the removal if it should seem best to the family and friends that it be made. This proposal was indorsed by so many representative men that the change was finally agreed upon, the reburial taking place at Bethany, Thursday, October 27, in the presence of a large concourse made up of the students, faculty and friends from far and near. President Edgar Odell Lovett of the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, who graduated from Bethany College while Mr. McLean was its president, delivered the address on this occasion. Several paragraphs of this address are reproduced in the ninth chapter of this volume.

Among the considerations which led to the change, in which the friends at Cincinnati graciously acquiesced with those elsewhere, was the feeling that, in the long history of the Disciples of Christ, the name of Archibald McLean will be associated with that of Alexander Campbell as the name of Abraham Lincoln is with that of George Washington. So it is especially fitting that he should be buried in the same hillside enclosure to which he himself had tried to secure the removal of the body of Walter Scott, Mr. Campbell's comrade in the Restoration movement. Furthermore, Mr. McLean's close identification with Bethany College as student, trustee, lecturer and president, would have justified his burial in the college cemetery, even if his preeminence in the life of the church had not dictated it. As indicated in earlier chapters of this work, he loved Bethany better than any other earthly place.

In preparing to move from Cincinnati to St. Louis Mr. McLean sent about a thousand volumes of his library to Bethany College where he wished to have the

entire collection go on his death, as indicated in the following letter to his sister, Mrs. Cannon.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1918.

Sarah Dear:

I am writing you in confidence. I want no one else to see this for the present.

If anything should befall me, I want my books to go to Bethany College. You may know that religious books, if sold, bring almost nothing. There is almost no demand for such works. But such books are as good as new to a college.

I have worked hard, but aside from my books I have very little of this world's goods. If, when the end comes, there is enough to meet all obligations, that is as much as I expect. In an office like mine it is impossible to save anything.

I want you to see to it that my wishes are carried out. I need my books while I live else I could give them now. If I had any estate I could make a will. But I have no estate worth willing.

I trust you and George are well. God be with you both.

Affectionately yours,

ARCHIBALD.

I was never in better health than now.

He had written his brother James A., to the same effect and received a letter from him urging him to make a will clearly indicating his purpose, not only as to the books but as to any other property he might have, however small its value. In consequence of his neglect to follow this advice the books that remained in his apartment had to be stored until the estate was wound up before they could be legally transferred to the college.

Whatever the historical significance of other places, Bethany must always remain the chief shrine of the Disciples of Christ. To it, annually, hundreds of people turn their feet in pilgrimage, and to all of these the cemetery on the hillside is of equal interest with the Campbell mansion, the old church and the college.

It is a spot also that the students visit frequently and which helps to make real to them the heroic lives of the men whose mortal remains rest within its walls. More truly than most cemeteries we may call this God's Acre. Here rest the mortal remains of Thomas and Alexander Campbell, Robert Richardson, W. K. Pendleton, A. E. Myers, W. H. Woolery, J. M. Trible, J. C. Keith, R. H. Wynne, A. C. (Miss Cammie) Pendleton, T. E. Cramblet, members of their families and others no less worthy. Since Mr. McLean's burial, B. C. Hagerman, another former president of the college, has joined the illustrious group, as his wife, a granddaughter of Alexander Campbell, did several years earlier.

There was general agreement that the monument to mark this grave should be of enduring granite, simple and dignified in design, unpretentious, but large enough and handsome enough to command attention. Many minds gave loving thought to the inscription, cast in bronze and set in the face of the monument. A group of associates and friends claimed the privilege of bearing the cost of the stone, recognizing that the real memorial of his life and work is the world-wide extension of the gospel to which he gave mighty impetus and which shall not cease until in the phrase that he often quoted, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea."

The day after Mr. McLean's death G. W. Muckley was to lead the devotional service at the headquarters of the United Society. Before breakfast his little daughter Betty awakened to find him looking through his Bible and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was looking for something about Mr. McLean. Then she asked, "Is his name in the Bible?" "No, dear." Instantly she added, "Well, it ought to be." All who knew him will agree with her that in

AMONG THE HILLS HE LOVED

Monument in the Campbell Cemetery, Bethany, West Virginia.

the book of Acts which is never completed, his name is constantly recurring.

Among the letters written from Battle Creek was one to Mary Anderson Bowden.

Battle Creek, Michigan, December 10, 1920.

Dear Mary Anderson:

I am counting the days till I see you and Little Pal and your parents. It seems an age since I saw you last. I am planning and hoping to be in St. Louis not later than the 25th. No doubt Old Santa is thinking of all good girls and boys and is getting ready to fill their stockings when the time comes.

Blessings on you each and all.

Affectionately,

Bro. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bowden had lived next door to Mrs. Cusson's in Cincinnati, and had removed to St. Louis at the same time Mr. McLean came. As Mr. Bowden was an officer of the Men and Millions Movement Mr. McLean had a double opportunity to get acquainted with Mary Anderson and her brother Gilbert. Like other of his little friends they found his name too much for their unpracticed tongues and abbreviated it to "Brother Caine." They treasure thirty characteristic post cards sent to them on his journeys of the last few months from all over America. There were letters also, of which the following will serve as a sample.

Des Moines, Iowa, January 1, 1920.

Dear Mary Anderson:

A Happy New Year to you and Little Pal and to your parents! Your papa told me while we were in St. Louis that you had some fever again. He and I and others who love you are asking that you may have perfect health and be as rugged as Gilbert. When I see you next week or the week

after I hope to find you in good health and in the best of spirits.

God love you and bless you, dear Mary Anderson, and all dear to you and all to whom you are dear.

I send love and best wishes to all in your home.

Affectionately your

BROTHER CAINE.

This is the first letter in the New Year.

Six of the postcards follow.

Topeka, Kansas, December 3, 1919.

Dear Mary Anderson:

It is four nights since I saw you and had my shoes shined. It seems like "1492 years" or days since that time. I trust you are all well and as happy as happy can be. I send love to each and all.

Your old friend and admirer,

A. McLEAN.

Lincoln, Nebraska, December 6, 1919.

How are you, Little Pal? And how is the Big Pal? And how are all the Pals? I am well and hungry to see you and M. A. Good luck to you both and to all beside in your home and across the fence.

BROTHER CAINE.

Chicago, Illinois, January 23, 1920.

"Be good, sweet maid; let who will be clever."

BRO. CAINE.

Columbus, Ohio, February 17, 1920.

Dear Mary Anderson:

Please tell Little Pal to be good, and show him how. I am on my way to New York. After that I go west, and shall be gone two or three weeks. I shall miss seeing you and Little Pal. Blessings on you both and on all who love you.

Affectionately,

BR. C.

(Mailed at) St. Paul, Minnesota, March 3, 1920.

Dear Little People:

Are you both well and as happy as kings? I trust so. Here I am in Sioux City, South Dakota, spending the day and speaking for Mr. Tupper, a man Papa knows. There is snow on the ground, but the day is perfect. After speaking tonight I take the train for St. Paul, Minnesota. In ten days more I expect to leave for home, sweet home. Then I shall see you. I shall count the days till then. Blessings on you and yours.

Affectionately,

Br. C.

Chicago, Illinois, March 8, 1920.

'Rah for Mary Anderson,
'Rah for Gilbert Bowden,
'Rah for Papa and Mama.

B. C.

To this correspondence should be added the two letters which follow. The first he wrote, like many of his personal notes, with pen and ink. The second he returned to its author from Battle Creek with the response in pencil written on the bottom of the sheet.

St. Louis, Missouri, November 26, 1920.

Mr. Henry G. Bowden,

St. Louis, Missouri.

My dear Colonel:

Tonight I leave St. Louis and expect to be gone two or three weeks. I trust it may be well with Mary Anderson and Little Pal and their parents. I shall miss you all, rest assured. Blessings on each one and on all dear to you.

That was a great story you told us on Wednesday night. Few men can do the kind of work you are doing. Your talk and prayer with the conductor were wonderful. Praise God for a man who is able to do such things.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

St. Louis, Missouri, December 7, 1920.

Bishop A. McLean,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Bishop:

I wish I knew how to express to you my appreciation of the letter I found upon my return to St. Louis.

I do not know where you are or what you are doing, but I do know that He is caring for you wherever you are and God grant that your body and mind may have a rest and that you may come back to us refreshed and happy. The fact is, I have not seen you any other way.

Beloved, I wonder if you know how dear you are to the four of us, Mrs. Bowden, Mary Anderson, Gilbert and the writer. I wish we could be more to you. Certainly we want to be of service and shall be whenever you will allow us.

Sincerely, fraternally and affectionately yours,

HENRY G. BOWDEN.

Dear Col:

Not worthy.

BRO. C.

His devotion to these little friends was past ordinary understanding. In Cincinnati he stopped in their home for a little visit every evening after dinner. During a serious illness of Gilbert's, when his life was almost despaired of, the great man would take him up in his arms evidently in silent prayer, then replace him in his bed and walk out of the room without having uttered a word. The little fellow's parents knew that Mr. McLean was suffering the same agony of anxiety that racked their own souls. One day after replacing the child in his bed, he dropped to his knees and prayed: "Our Father, grant that this child may be made well and the prayers of these parents heard and answered, for Jesus' sake."

Among the innumerable tributes paid to Mr. McLean none showed more discernment than the poem by Jessie Brown Pounds, which appeared in *The Christian-*

Evangelist of January 27, 1921, two months before her own death.

Welcomed

Perhaps he now sits with the saints of the ages,
  With Carey and Wesley and Wyckliffe and Paul,
With Socrates, Plato, and all the high sages—
  He had thought their thoughts joyously after them all.

They would welcome his coming, their wisdom discerning
  He belonged not to part of the race but the whole;
They will surely have joy in him, speedily learning
  The whimsical charm of his glorious soul.

But, somehow, I cannot thus think of him;—rather,
  I fancy I see him a center of mirth,
As, hailing his coming, around him there gather
  The children he laughed with and romped with on earth;—

The children who slipped from the arms of their mothers
  And took the long journey with never a fear;
I fancy them calling, each one to the others,
  As they called when he came from his journeyings here.

And then to the heavenly playground they lead him,—
  This prophet who bore a child's heart in his breast,—
The children are glad, and it may be they need him
  To play with them yonder while taking his rest.

Of Mr. McLean it could be said as it was of Moses, when his work was finished, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Though he might have done a still greater work if he had continued in the world, he had completed his special task as it is rarely given any man to do, and had left a record of the accomplishment in the *History of the Foreign Society.* This needed only a sequel of a few pages to be complete. These he himself had written in the last annual report of that society, which carried the record to September 30, 1920. Beginning October 1, 1920, the

United Christian Missionary Society, in which Mr. McLean as first vice-president bore an important part, took over all the work of the old societies.

For thirty-nine years he had been the chief executive of the Foreign Society. Nineteen years he was secretary and twenty years president, but his duties were practically the same all the time, as neither Isaac Errett nor Charles Louis Loos ever spent any time in the office except to attend meetings of the executive committee and occasional conferences. The work for which the Foreign Society came into being began after his election. He entered upon his duties March 4, 1882, and the first missionaries to non-Christian lands went to India September 16 of the following fall. Thus every one of the 358 missionaries whom the society sent out in its entire history, not counting its representatives in England and Scandinavia, received his commission from Mr. McLean's hand. While the legal status of the society continues, since the first of October, 1920, the missionaries have gone out and the work has been conducted in the name of the United Christian Missionary Society.

The St. Louis convention was the Foreign Society's last as well as Mr. McLean's last. The importance of his place in it was fairly representative of the increasing part he had played during the thirty-nine years of his administration. As indicated above, he compiled, organized and wrote the general portion of the annual report of the society.

Each morning of the convention there was a prayer meeting at eight o'clock in the Y. W. C. A. auditorium. These meetings had been held in each of the annual conventions beginning with that at Norfolk in 1907. If Mr. McLean was not the actual originator of the meetings he was the leading spirit in maintaining them and was general chairman of the committee in charge

from the time they were inaugurated. He never missed one nor did he ever arrive late.

The most popular event in every convention, as we have seen, was the introduction of missionaries. This was always attended to by Mr. McLean and there was nothing in which he seemed to take greater delight. When the number of missionaries became too great to be presented singly, he began introducing them by groups according to their fields. This he did in St. Louis, first presenting the India group, then those from China, the Philippines and Japan. He allowed each person to speak two minutes. He did not resume his seat while they were speaking but stood by to wave them off the platform, as he inexorably did when the time was up. Those who attended the conventions remember many sententious remarks of Mr. McLean in connection with these introductions and when presenting missionaries to make addresses. When calling on Dr. Dye at the New Orleans convention, he said, "I'd as soon think of introducing George Washington." In the same convention he introduced Dr. James Butchart of China as "a gold medal man from the ground up." His wit was equal to every occasion but one. After he had presented Miss Mattie Burgess, of the C. W. B. M. mission in India, in one of the conventions, and she had spoken her two minutes, he said, "Time's up!" She smiled blandly and replied, "Mr. McLean, I never promised to obey you!" He joined in the convention's laughter and she finished her speech.

Between the meetings and going and coming he was shaking hands with friends from all over the continent and inquiring by name about the members of their families at home.

The convention received and adopted a report of the committee on recommendations in the following words:

We approve the report of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society as presented to the convention. Realizing that this is the last annual report of this individual organization we take great pleasure in heartily commending the work and accomplishments of this organization during the many years of its splendid history. The steady growth and achievements have shown the wisdom and excellent management of the various officers and committees of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and we are hoping and trusting that the work so well done during the past years will be further developed under the management and guidance of the United Christian Missionary Society of which it becomes a part.

At the St. Louis convention, as at Cincinnati, Mrs. Atwater joined Mr. McLean, as Mr. Rains had in preceding conventions, in entertaining the missionaries and many of their friends at breakfast on Sunday morning. The invited guests filled to overflowing the dining room of the Young Women's Christian Association. They called on each missionary by name to say something and received all sorts of responses. Some only bowed and smiled; many spoke briefly of their joy in the fellowship of the occasion; some told interesting and amusing incidents in their work; some voiced the urgent calls of the fields which they represented. Upon every one Mr. McLean beamed with all the pride and affection of a devoted father, while with fine courtesy recognizing and even insisting upon Mrs. Atwater's equal place in the event of the morning. With all the gladness of the hour there was perhaps no one present who did not think more than once of the certainty that the same group would never assemble again on earth, but it is equally certain that no one thought of Mr. McLean as one whom death might claim within the year. He was too vigorous, too joyous, too necessary in God's Kingdom for us to think of him in connection with death, or with ceasing on any account from his abundant labors.

His work was done; his work was just begun; his work goes on forever. The completed task is incomparably fair and finished; the larger task is just as certain of its accomplishment in God's good time. He is still, and will continue to be, a powerful factor in the work of Christ on earth. In the fullness of his strength he has died into the lives of thousands who knew and loved him. Each of us is henceforth more certain of the presence of the ever-living Christ, more convinced that his is the only way of life for any soul, more completely committed to giving every man everywhere a chance to know him. Even for those who never saw Archibald McLean in the flesh his burning message is printed and cannot be ignored. To be a Christian is to be a missionary: to the members of one's own household, to neighbors, and either personally or by proxy to strangers around the world. In the very nature of God he is concerned for the salvation of every soul and, as we become partakers of the divine nature, we must share and express this concern. Even in the rudimentary stages of our Christian growth we must recognize the authority of Christ commanding us to evangelize the world. It is all as clear as light, when once Archibald McLean has called attention to its absolutely fundamental place in the Scriptures and to the overwhelming demonstration of its truth in all human history. As if his published books, with all their resourceful variety in establishing the primacy of the missionary cause in the Christian system, might prove insufficient, he has left ready for publication an equal array of perfect manuscripts that drive home irrefutably the same eternal truths. If one would escape he must renounce Christ, abandon the entire Bible and take his place with the infidels who are consciously fighting against God.

But the memory of those who personally knew

Archibald McLean and the discernment of those who read his writings discover more than an invincible advocate of the supreme work of Christ's church; they rejoice in beholding a rugged Scots Highlander whom God's grace had made as gentle as the little children who ran to his arms instinctively wherever he appeared; a man of prayer who talked with God more intimately than with any earthly friend, and whose prayers God answered year by year; a mind versed in so much learning of many sorts that he was ever modest in speaking before his opinion was asked but ever ready with assured facts; a spirit positive and unafraid in his own convictions but chivalrously respectful to those of others; a soul clear of earthly stain but full of sympathy and helpfulness for any overtaken in whatever fault; a Christian who bore about with him always in his body the dying of Jesus that the life also of Jesus might be manifested; a radiant joy in a world of sadness, a tower of confidence in a time of uncertainty, a life of love in a race of selfishness; an example of what God can do with a man who lets him have his way. This, and much more, is Archibald McLean; not dead but alive forevermore, both in this world where his works do follow him and in the eternal mansions which God has prepared for them that love his appearing.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE MAN GOD TOOK

MODESTY—STRENGTH—ENERGY—GENIALITY—LOVE—COURAGE—INTEGRITY—CHRIST IN HIM.

FIRST the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come.'' However interesting and suggestive the processes of growth and development may be, our chief concern at last is with the finished product. What sort of man had Archibald McLean come to be before he awoke into eternity? The narrative of the changing years and of the steps by which he won the goal have prepared us for a summary of his character and personality.

Robert E. Speer says that in joint conferences, such as meetings of the trustees of Nanking University and the Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, Mr. McLean seldom spoke unless asked to do so or until there seemed danger that something would be done which he considered unwise. Then he showed such knowledge of the question at issue and such a grasp of all its bearings, and presented his views with such clearness and force and yet with such modesty that those who had been consuming the time of the meeting reproached themselves for having permitted him to remain silent so long. His habit was similar in all sorts of meetings of his own communion. He waited

both to get all possible light on the subject under discussion and in the hope that someone else would say the final word. Even in the midweek prayer meeting he deferred speaking until all others who wished to do so had expressed themselves. In conversation he took the same eager interest in what his friends had to say and exercised his own gift of silence. When he did speak there was no uncertainty as to what he thought, but his tremendous earnestness was manifestly not an effort to impose his opinions upon others. Rather his emphasis was upon the facts which had led to his conclusions. Thus his speech was as modest as his silence. We have no one English word for this quality, possibly because humanity so seldom produces a man to whom it can be applied justly. To call it modesty, meekness or humility is as inadequate as it would be to speak of the delicate and elusive exhalation of the trailing arbutus as fragrance, odor or perfume. Those who knew Archibald McLean had a better understanding of the Beatitudes, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and the Savior's commendation of childlikeness.

This gentleness of Archibald McLean, to risk another insufficient word, was marked and remembered because it was joined with extraordinary strength. There is a gentleness of weakness which is a matter of indifference, but tenderness in power is always noteworthy. Anyone can touch a watch crystal safely with a feather, but our hats are off to the man who can caress it with a trip hammer and leave it uninjured. In physique, in intellect, in character, in affection, Archibald McLean was strong. However one took him, he was a big man and was concerned only with big matters. Being a strong man in the first place, God set him a large task. Working manfully at this task inevitably kept him growing all the time. For

sheer acumen he would have been distinguished without the nobler qualities for which he is best remembered. He came in contact with some of the ablest men of his time and was unquestionably their peer. Not only so, but he moved familiarly in the thought of the greatest men of all ages and all lands through their published words. He held an incredible array of facts at ready command. An event, a person, a name, once known he never forgot. His mental processes were both quick and accurate. There were no ragged edges to his ideas; they were all as clear-cut as diamonds. He not merely memorized most of the New Testament and much of the Old, but did so unconsciously while mastering their contents and literally living in their revelation. Without any suggestion of pedantry the precise words, phrases and sentences of the Bible and of innumerable great books flowed through his speech. With unerring certainty he got at the heart of any matter which concerned his society and his Lord. To him every situation was a problem and he never rested until he had the solution; never accepted a counterfeit, makeshift or substitute solution. Intense and powerful as were his emotions, he did not permit them to short-circuit his thinking. Since he had no personal ends to serve his mind was free from the bias of self-interest. Thus his native strength grew hourly till the end.

Even to a casual acquaintance Mr. McLean revealed unbounded energy. There are many strong men who are quiescent; their strength is potential, his was dynamic. He was not merely busy every minute—some of the busiest people get nothing done; he worked at things which counted, he worked at high speed and he threw all of his strength into whatever he undertook. He moved with such precision as well as force that he seldom had to retrace his steps; what was

done was finished and he was off with unabated zest to do the next thing. His schedule stretched on ahead of him so far that he lost no time considering what should be his next objective. He lost no time on any account, even the moment between engagements, the minutes between trains, the early morning and late evening hours he utilized to the fraction of a second, and yet without the semblance of hurry. He was not merely following a method or system which he had adopted, rather the abounding life within him had to find expression, like the life in a mighty oak that rises unceasingly. This extraordinary energy seized the gist of the newspaper as it passed, gathered up the best things in the current magazines, kept two or three important books under tribute all the time, met various persons daily with alert attention and instant response, conducted a world-wide and particular correspondence no line of which he allowed to grow perfunctory, solved vital and far-reaching problems of administration as they arose, created a body of missionary literature unique in its compass, its individuality and its finality, and all the while cherished a thousand children, loved ten thousand friends and worshiped God as if otherwise entirely unoccupied!

The geniality of Archibald McLean was another of his distinguishing marks. Who can forget his smile? Who can duplicate his handshake? Who can surpass his immediate intimacy with children? Of course his unaffected modesty and simplicity and his reassuring strength were factors in making children love him, but it took also rare companionableness to make him a universal favorite with the tots of the cradle roll and the boys and girls of the elementary grades. His geniality was the natural expression of his love of people; not merely his friends and comrades but everybody. He would not intrude upon strangers, but when

they approached him or when circumstances brought him into association with them he was as cordial as with men of long acquaintance. His wit and humor, his surprising fund of anecdotes and his large store of mastered information, with his deference to others, made everyone count each quarter-hour spent with him a period to be remembered. Without apparent design or obvious effort on his part every conversation, or even chance meeting, transformed strangers into friends and redoubled the respect and affection of those who had known him before.

The impossible commandment, that we love our enemies, Archibald McLean took literally and obeyed completely. Few men of such positive character and such uncomprising standards of personal conduct and of fealty to Christ ever had so few enemies. These few based their hostility either upon misunderstandings or upon opposing interests or both. In several instances his forbearance and his ready and unrestricted helpfulness overcame the hostility of those who had grossly wronged him and had injured the work which he counted dearer than life. That the same attitude did not avail in other cases grieved but did not discourage him. Ordinarily he let the record of his work and his single-minded and passionate devotion to the Christ speak for themselves against constant and resourceful opposition. On the other hand, when the situation seemed to demand it, he had the courage to repel the attacks and even to "carry the war into Africa." This he did without animosity. He loved peace and he hated strife, but he could not condone falsehood, however ready he might be to forgive those who propagated it.

It seems superfluous to speak of the courage of any McLean, but there are varieties and degrees of heroism. Archibald McLean was not called upon to face

physical danger as many of his ancestors were. Of him the times required the more difficult moral heroism: in youth to quit the church of his fathers and to become a minister and champion of a new and despised communion; in manhood to leave a beloved congregation and to pioneer an unpopular and self-denying cause; throughout life to stand for what he felt was the will of God, even if he had to stand alone. The reproaches which he suffered in each instance brought agony to his sensitive soul, but he never thought of hesitating on that account. Always he scorned the way of moral compromise and time-serving. He stood firm for his convictions when some of his friends accused him of denying the faith and of wrecking the work which he had spent his life in establishing.

Of his father he declared that it would have been as easy for the sun to depart from its course as for Malcolm McLean to do a thing that was dishonest or which he knew to be morally wrong. The same integrity ruled his own course. His response to his conscience was so instantaneous and complete that he could not be said to wrestle with temptation; he repelled it immediately and decisively. He claimed no exemptions under the customs of his time, but squared his words and his conduct with absolute standards. His days were filled with what George Eliot called "deeds of daring rectitude." Even if the success of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society seemed to demand that he be less scrupulous, he held to the one straight line of truth and right.

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible," this was the open secret of Archibald McLean's gentleness and strength, energy and courage, friendliness and integrity. Men frequently ascribed to him various motives, such as would actuate themselves. Their in-

genious speculations were entirely unnecessary, for like the psalmist he could have said, "All my springs are in Thee." In his last book he quoted from E. A. Lawrence, "The main source of missions then is not, strictly speaking, in any motive at all, but in a motor, in Christ himself as author, operator and energizer of all vitalities and activities. Christ is the one motive power. He moves within us and moves us. He draws us into life and bears us forth in the outflowings of his heart. He is the originator of all our regenerate activities, the director of all our operations, Author and Finisher of our work as well as of our faith." This was true of Mr. McLean's own life. It was transparent as sunlight, as completely controlled as ocean tides.

Like his Master, Mr. McLean talked little though positively of prayer, but prayed constantly. It was only on request that he wrote or spoke at length on the subject. No chapter in any of his books deals specifically with it. But a consciousness of the divine presence pervades all of his addresses and writings. He does not dwell at length upon the prayer life of his missionary heroes, but the reader is never in doubt about the constancy and vitality of their praying. It was never surprising that Livingstone died literally upon his knees, for all of the elect company to which he belonged lived figuratively upon their knees. Archibald McLean was of their fellowship, an initiate of the Chief Missionary's inner circle. His associates felt a degree of strength and confidence in his presence which was more than their reliance upon his clear reasoning, marvelous intuition and steadfast character. Somehow God's wisdom and guidance seemed vouchsafed to him in a peculiar way and men came to trust him, not merely for himself, but chiefly as a channel of divine grace. Again and again a con-

ference would recess over night with some perplexing problem unsolved, but with the tacit hope that McLean would have the solution in the morning, and seldom were his comrades disappointed. There was the same confidence in his prayers to bring to pass the impossible things that had to be done.

Thus, when the last word is said, the chief characteristic of Archibald McLean was not any human attribute at all, for the most striking fact in the life of this lone man was that he was never alone, but wherever he went or tarried, there was the Christ, whose he was and whom he served, with a pure heart fervently.

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